ARC003

ARC Cover — Page 1

Index — Pages 2–8

Chapter 1 — Page 9

- Verse 1 — Page 10
- Verse 2 — Page 12
- Verse 3 — Page 15
- Verse 5 — Page 18
- Verse 8 — Page 21
- Verse 11 — Page 23
- Verse 14 — Page 26
- Verse 16 — Page 28
- Verse 19 — Page 30
- Verse 21 — Page 32
- Verse 23 — Page 33
- Verse 25 — Page 35
- Verse 26 — Page 37

Chapter 2 — Page 39

- Verse 1 — Page 40
- Verse 2 — Page 42
- Verse 3 — Page 43
- Verse 4 — Page 45
- Verse 5 — Page 47
- Verse 6 — Page 49
- Verse 7 — Page 51
- Verse 8 — Page 54
- Verse 9 — Page 56
- Verse 10 — Page 58
- Verse 11 — Page 60
- Verse 12 — Page 62
- Verse 13 — Page 64

- Verse 14 — Page 66
- Verse 15 — Page 68
- Verse 16 — Page 71

Chapter 3 — Page 74

- Verse 1 — Page 75
- Verse 2 — Page 77
- Verse 3 — Page 80
- Verse 4 — Page 82
- Verse 5 — Page 84
- Verse 6 — Page 87
- Verse 7 — Page 90
- Verse 8 — Page 92
- Verse 9 — Page 94
- Verse 10 — Page 96
- Verse 11 — Page 99
- Verse 12 — Page 101
- Verse 13 — Page 103
- Verse 14 — Page 105

Chapter 4 — Page 108

- Verse 1 — Page 109
- Verse 2 — Page 112
- Verse 3 — Page 115
- Verse 4 — Page 117
- Verse 5 — Page 120
- Verse 6 — Page 123
- Verse 7 — Page 126
- Verse 8 — Page 129
- Verse 9 — Page 131
- Verse 10 — Page 133
- Verse 11 — Page 136
- Verse 12 — Page 139
- Verse 13 — Page 142
- Verse 14 — Page 145

- Verse 15 — Page 148
- Verse 16 — Page 151
- Verse 17 — Page 153
- Verse 18 — Page 156
- Verse 19 — Page 158
- Verse 20 — Page 161
- Verse 21 — Page 164
- Verse 22 — Page 167
- Verse 23 — Page 170
- Verse 24 — Page 173
- Verse 25 — Page 176
- Verse 26 — Page 179
- Verse 27 — Page 182

Chapter 5 — Page 184

- Verse 1 — Page 185
- Verse 2 — Page 188
- Verse 3 — Page 191
- Verse 4 — Page 194
- Verse 5 — Page 197
- Verse 6 — Page 200
- Verse 7 — Page 203
- Verse 8 — Page 206
- Verse 9 — Page 209
- Verse 10 — Page 212
- Verse 11 — Page 215
- Verse 12 — Page 218

Chapter 6 — Page 221

- Verse 1 — Page 222
- Verse 2 — Page 223
- Verse 3 — Page 225
- Verse 4 — Page 227
- Verse 5 — Page 230
- Verse 6 — Page 233

- Verse 7 — Page 235
- Verse 8 — Page 237
- Verse 9 — Page 239
- Verse 10 — Page 241
- Verse 11 — Page 244
- Verse 12 — Page 246
- Verse 13 — Page 248
- Verse 14 — Page 249
- Verse 15 — Page 252
- Verse 16 — Page 254
- Verse 17 — Page 256
- Verse 18 — Page 258
- Verse 19 — Page 260
- Verse 20 — Page 262
- Verse 21 — Page 265
- Verse 22 — Page 268
- Verse 23 — Page 271
- Verse 24 — Page 273
- Verse 25 — Page 274

Chapter 7 — Page 276

- Verse 1 — Page 277
- Verse 2 — Page 280
- Verse 3 — Page 283
- Verse 4 — Page 286
- Verse 5 — Page 288
- Verse 6 — Page 291
- Verse 7 — Page 293
- Verse 8 — Page 295
- Verse 9 — Page 297
- Verse 10 — Page 299
- Verse 11 — Page 302
- Verse 12 — Page 305
- Verse 13 — Page 310
- Verse 14 — Page 312

- Verse 15 — Page 314
- Verse 16 — Page 317
- Verse 17 — Page 319
- Verse 18 — Page 322
- Verse 19 — Page 324
- Verse 20 — Page 327
- Verse 21 — Page 330
- Verse 22 — Page 333
- Verse 23 — Page 335
- Verse 24 — Page 338
- Verse 25 — Page 340

Chapter 8 — Page 342

- Verse 1 — Page 343
- Verse 2 — Page 346
- Verse 3 — Page 349
- Verse 4 — Page 351
- Verse 5 — Page 354
- Verse 6 — Page 357
- Verse 7 — Page 360
- Verse 8 — Page 362
- Verse 9 — Page 365
- Verse 10 — Page 369
- Verse 11 — Page 373
- Verse 12 — Page 376
- Verse 13 — Page 379
- Verse 14 — Page 382
- Verse 15 — Page 385

Chapter 9 — Page 388

- Verse 1 — Page 389
- Verse 2 — Page 392
- Verse 3 — Page 395
- Verse 4 — Page 398
- Verse 5 — Page 401

- Verse 6 — Page 403
- Verse 7 — Page 405
- Verse 8 — Page 408
- Verse 9 — Page 410
- Verse 10 — Page 413
- Verse 11 — Page 415
- Verse 12 — Page 418
- Verse 13 — Page 420
- Verse 14 — Page 422
- Verse 15 — Page 423
- Verse 16 — Page 425
- Verse 17 — Page 428
- Verse 18 — Page 430
- Verse 19 — Page 433
- Verse 20 — Page 435
- Verse 21 — Page 437
- Verse 22 — Page 439
- Verse 23 — Page 442
- Verse 24 — Page 444
- Verse 25 — Page 447
- Verse 26 — Page 450
- Verse 27 — Page 452

Chapter 10 — Page 454

- Verse 1 — Page 455
- Verse 2 — Page 456
- Verse 3 — Page 458
- Verse 4 — Page 460
- Verse 5 — Page 463
- Verse 6 — Page 466
- Verse 7 — Page 469
- Verse 8 — Page 472
- Verse 9 — Page 474
- Verse 10 — Page 476
- Verse 11 — Page 478

- Verse 12 — Page 481
- Verse 13 — Page 484
- Verse 14 — Page 486
- Verse 15 — Page 489
- Verse 16 — Page 491
- Verse 17 — Page 493
- Verse 18 — Page 495
- Verse 19 — Page 497
- Verse 20 — Page 500
- Verse 21 — Page 503
- Verse 22 — Page 505
- Verse 23 — Page 508
- Verse 24 — Page 511
- Verse 25 — Page 514
- Verse 26 — Page 517
- Verse 27 — Page 520

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
2PACALYPSE NOW

"Young Black Male" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Black Male"

[2Pac (Ice Cube):]
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas!
Go, nigga, go!
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)

[2Pac:]
Young black male
I try to effect by kicking the facts
And stacking much mail
I'm packing a gat 'cause guys wanna jack
And fuck going to jail
'Cause I ain't a crook, despite how I look
I don't sell yayo
They judging a brother like covers on books
Follow me into a flow
I'm sure you know, which way to go
I'm hitting 'em out of the doors
So slip on the slope, let's skip on the flow
I'm fucking the sluts and hoes
The bigger the butts the tighter the clothes
The gimminy jimminy grows
Then whaddaya know, it's off with some clothes
Rowd when the crowd says ho
That let's me know, they know I can flow
Love when they come to my shows
I get up and go with skins before
When I'm collecting my dough
I never respect, the one that I back
The quicker the nigga can rap
The bigger the check
Now watch how they sweat
What kind of style is that?

The style of a mack, and ready to jack
I rendered up piles of black
The wacker the pack, the fatter the smack
I hate it when real niggas bust
They hate when I cuss, they threaten to bust
I had enough of the fuss
I bust what I bust and cuss when I must
They gave me a charge for sales
For selling the tales... of young black males

Yes, nigga, N-I-G-G-A, niggas
Ay, nigga, you can't handle that shit!
Pass that man!
Hit that shit, that's the shit!
It smells like skunk, skunk smells like that nigga, momma
We ain't nuttin' but some low down dirty niggas
Keep it real, nigga! Fuck you, nigga!
You ain't giving me near a dime on this real motherfucker
Fuck St. Ides, it's an Old E thing, baby
Strictly some of that Hennessy
Can I drink with you, fellas? Can I get it on it?
Fuck you, capo. You ain't in, baby
I tell you what! You guys are not gonna be talking
All that shit, when I come back, OK?
We gonna say who the big mouth, when I come back
Young black male!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Brown Harold Ray I, Dickerson Morris Dewayne, Jordan Le Roy L, Scott Howard E, Allen Thomas Sylvester, Levitin Lee Oskar, Miller Charles, Evans Deon

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

"Trapped" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Trapped"

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinkin' about what the streets do to me
'Cause they never talk peace in the black community
All we know is violence, do the job in silence
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen
Niggas comin' out worse-off than when they went in
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up
Getting drunk, throwin' up
Cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle
If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I get 'em, I'll hit 'em with the bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if you're smart you'll really let me go, G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the Uzi
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Can barely walk the city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against the wall
Didn't do a thing at all
I'm telling you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was the wrong street
Bang, bang, count another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot for his brutality
Who do you blame? It's a shame because the man's slain
He got caught in the chains of his own game

How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to me?
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community
One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back
Homie, don't play that
It's time I let 'em suffer the payback
I'm trying to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Now I'm trapped and want to find my getaway
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use the phone
'Cause I'm sure someone is tapping in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again
I look back in hindsight the fight was irrelevant
But now he's the devil's friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away, I should've put my gun away
I wasn't thinking, all I heard was the ridicule
Girlies was laughin', Tup saying, "Damn homies is dissing you."
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in the hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet
Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said, "Freeze, or you'll be dead today."
Trapped in a corner
Dark and I couldn't see the light
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life
What do I do? Live my life in a prison cell?
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gooden Ramon Russell

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

"Soulja's Story" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Soulja's Story"

[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
(They cuttin' off welfare...)
(They think crime is rising now)
(You got whites killing blacks)
(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)
(Shit just gon' get worse)
(They just gon' become souljas)
(Straight souljas)

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as "Soulja":]
Crack done took a part of my family tree
My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me
Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?
Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales
Only fifteen and got problems
Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em
They finally pull me over and I laugh
"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass
Now I got a murder case...
You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place
Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask
Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?
Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too
What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?
I chose droppin' the cop
I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block
Momma tried to stab me, I moved out
Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house
I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king
Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last
Task came fast, and busted my black ass
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps
A soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as the younger brother:]
Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit
Walking through the streets on the black tip
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now
That's what I call a kingpin
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing
Tellin' him just be ready set
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet
Niggas from the block on the boat now
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!
These punks about to get hit by the best
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest
I'll be makin' straight dome calls
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls
I can still hear my mother shout
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"
I got a message for the warden
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all
A crazy motherfucker making death calls
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'
They brought my brother in a jiffy
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth
My brother caught a bullet too
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to
The fast life ain't everything they told ya
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lee Hayes Isaac, Deon Evans

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

"I Don't Give A Fuck" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"I Don't Give A Fuck"

(feat. Pogo)

[Skit:]
"What's up?"
"Yo this scene, rollers tried to jack a nigga 'cause a nigga with a pearl rollin' on a Coupé with goldens."
"Yo man, what's up, this riding motherfucker
Jack me at rollin' 'round bumping
'Cause music's too loud, you know what I'm sayin'?"
"Yo this P-O to the G-O
Motherfucking cop just jacked me 'cause I was drinking beer in Mill Valley."
"What's up, man?"
"Aight, man, fuck 'em."

[2Pac:]
I don't give a fuck
They done pushed me to my limit, I'm all in
I might blow up any minute, did it again
And now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon
While this cop's bragging about the nigga he's jackin'
I see no justice, all I see is niggas dying fast
The sound of a gun blast, then watch the hearse pass
Just another day in the life, G
Gotta step lightly, 'cause cops tried to snipe me
The cabs, they don't wanna stop for a brother, man
But damn near have an accident to pick up another man
I went to the bank to cash my check
I get more respect from the mothafucking dope man
The Grammy's and American Music shows
They pimp us like hoes, take our dough, but they hate us though
You better keep your mind on the real shit
And fuck trying to get with these crooked-ass hypocrites
The way they see it, we was meant to be kept down
Just can't understand why we getting respect now
Mama told me there'd be days like this
But I'm pissed, 'cause it stays like this
And now they're trying to ship me off to Kuwait?
Give me a break. How much shit can a nigga take?
I ain't going nowhere no how
Bush wanna throw down?
Better bring the gun, pal
'Cause this is the day we make 'em pay
Fuck bailing hay, I better spray with an AK
And even if they shoot me down
There'll be another nigga bigger from the mothafuckin' underground
So step but you better step quick
'Cause the clock's going tick and I'm sick of the bullshit
You're watching the makings of a psychopath
But you sit and laugh before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?
Who do you think? A mothafucking 90's nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up, I had enough!
Yeah, and i just don't give a fuck

[Pogo:]
Nigga, it ain't just the blacks
It's also a gang of motherfuckers dressed in blue slacks
They say niggas hang in packs and they attitudes is shitty
So tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
They say we niggas like to do niggas
So me an' a cop are just two niggas
A street-walking nigga and a beat-walking nigga
With a badge, I end his future and his past
With a blast take his cash before I dash I bash his head in
Dump him at the dead end and that's just his luck
'Cause a nigga like P, don't really give a fuck

[2Pac:]
Walked in the store, what's everybody staring at?
They act like they never seen a motherfucker wearing black
Following a nigga and shit – ain't this a bitch?
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business elsewhere – but where?
'Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need?
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if he knows that my income
Is more than his pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife-ass wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mack, in fact who's the black Jack?
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
While he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as Casanova
And count another quick mill'
I'm getting paid for my trade but I'm still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
As strong as a fucking nine
Mail stacked up, niggas wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your blacks up
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Used to come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers — stay strong, keep your heads up
They know we fed up; but they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

[2Pac:]
I gotta give my fuck offs
Fuck you to the San Francisco police department
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff's Department
Fuck you to the FBI

Fuck you to the CIA
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h
Fuck you to the Ameri-K-K-Ka
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice motherfuckers
That wanna fuck with me, fuck y'all!
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards
2Pacalypse motherfuckerin' now
Y'all can all kiss my ass and suck my dick
And my uncle Tommy's balls
Fuck y'all
Punks *[*echoes*]*

Thanks to zubarfly for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Teah Hari

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

"Violent" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Violent"

They claim that I'm violent
Just 'cause I refuse to be silent
These hypocrites are havin' fits
'Cause I'm not buyin' it, defyin' it
Envious because I will rebel against
Any oppressor - and this is known as self-defense
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see
'Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to be
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished
The underground railroad on an uprise
This time the truth's gettin' told, heard enough lies
I told 'em fight back, attack on society
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin' from
Look through our history, America's the violent one
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me
They call me militant, racist 'cause I will resist
You wanna censor somethin', motherfucker censor this!
My words are weapons and I'm steppin' to the silent
Wakin' up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me
Call me a dope man, 'cause I rock dope beats
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin' to rob me?"
He had the nerve to say that I had a curfew
("Do you know what time it is?
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!")
Get out the car - or I'll hurt you
So here I go, I better make my mind up
Pick my nine up or hit the line-up
I chose B, stepped into the streets
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the concrete
(Ay man... Aiyyo... Ay man, just c'mon?)
("What you doing, man?")
They tried to frame me
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat

But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend
My homie panicked ("I'm out!") he tried to run
(Freeze, nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun
My homie dropped, so I hit the cop
I kept swingin', yo, I couldn't stop
Before I knew it, I was beatin' the cop senseless
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless
(Argh, fuck you! Ungh!)
Now I'm against this cop who was racist
Givin' him a taste of trading places
And all this 'cause the peckerwood was tryin' this frame up,
But I came up
Now they claimin' that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

As I was beatin' on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-oh)
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand
He shot the cop (damn!). Now he's a dead man
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here.)
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way
Jumped in the car and tried to get away quick
The car wouldn't start (damn!). We in deep shit
So we jumped out (C'mon, let's take the cop's car)
We drove a little ways thinkin' that we got far
But I looked up and all I saw was blue lights
(that's a lotta of one time)
If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight
I grabbed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge
(yeah, it's on now)
Load 'em up quick, it's time for us to spray
We'll shoot 'em up with they own fuckin' weapons
And when we through sprayin' then we steppin'
This is a lesson to the rednecks and crooked cops
You fuck with real niggas, get ya fuckin' ass dropped
So here we go, the police against us
Dark as dusk, waitin' for the guns to bust
(What's next, man?) What's next? I don't know and I don't care
One thing fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here
But if I go, I'm takin' all these punks with me
(Pass me a clip) Pass me a clip, G, now come and get me
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent
Givin' them a reason to claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

"Words Of Wisdom" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Words Of Wisdom"

Killing us one by one
In one way or another
America will find a way to eliminate the problem
One by one
The problem is the troublesome black youth of the ghetto's
And one by one
We are being wiped off the face of this earth
At an extremely alarming rate
And even more alarming is the fact
That we are not fighting back
Brothers, sisters, niggas
When I say "nigga" it is not the nigga we have grown to fear
It is not the nigga we say as if it has no meaning
But to me it means Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished, nigga
Niggas, what are we going to do?
Walk blind into a line or fight
Fight and die if we must die, like niggas

This is for the masses, the lower classes
The ones you left out, jobs were giving, better living
But we were kept out
Made to feel inferior, but we're superior
Break the chains in our brains that made us fear ya
Pledge allegiance to a flag that neglects us
Honour a man that refuses to respect us
Emancipation Proclamation? Please!
Lincoln just said that to save the nation
These are lies that we all accepted
Say no to drugs but the governments' kept it
Running through our community, killing the unity
The war on drugs is a war on you and me
And yet, they say this is the Home of The Free
But if you ask me, it's all about hypocrisy
The constitution, Yo, it don't apply to me
And Lady Liberty? Stupid bitch lied to me
This made me strong, and no one's gonna like what I'm pumpin'
But it's wrong to keep someone from learning something
So get up, it's time to start nation building
I'm fed up, we gotta start teach the children
That they can be all that they want to be
There's much more to life than just poverty

This is definitely uh... words of wisdom
AMERICA! AMERICA! AMERIK-K-KA
I charge you with the crime of rape, murder, and assault
For suppressing and punishing my people
I charge you with robbery for robbing me of my history

I charge you with false imprisonment for keeping me
Trapped in the projects
And the jury finds you guilty on all accounts
And you are to serve the consequences of your evil schemes
Prosecutor, do you have any more evidence?

Words of Wisdom
Based upon the strength of a nation
Conquer the enemy armed with education
Protect yourself, reach for what you want to do
Know thyself, teach by what we've been through
Armed with the knowledge of the place we've been
No one will ever oppress this race again
No Malcolm X in my history text, why's that?
'Cause he tried to educate and liberate all blacks
Why is Martin Luther King in my book each week?
He told blacks, if they get smacked, turn the other cheek
I don't get it, so many questions went through my mind
I get sweated, they act like asking questions is a crime
But forget it, cause one day I'm gonna prove them wrong
Not every brother had his mother on the welfare line
The American Dream, though it seems like it's attainable
They're pulling your sleeve, don't believe
'Cause it will strangle ya
Pulling the life of your brain, I can't explain
Beg as you can obtain from which you came
Swear that your mother is living in equality
Forgetting your brother that's living in poverty
Thought they had us beaten when they took out King
But the battle ain't over till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom
The battle ain't over 'till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom

NIGHTMARE! That's what I am
America's nightmare
I am what you made me
The hate and the evil that you gave me
I shine as a reminder of what you've done to my people
For Four hundred plus years
You should be scared
You should be running
You should be trying to silence me
Ha, but you cannot escape fate
For it is my turn to come
Just as you rose you will fall
By my hands
America, you reap what you sow
2Pacalypse, America's Nightmare
Ice Cube and Da Lynch Mob, America's Nightmare
Above The Law, America's Nightmare
Paris, America's Nightmare
Public Enemy, America's Nightmare

KRS-One, America's Nightmare
New Afrikan Panthers, America's nightmare
Mutulu Shakur, America's Nightmare
Geronimo Pratt, America's Nightmare
Assata Shakur, America's Nightmare

Thanks to Brad N, Sara, ercimpthomas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Hancock Herbie, Mason Harvey W, Jackson Paul M, Maupin Bennie

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

2Pac Lyrics

"Something Wicked"

Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
(Wicked) (wicked)

'Emember
More than an adversary, I'm very quick
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift, I'm equipped to kick
So, grab your coat and your hat, cause I'm prepared to clown
Let's carry this end that throw these motherfuckers down
Oh shit, 2Pacalypse is back and strapped
Attackin' the packs, I'm kickin' the facts for stacks to rap
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks
I'm gettin' taxed, my packs is packed with angry blacks
I'm ready to go
I'm rippin' the shows, hittin' the dough
Gettin' the hoes, clothes
Pumpin' the flow, thanks to the hump
Cause the nose knows
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close
Punks you gonna roast, host in a cloud of smoke
Broke, choked on some potent dank smoke
Wrote, rhymes that'll bring me bank notes
Nope, I ain't the type of fella that you're used to
Ki-ki-ki-kickin' the funky flava
Pumpin' the deuce with no producers
Run for cover when you hear the bass drum
One verse is all it takes
Something wicked this way comes
Come come, come come

Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked

Something wicked, this way comes
Wicked something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked kick it, this way comes
Wicked kick it, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked, this way comes
Wicked wicked, this way COME
*[*monster sound*]*

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Jeremy

2Pac Lyrics

"Crooked Ass Nigga"

(feat. Stretch (Live Squad))

(Suddenly I see some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)

[2Pac:]
A smoking-ass nigga robbed me blind
I got a TEC-9 now his smokin' ass is mine
I guess I felt sorry for the bastard, he was broke
I didn't know he smoked so I didn't watch him close
He caught me on the sneak tip, now the punk's in deep shit
Catch him on the streets, I'mma bring him to his feet, quick
Pass the clip, I think I see him comin' now
Fuck the bullshit, posse deep and let's run him down
Gots to be the first one to hit ya when we meet
Comin' quickly up the streets, is the punk ass police
The first one jumped out and said "Freeze!"
I popped him in his knees and shot him, punk, please
'Cause cops should mind they business, when we rush
Now you're pleadin' like a bitch, cause you don't know how to, hush
Now back to the smoker that robbed me
I tell you like Latifah, motherfucker give me body
One to the chest, another to his fuckin' dome
Now the shit can rest, yo tell him to leave me the fuck alone
Two very bloody bodies on the streets
A nosey ass cop and a nigga that robbed from me
Run from your backup punk, how you figure?
My finger's on the trigger for you crooked ass niggas

Crooked ass niggas
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see--)
(Cri-cri-criminal)

[Stretch:]
Now listen to the mack of the crooked nigga trade
With the fine criminal mind, cold rips like a blade
It's already quick stepping to the niggas with the props
and any motherfucker with the flim-flam drops to the knot
Ten o'clock, is a motherfuckin' gank move
Stretch is Uptown, clockin' weight the shit is real smooth
A nigga's trying to play me like he know me but he don't
Sittin' on ten kis, I'mma get him, think I won't?
My nigga 2Pac, got the fucking Glock cocked, and he's ready
When the kid, didn't even bring the weight bag, instead he
welcomed us, into his apartment
Oh, this even better, two to the head, he's dead a clean get a-WAY!
Niggas got PAID!
And yet another sleepin' ass nigga got slayed, word up
By a crooked motherfucker named Stretch

And the T-U-P-A-C, the police can't catch

The crooked ass niggas
(Criminal behaviour)
Yeah, you don't stop!
Crooked ass niggas
(Criminal-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[2Pac:]
Now I could be a crooked nigga too
When I'm rollin' with my crew, watch what crooked niggas, do!
I got a nine millimeter Glock pistol
I'm ready to get witcha at the drop, of a whistle
So make your move, and act like you wanna flip
I fire thirteen shots, and pop another clip
I bring luck, my Glock's like a fuckin' mop
The more I shot, the more motherfuckers dropped
And even cops got shot when they rolled up
Best to bring a knot, or get popped, I'm a soldier
I ain't the type to fetch ya, ask Stretch, he's my witness
Smoke til I'm blitzed, fuck a motherfuckin' piss test
I'm trigger happy, try to 'tack me and I'll drop you quick
Long as I got a clip I got some shit to hit 'em with
The nigga killer I get iller when the shit gets thick
My brain flips, I start thinkin' like a lunatic
I rip shit, came equipped with a bigger crew
I thought these niggas knew, I'm a crooked nigga too

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)
Crooked ass niggas come in all shapes and sizes
They wear disguises, backstabbing's what they specialize in
They'll try to get 'cha, they'll sweat 'cha to get in the picture
And then they hit 'cha, son of a bitch! Now he's richer
(Criminal behaviour-- crimi-criminal behaviour)
Crooked ass nigga
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal
Crimi-crim-criminal behaviour (haviour)-- criminal behaviour
Criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour- criminal be- criminal crim--
Crim-criminal behaviour
Criminal be- crim-crim-crim-crim-crim--
Criminal behaviour-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)

2Pac Lyrics

"If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G
Back in the days we played practical jokes on
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on
All through high school, girls by the dozens
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't
But like the old saying goes
Times goes on, and everybody grows
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays
In many ways we were paid in the old days
So far away from the crazies with AK's
And though I been around clowning with the Underground
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown
And if you need, need anything at all
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine
You got game now you run with no shame
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats
But now I don't wanna down my homie
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly
And I, hear that you made a few enemies
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance
I'll be there in an instant
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover
I'd be no different than the other
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E
I'm down to the E-N-D
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal
But life making records ain't easy
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy
But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather
My homies is making it elsewhere
Striving, working nine to five with no health care
We both had dreams of being great
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes
I gotta take my place or fall from grace
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate
But my homie would never do me wrong
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on
No matter who the foe they must fall
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Herbert Hancock, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Arlester Christian

"Brenda's Got A Baby" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Brenda's Got A Baby"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

[Dave Hollister:]
Brenda's got a baby

[2Pac:]
I hear Brenda's got a baby
But Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects our whole community
Now Brenda really never knew her moms
And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms
It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation
Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend
Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end
She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family
Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she
Went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger
But no one seems to notice any change in her figure
She's twelve years old and she's having a baby
In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy
And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever
And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever
He left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap
I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes
Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling
Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling
Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you making me lose pay
There's social workers here every day
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way
Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay
No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed
So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell
So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell
It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain
Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

2Pac Lyrics

"Tha Lunatic"

(feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]
Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me
Oooh-wee! This is the life
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit
Hip hip, hooray for the AK
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day
Make pay, next is the wet sex
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks
Revenge so sweet when it comes from
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]
Yeah, fuck that God! Word up
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

[Stretch:]
Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up
We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!
Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up
'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over
Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93
And all that other shit, word up

[2Pac:]
Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip
Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit
Time will tell if it's made well
Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther
I'm funky, that's word to the father
Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless
Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared
You're scared and you're bound to go
It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'
Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'
Or should I say naythin'
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in
I'm sick of the bullshit
Come equipped and get ready to rip
or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]
Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?
(The motherfuckin' lunatic)
Yes Tu'!
Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?
(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)
Niggas can't fuck with us, word up
Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

[2Pac:]
Fuck all them niggas
I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got
Naythin' on a nigga like me
We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91
'92, '93, and so on
So let the beat FLOAT on
While I spray these PUNK BITCHES
with these dope ass lyrics
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank
Now it's money in the BANK
And all y'all niggas shit stank
Compared to this shit
Fuck y'all punk bitches!
Tha' Lunatic *echoes*

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Rebel Of The Underground"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel
Rebel
Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain
From a man like me, who goes against the grain
Sometimes I do it in vain
So with a little bass and treble
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel
Cold as the devil
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level
They came to see the maniac psychopath
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath
I don't give a damn and it shows
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes
So they all know me
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC
I give a shout out to your homies
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G
On the streets or on TV
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man
So point blank in your face
Pump up the bass, and join the human race
I throw peace to the Bay
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way
You know you gotta love the sound
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto
And police brutality
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality
So you reap what you sow
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'
Now the fox is in the henhouse
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna
And doin' what I'm gonna
Now I'm up to no good
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground
But I never let it get me
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out
Try to censor what I say
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout
So what's wrong with the media today
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid
But me, I'm comin' from the soul
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told
And that way they can't stop me
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy
It's sloppy, don't even try to
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go
Now everybody wanna gangbang
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang
They makin' records 'bout violence
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent
It kinda make you wanna think about
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out
But 2Pacalypse is straight down
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[8x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"

(feat. Angelique)

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
Meet Cindi
She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac
Now what's that say about this big epidemic
This hypocritical world and the people in it
Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles
That would be cool, if she was your lover
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door
Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more
All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal
Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel
So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight
Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate
Word to the mother, I'm touched
When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed
Maybe one day she'll recover
But what will it take, to shake, or break
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[Angelique:]
I grew up in a home where no-one liked me
Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me
Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest
He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress
Just another pest and yes I was nervous
Was this a test? I just don't deserve this
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen
She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so
Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me
If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom
Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom
Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it
I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though
I can't believe the way he caught her
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter
Time for me to break and find another
That's when I discovered
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong
Pat myself on the back and move on
Is this just how it is hell no
Cause she came back with the kid and yo
I been payin' ever since
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent
All of my time gets spent at the workplace
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor
When I sleep I can't dream no more
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha
And I change the diapers and clean the shit
The tables are turned I can't take this
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans

Copyright © 2000-2021 AZLyrics.com

2PAC
STRICTLY 4 MY N*I*G*G*A*Z
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla If Ya Hear Me"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Aww yeah, uhh, uhh
Holla if ya hear me, yeah

Here we go, turn it up, let's start
From block to block we snatching hearts and jacking marks
And the punk police can't fade me, and maybe
We can have peace someday, G
But right now I got my mind set up
Looking down the barrel of my nine, get up
Cause it's time to make the payback fat
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped, black
And accept no substitutes
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole school
Oh no, I won't turn the other cheek
In case ya can't see us while we burn the other week
Now we got a nigga smash, blast
How long will it last 'til the po' getting mo' cash
Until then, raise up!
Tell my young black males, blaze up!
Life's a mess don't stress, test
I'm giving but be thankful that you're living, blessed
Much love to my brothers in the pen
See ya when they free ya if not when they shove me in
Once again it's an all out scrap
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch ya back
Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya
Mess with the best and the vest couldn't help ya
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?
You're too near me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

Pump ya fists like this
Holla if ya hear me
PUMP PUMP if you're pissed
To the sell-outs, living it up
One way or another you'll be giving it up, huh
I guess cause I'm black born
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get capped on
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!
I'll be swinging like a one man, clan
Here we go, turn it up, don't stop
To my homies on the block getting dropped by cops

I'm still around for ya
Keeping my sound underground for ya
And I'mma throw a change up
Quayle, like you never brought my name up
Now my homies in the backstreets, the blackstreets
They feel me when they rolling in they fat jeeps
This ain't just a rap song, a black song
Telling all my brothers, get they strap on
And look for me in the struggle
Hustling 'til other brothers bubble -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

Will I quit, will I quit?
They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep
Representing, never give up on a good thing
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing
And now I'm like a major threat
Cause I remind you of the things you were made to forget
Bring the noise, to all my boyz
Know the real from the bustas and the decoys
And if ya hustle like a real G
Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me
Learn to survive in the nine-tre'
I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay
Whatever it takes to live and stand
Cause nobody else'll give a damn
So we live like caged beasts
Waiting for the day to let the rage free
Still me, till they kill me
I love it when they fear me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

[2Pac:] You're too near me, to see it clearly

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

2Pac Lyrics

"Pac's Theme (Interlude)"

(feat. Dan Quayle)

[Statements variously said throughout song]

[Statements — 2pac (Dan Quayle):]
I was raised in this society so there's no way
You can expect me to be a perfect person cuz I'm a do what I'm a do
I am still thirsty
(There is absolutely no reason for a record like this to be published
It has no place in our society.)
They gotta understand me
(Withdraw on this record.)
That's how I feel I'm a do whatever I like. I am not a role model

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Buddy Guy, Amos Blakemore

2Pac Lyrics

"Point The Finga"

"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]
Ahh yeah, they love to point the finger
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

[2Pac:]
I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops
I brought proof that the niggas need guns too
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this:
wouldn't you if we could trade places?
I got lynched by some crooked cops, and to this day
them same motherfuckers on the beat getting major paid
But when I get my check they taking tax out
So, we paying for these pigs to knock the blacks out
Ain't that a bitch, some officers are getting rich
Whooping on thugs and robbing drug dealers for they shit
As far as jealousy, being a celebrity
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me
And the media is greedier than most
You could sell em your soul or they'll be on ya til a niggas ghost
And everyday I read the paper there's another lie
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy
Now how's that for the life of a big shot
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot
I play them nuttin ass marks in the park
for trying to earn they stripes in the dark
Just cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep:
only jealous motherfuckers beef, and point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]
As I run up on em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies
Niggas run to me don't come to me with beef

Take your jewels and your jeep, boom boom! Let that ass sleep
It's getting hectic, niggas run, quick
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit
All you niggas on the block trying to test me
Best wear a vest or get open like, sesame
I'll run up on you mad deep; while you're trying to sleep
I'm steady pumping bullets in your sheets
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah!
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine
Ban my rhymes, now I'm back to busting, nines
And bustaz can't get none, hell no
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw
I came up from the amateurs to pro hits
at 5-0, so you know I take no shit
And everybody wants to kill a bringer
of bad news, so they choose, to point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

[2Pac:]
One two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I bring skills and I build, kill at will
Smoke sess til I'm ill, still feel me?
I say one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks
Scream one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I can't give up, it's a black thang
And I ain't going back to the crack game
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Bitches, let em point the finga
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Snitches, let em point the finga
Yo, one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I guess nobody loves a rap singer
That's why these motherfuckers.. (hahaha!) point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch!
You could get the finga! The middle!
[11x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Deon Evans

2Pac Lyrics

"Something 2 Die 4 (Interlude)"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

Ghetto!
*[*laughter echoes*]*
I've changed?
You motherfuckers kill me....
I've changed?

It ain't that I've changed
But it's strange how you motherfuckers rearrange
When I found fame
Point ya finger at tha bad guy!

You know what my momma used to tell me
If ya can't find something to live for...
...then you BEST, find something ta die for

[Curtis Mayfield:] "If there's hell below, we're all gonna go!"
*[*repeat the above throughout*]*

Deep deep

La'tasha Harlins, remember that name...
Cause a bottle of juice... ain't something to die for

Young Quaid, remember that name...
Cause all you motherfuckers
That go to your grave with that name on your brain
Cause jealousy and recklessness is NOT, something to die for

All you niggas out there *[*echoed laughter*]*
Look how the cracker crumbles
When I say 'all you niggas' (all you niggas)

Unite
One nigga, teach two niggas
Four niggas teach more niggas
All the poor niggas
The pen niggas
The rich niggas
The strong niggas
UNITE

There's more of us than there is of them
Look around...
Check your strip

Deep deep
That's something to die for

Black

That's something to live for

What do I know?

Writer(s): Curtis Mayfield, Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words
Yeah I've got some last words
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house
The nigga you love to hate

[Ice Cube:]
Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror
The paranoid, gots to get the boy
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton
Bucking down one, bucking down two
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag
So, keep your muthafucking jokes
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs
No yokes but smokes
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house
L.A. Playa

[Ice-T:]
O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me
UHH am I a G, I got proof
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't
So whats up, punk?
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot
Your moms crying fuck her bust her
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat
Ninety three suckas want me to go out
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house
Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers
Got any last words

[2Pac:]
Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back
Let em come step to a real muthafucker
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained
That's why we burn shit and wreck
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head
Be prepared for the smoke to bust
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up
United we stand divided we fall
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all
Let's get along with the Mexicans
And we can all have peace on the sets again
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)
Keeping the smile off they White face
I ain't racist but lets trade places
Trace the hate 'n face it
One nigga teach two niggas
Three teach four niggas
And them niggas teach more niggas
And when we blast
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard
And them is my last wordz

Writer(s): Tracy Lauren Marrow, James Banks, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Jackson O'Shea, Henderson Thigpen, Eddie Marion, Ervin Bobby Younger

2Pac Lyrics

"Souljah's Revenge"

[Lawyer:]
Mr. Shakur, can you please explain the meaning behind your violent lyrics?

[2Pac:]
Explain the meaning?
The fuck these niggas talking bout?

*[*sounds of running and sirens in background*]*

[Kid:] Damn...
[Cop:] Police, FREEZE!
[Kid:] Can't get shit off!
[Cop:] I said FREEZE you miserable black son of a bitch!
[Kid:] What, come on, come on!

*[*gun shot*]*

My attitude is shitty
My message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
The critics or the cops?
The courts or the crooks, don't look so confused
Take a closer look:
Niggas get they neck broke daily
Trying to stay jail free
What the fuck does Quayle know
What young black males need?
Please tell me
Message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
Huh, I pack a nine millimeter cause I gotta
Living hotter than the 4th of July, if I gotta die, I gotta
Momma told me, "Don't let em fade me...
...nigga don't let em make you crazy!"
Game is what she gave me
Gotta watch your back, strapped
Real niggas rat-pack
If you get your ass taxed, bring a gat back
That's not the way we made it
That's just the way it is
Slangin rocks, fed a nigga's kids
I came up
My message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
Cops pull me over, check my plates, but I'm legal
You couldn't get me, figure fuck with a niggas people
They got me trapped, gat with the motherfucking hammer back
Cops on my back, just cause I'm black, SNAP
Now I'm guilty?
Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
All you punk police will never find peace
On the streets til the niggas get a piece, fuck em!
They kill you to control ya
Pay top dollar for your soul
Real niggas don't fold, straight souljah!
Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
The niggas scream fuck em!
Motherfucking punk police (I hear ya!)
Thinking they run the motherfucking streets
It's mo' niggas than it's police
Think (I hear ya!)
One nigga, teach two niggas
Teach three niggas, teach fo' niggas (I hear ya!)
Teach mo' niggas, and we could run this shit!
I hear ya!

They finally pulled me over and I laughed
Remember Rodney King and I blast on his punk ass (I hear ya!)
[10x]

Writer(s): Ervin, Charles, Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Peep Game"

(feat. Threat)

[2Pac:]
So what the fuck you talking about?! Aw, shit
Goody, goody, gumdrops
Nigga, get your hoodie and your gun cocked
Rock it till the drum stops, hip hop
Even if my shit flip flop
It probably wouldn't stop, talk shit and get socked
How ya hang em?
Know a realer nigga? You could bring him
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it
We could sway him, hunh! As if I know ya
Then I could show ya
But if I don't know, I gotta .44 fo' ya
So, so peep game, at point blank range
The fame can't change what the game maintains
Strange! Went against the grain
Aw shit! Flick or no flick I trips for no bitch
Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'm a diss her
Couldn't be my sister if she's actin' like I missed her
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can fade me
I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't deisel
But fuck wit 2Pac and pop goes the weasel
Me and Threat made a bet on how many fellas
Would jock a mothafuckin' real nigga cause they jealous
They do it for the fame
Explain, insane
What's in a name? What's in a name?
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]
Killa Cali
The state where they kill
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?
The bitches looking funny
Film at elev,film at eleven wit they minds on they heaven
Wit they .357
-Where you at?
-On the freeway, leaving LA
-OK, see you when get here loc
-OK
-Here I am. Here I am
-Goddamn that was quick

-Told ya I was coming. Who is that? Is that your woman?
-Na, that's just a hoochie looking for some juice
-What's up my nigga? What ya know? A nigga got a little bigger
That's all folks know
Fat gold ropes
Gotta keep a low key for my attack
When I approach, I want the diamonds, the pearls
The round the way girls
Cuz baby got, baby got back out this world
Would you give a fee? Never
Fly like a feather
Make more money than your daddy and your mama put together
The game is to be sold, not to be told
So buy it
Can't afford it?
Low budget hoes gotta brother
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]
Don't sell out
Get the hell out
Cause here I come
Hit em with my bop gun
They came and they blast
We got witt they ass
And oh, pop this vest and all the rest of that mess
Coming through like Terminater 2
Boost your crew cuz we ain't afraid of you
You know what time it is wit me once the clock stike 3
We going coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs. Whooo eeii!!!

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]
Time to get paid, time to get paid. Check
Time to represent the west homie, nuttin' but a vest on me
Got my hands on my Glock, eyes on the prize
First sucka jump, first nigga die
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya
Hard as a boulder
Motha fuckin soulja
Boom bam boom!! It's a stick up
Vice president Dan Quayle eat a dick up
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]
Punk motha fucka
Fuck all those motha fuckas, they all can eat a mothafucking dick up
Word up. Fuck the police. I don't give a fuck
Bobcat in this mothafucka boy
Big up! Big up! To the criminals
Fuck em
"This is serious business"
Yeah, microphone mafia
2Pac, Threat, Bobcat
93 shot
Yeah nigga, bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"Strugglin'"

(feat. Live Squad)

Eat a dick up

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Stretch of Live Squad:]
Struggling, juggling, got it to the black man
Eating the scams like I was motherfucking Pac Man
Cops step off, you know the flavor
They fear the ruffneck niggas with the lunatic behavior
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet
Stabbing for a fee, it gets hard on the fucking streets
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy
I rhyme and do crimes, cause either way pays me
A little rough with a hardcore... theme
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse
Representing YG'z yo
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags
Sticking up spots and jumping in Jags
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumbling
And always keep a hand on the gat
Cause a niggas straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Majestic of Live Squad:]
I'm used to being poor, but now I'm sick of struggling
I thought about bumping, but mother-fuck juggling
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it
Look as I cut the records hard to eject
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit
I got energy to blast now you want the task here
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up
But rugged and rough is how I'm stepping
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it going on
If you come up stepping you'll be lit like a hick
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get
A street thug in the motherfucking house, I'm struggling
Get drunk but I don't think
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be laying in a ditch
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame

Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game
I'm strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[2Pac:]
Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang
Ain't nothing changed set it off I let the brains hang
Guess who's back, to put niggas on they back
Till I call back, niggas running free better fall back
I'm fifty niggas deep beat sleep
with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz
Struggling and striving, that's how the dough come
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal
Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo
Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind
Clicking on the nine, out to get mine
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom
Blowing motherfuckers to the moon
Niggas need to feel me a real G, home from the bumbling
See me on the block, struggling
And rolling with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed
I get in niggas ass, blast
Straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Randy Walker, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames

2Pac Lyrics

"Guess Who's Back"

Guess who's back?

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
two minutes to bounce, and every second counts
Better press REC on your deck
Here we go, set? Pass the Moët
My trickery's more slippery when wet
Wicked as I flip, don't trip, get a grip
It'll kick, if the bass line's thick, it's a hit
Everybody's got a mic now, it's like a hobby
But more like a job, cause bootleggers tryin' to rob me!
And little man wants to be a rap, star
Make papes, hit skins, drive a fat car
It ain't easy, sleazy even
Deceivin those we believe in
No benefits, just tricks and chicks
Knock a pig to pick, so here's a stick to lick
I shoot a gift, til there ain't none left
And if I find that the track sound def
I catch wreck till I lose my breath
That's how it goes in the land of broke
I dispose of those, rock shows, and collect my dough
Now I suppose I'm the bad guy, why?
I say, "Hi," and try to stay high
Life's a mess don't stress, test... of givin
But be thankful that you're livin... blessed
Guess who's back, comin back with the track supplied
by Special Ed and Ak, comin right and exact
I'm fightin it back but now I snap, where they at?
When it's time to go to combat, guess who's back

[Special Ed:]
"Yes I'm back"
"2Pac is"... back!
[4x]

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
one minute to bounce, and every second counts
I went from hustlin dicks to makin hits, bustin flicks
Now I'm sure to be rich for ninety-six
I pull my 'capes on tapes, and make, papes
Trace the bass, to the tape with the baddest bass to date
I try to shake it but the pace is hard to break
Good thoughts I wait, cause they hate my black tape
Yeah, it's on, and it's packed in the rap race
But if ya got a black face, it's a rat race
I struggle to be rugged and raw, Dukes
Tryin to survive in the trials and lawsuits
Everybody wants to test me, WHY ME?
No lie, niggas cried when they try me

Givin up the roughness, justice
I'mma bust as I'm rippin up 'nuff hits
And guess who's back? No longer trapped
Cause I snapped on the ones that held me back, feel the contact
Ride the track, get I grip as I flip
Ghetto wickedness I kick. Guess who's back?

[Special Ed:]
"Yes I'm back"
"2Pac is"... back!
"Yes I'm back"

"Yes I'm back, cause I never did front"

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Archer Edward K, Akshun

2Pac Lyrics

"Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swoll up, hold up
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?
I ain't came a long way to get checked
So give me respect when I get wreck
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open
Say your looking for some real shit
Then catch a funkified batch
Like that!
Oakland's on the map
2Pac is on the big screen strivin
Gotta love a nigga for survivin
I wear alot of old schools jewels
Look how the fools drool, ooohh
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers
Turnin men to suckers
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio
Do you hear me though?
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G
Glock cocked the day they kill me
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas
Digital Underground: my real niggas
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava
DJ Ditch for their behavior
Off the head, my freestyle flow
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja
Strong in the struggle
Must contend so it's on
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers
Mad motherfuckers
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers
Now they know me, the homies
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's
Ah shit!
Pulled up in a benzy, snatch
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)
All I wanted to be was a soulja
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jefferson Truman Darnell

"Keep Ya Head Up" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Keep Ya Head Up"

Little something for my godson Elijah
And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holla to my sisters on welfare
2Pac cares if don't nobody else care
And I know they like to beat you down a lot
When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up
And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him
'Cause, sister, you don't need him
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em
You know what makes me unhappy? When brothers make babies and leave a young mother to be a pappy
And since we all came from a woman
Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women
Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies that make the babies
And since a man can't make one
He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
So will the real men get up?
I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me
He had me feeling like black was the thing to be
And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough
I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life to raise me right
And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent
And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen
I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity
It seems the rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up
You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours
They got money for wars but can't feed the poor
Say there ain't no hope for the youth
And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby
We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up
And even though you're fed up
Huh, you got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter

And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em
'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'
You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless
While tears is rolling down your cheeks
You steady hoping things don't fall down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it
And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it
And now my son's getting older and older and colder
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up
But please, you got to keep your head up

2Pac Lyrics

"Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z."

(feat. Pacific Heights)

[2Pac speaking:]
Yo, law!
Is it cool if a nigga just get fucked up for this one?
Yeah! Mr. Fuck-a-Cop is back
And I still don't give a fuck, yaknahmsayin'?
Puffin' on this indo
In the studio with my partners out here
Pacific Heights in the house, know what I mean

I was framed, so don't make the same mistake, nigga
You gotta learn how to shake the snakes, nigga
Cause the police love to break a nigga
Send 'em upstate cause they straight-up hate the niggas
So what I do is get a crew of zoo niggas
Straight fools into rules and do niggas
And one-time had enough of me
I'm still raw so the law can't fuck with me
They wanna send me to the pen, punk, picture that
I stay strapped, motherfuckers better get your gat
It ain't easy bein' me, I can't take it
Life as a celebrity ain't everything they make it
And ever since the movies these hoes try to do me
If they can't screw me, they find a way to sue me
Now can you picture me coolin' at a night club?
Nothin' but love, but motherfuckers wanna mean mug
Since I wear a lot of gold, they plot
Don't know what I got and get shot with the hot ones
And, aw yeah, I wanna feel guilty
But you punk motherfuckers tried to milk me
You'll get smacked behind the hill with my phone on my pager
It's beepin' while I cut you with my razor
I'm not violent, I'm petrified and nervous
I got no mercy for these niggas tryin' to serve us
But if you catch me outta pocket, then I'm got
You love to shoot a nigga but you scared to pop a cop
Now drop it

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

Strictly for my niggas, makin' G's

Reflected and disrespected, plus I'm rejected
You're just another rapper, who swears he's makin' records
That's what they said - whenever I would walk by
I never tripped though - always kept my head up high
Eventually I knew, that I would find my way
After the darkest night always comes a brighter day
And some would say, that turned away is all you'll get
I just said "Bet!," and never let 'em see me sweat

Cause in the end, I knew that I would have it all
While non-believers were prayin' for my downfall
And some would call and tell me that they wish me well
But in my heart, I'm knowin' that they wish me hell
Yo, get a real job, rappin' doesn't pay the rent
I hit the studio, cause that's where all my money went
Never surrender, it's all about the faith you've got
Don't ever stop, just push it til you hit the top
And if you drop, at least you know you gave your all
Be true to you, and that way you can never fall
But beware, these backstabbers ain't no joke
Just like a rope, they hang on you until you're broke
And when you're broke, they move onto the next dope
And there you are, can't even pay your car, nope
And when you reminisce, thinkin' how you got dissed
Remember how it felt and then remember this
Be true to you, believe that there's no one bigger
Cause they can all suck dick - it's strictly for my niggas

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

This is for the critics if you live up
Pick up my shit or I'll be back doin' stick-ups
I better see five stars next to my picture
If not, 2Pac will cop the Glock and come knockin' to get 'cha
I told you once, motherfucker, I'm a nut
Play me like a butt and you'll be bleedin' when you're fucked
Niggas know what's up but they be tryin' to hold me down
I'm comin' outta Oaktown, bitch fuck around
And it ain't where you from that makes you hardcore
Nigga it's the way you throw them thangs in the war
And to the marks that be talkin' all that shit
Screamin' out the next nigga's name like a bitch
And the niggas that I ran into recently
The motherfuckers at the club that pulled the piece on me
You little bitches shoulda pulled the fuckin' trigga
Now you live in fear of a heartless-ass nigga
Mr. Troublesome; niggas tried to play me with the gat
But like Terminator, nigga, I'll be back
Yeah! And I'll be back with a fuckin' army
You tried to harm me - ring the alarm, G
Cause most motherfuckers love to act up
Without they backup
When they get jacked up they crack up
It's strictly for my niggas at the show
So they know, not to play me like a ho
Strictly for my...

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Derrick McDowell, Larry D. Goodman

"The Streetz R Deathrow" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha
Where every other had a pops and a motha
I was the product of a heated lover.
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
And since my pops never knew me
My family didn't know what to do with me.
Was I somebody they despised?
Curious look in they eyes
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive
And poor momma can't control me
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got
I'm tired of being a nice guy
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why
So they label me a lunatic
Could care less death or success
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless
Now the streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest
Much too young to bite the bullet
Hand on the trigga
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope I live to be a man
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many
Proving wrong those
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty
Now they gotta cope
Since it's the only thing I know
It's difficult to let it go
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried
But now I gotta move away now
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down
My homie lost his family, he snapped;
Shot up half the block to bring them back
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer
Gin makes me sin
Unable to think clear
Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close
BOOM BOOM BOOM
Got me shooting at a ghost
Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me
Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery
I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress
Moved out west and I invest in all the best
Those who test will find a bullet in they chest
Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless
Grow up broke on the rope of insanity
How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family
I'm sick of being tired
Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing
Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed
Tired of hearin' these voices in my head
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad
(like it ain't nothin')
And all my partners involved in that 187
Watch your back
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There got to be a better way
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There's too many of us in the cemetery
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Come on, what we gonna do now
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow

Writer(s): Smead G Iii Hudman, Barry Eugene White, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames, Randy Walker

2Pac Lyrics

"I Get Around"

(feat. Money B, Shock G)

[2Pac:]
Aw, yeah, I get around
Still clown with the Underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

[2Pac:]
Back to get wreck, all respect
To those who break their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause, oh, they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why your girl keeps pagin' me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me
She squeeze me—lady, take it easy!
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me
I don't want it if it's that easy
Ayo, bust it, baby got a problem, saying "bye-bye"
Just another hazard of a fly guy
You ask "Why?", don't matter! My pockets got fatter
Now everybody's lookin' for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy, if you wanna see me
Dial the beeper number, baby, when you need me
And I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out: I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[Shock G:]
Now you can tell from my everyday fits I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Tryin' to make a dollar out of 15 cents (A dime and a nickel)
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby, I can see that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G: the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me; I get around

[Money B:]
What's up, love? How you doin'?
Well, I've been hangin', sangin', tryin' to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was bangin'
Your homegirl you went to school with?
That's cool, but did she tell you about her sister?
And your cousin thought I wasn't

See, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low
Long as you know that I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[2Pac:]
Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip; loose lips sink ships
It's a trip, I love the way she licks her lips, see me jockin'
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watchin'
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we're all alone: why the lights on?
Turn them off! Time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Somethin' is on your mind, let it off
You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well, if I couldn't have it (silly rabbit) why you sweatin' me?
It's a lot of real G's doin' time
'Cause a groupie bent the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy, baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clowned, baby doll, are you down? I get around

Thanks to Steve Abel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Brooks Ronald R

2Pac Lyrics

"Papa'z Song"

(feat. Wycked)

[2Pac:]
Daddy's home...

Heh, so?
You say that like that means something to me
You've been gone a mighty long motherfuckin time
For you to be comin home talkin that "daddy's home" shit (nigga)
We been gettin along fine just without you
Me, my brother, and my mother
So if you don't mind, you can step the FUCK off, POPS... fuck you!

[2Pac:]
Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight
A pitiful plight, so I pray for a starry night
Please send me a pops before puberty
The things I wouldn't do to see a piece of family unity
Moms always work, I barely see her
I'm startin to get worried without a pops I'll grow to be her
It's a wonder they don't understand kids today
So when I pray, I pray I'll never grow to be that way
And I hope that he answers me
I heard God don't like ugly well take a look at my family
A different father every weekend
Before we get to meet him they break up before the week ends
I'm gettin sick of all the friendships
As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole shit ends quick
How can I be a man if there's no role model?
Strivin to save my soul I stay cold drinkin a forty bottle
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[Wycked:]
Moms had to entertain many men;
Didn't wanna do it but it's time to pay the rent again.
I'm gettin a bit older and I'm startin to be a bother;
Moms can't stand me cause I'm lookin like my father
Should I stay or run away? Tell me the answer
Moms ignores me and avoids me like cancer
Grow up rough and it's hard to understand stuff
Moms was tough cause his papa wasn't man enough;
Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities

Instead of takin care of me, he'd rather live lavishly
That's why I'll never be a father;
Unless you got the time it's a crime; don't even bother
(That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles
Said I was an only child)
Look at mama's lonely smile!
It's hard for a son to see his mother cry
She only loves you, but has to fuck with these other guys
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac:]
Man child in the promised land couldn't afford many heroes
Moms was the only one there my pops was a no-show
And ohh -I guess ya didn't know
That I would grow to be so strong
Lookin kinda pale, was it the ale or pops was wrong?
Where was the money that you said, you would send me
Talked on the phone and you sounded so friendly
Ask about school and my welfare
But it's clear, you ain't sincere hey who the hell cares
You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin, Jack!
You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now ain't no runnin back
Ask about my moms like you loved her from the start
Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart
So don't even start with that "Born to be a father" shit
Don't even bother with your dollars I don't need it
I'll bury moms like you left me: all alone, G
Now that I finally found you, stay the fuck away from me
You're so sorry

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac impersonating his father:]
I never meant to leave but I was wanted
Crossed too many people every house I'd touch was haunted
Had to watch the strangers every brother was a danger;
If I wanted to to keep you breathin, had to be out of range-a
Had to move on, done lost my name and picked a number
Made me watch my back I had no happy home to run to
Maybe it's my fault for being a father livin fast

But livin slow, mean half the dough, and you won't get no ass
Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along
I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong
It took a little longer than I thought
I slipped, got caught, and sent to jail by the courts
Now I'm doin time and I wish you'd understand
All I ever wanted was for you to be a man
And grow to be the titan you was meant to be
Keep the war fightin by the writings that you sent to me
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]
*[*laughs*]* We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]
Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]
My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]
My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-yaa, turn this Benz into a casket
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this
Yeah this shit is hyper
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]
We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts
Stunk like funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out
And after she's crossed out
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten
my sign is stop!
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Stretch of Live Squad:]
Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do
KnowhatI'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Majestic of Live Squad:]
Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatI'msayin? Fuck that!
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

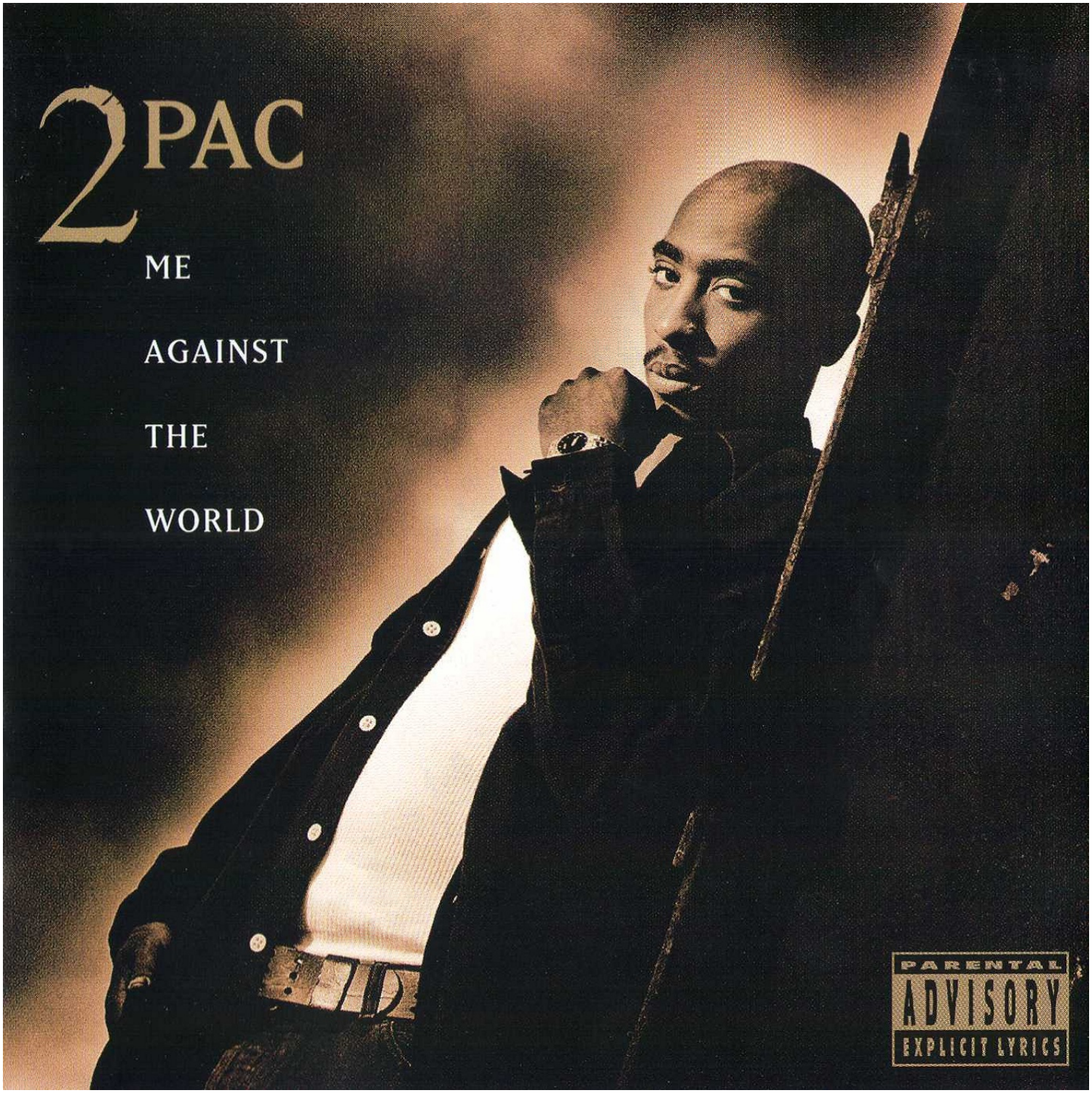
[2Pac:]
Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey
I say niggas need to get they mind right
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Apache:]
Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatI'msayin?
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit
YaknowhatI'msayin? Follow us, come along. YaknowhatI'msayin?
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)


2PAC
ME
AGAINST
THE
WORLD
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, ‘cause brawling motherfuckers is bold
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
If I die tonight
If I die tonight
Fuck it, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss
Revenge is the method
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force
In my brain all I can think about is fame
The police know my name
A different game, ain't a thing changed
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
If I die tonight
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?
If I die tonight
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
Nigga! If I die tonight
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die tonight
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it
If I die tonight
You know
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Writer(s): Norman Durham

2Pac Lyrics

"Me Against The World"

(feat. Puff Johnson, Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]
It's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose
It's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game
Me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]
Can you picture my prophecy?
Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me
The projects is full of bullets, though bodies is droppin'
They ain't no stoppin' me
Constantly movin' while makin' millions
Witnessin' killings
Leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings
Can't reach the children 'cause they're illin'
Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin'
Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard
Maybe he'll listen in his casket; the aftermath
More bodies being buried, I'm losin' my homies in a hurry
They're relocatin' to the cemetery
Got me runnin', stressin', my vision's blurry
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me
I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is
What's the use? Unless we're shootin' no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world
Me against the world
Cause it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'
Seein' daddy's semen, full of crooked demons
Already crazy and screamin'
I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while

Is there another route? For a crooked outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Everyday there's more death, and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin'
Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin'
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up
I'm about to act up, go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka
Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'
And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin'
So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail
Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]
With all this extra stressin'
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest through this oppression?
They punish the people that's askin' questions,
And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons
Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence
The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded
And things don't go the way you planned it
Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference
Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothin' like the game, it's just me against the world

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world

[2Pac:]
Hahaha, that's right
I know it seem hard sometimes
But uh, remember one thing

Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get
Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!

Thanks to Mortada Tofi, Juanita for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Richard Rudolph, Minnie Riperton, Hal David, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Burt F Bacharach

2Pac Lyrics

"So Many Tears"

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears
If I should die before I wake
Please God walk with me
Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me
I'm not living in the past, you wanna last?
Be the first to blast Remember Kato
No longer with us; he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

I! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions
Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well
I know my destiny is Hell. Where did I fail?
My life is in denial and when I die
Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears

Lord! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons trying to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep
Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come

Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers

And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies
So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin' to the floor; beggin' for the Lord to let me in
To Heaven's door -- shed so many tears

Lord! lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I suffered many years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Writer(s): Gregory E Jacobs, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Eric Vandell Baker

2Pac Lyrics

"Temptations"

[Sample:]
Hey! Hey-ayyaahhyy

[2Pac:]
Yo Mo Bee mayn! Drop that shit!
You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin'
And uh, throw up that finger
Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[2Pac:]
Tell me baby are you lonely?
Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only
Let me touch ya, if I'm wrong love tell me
'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see
I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down
You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around
That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good
Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me
With your attitude to match right?
Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like
You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight
I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like
A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be with you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
(Look here) I wanna be an honest man
But temptations go

[2Pac:]
Throw up the finger! And all my homies go
Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]
I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]
Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
In my ride and I'm all in
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie

Move close and let me whisper
Some dirty words in your ears as I kiss ya
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

[2Pac:]
Give 'em the finger!
All my homies go, throw your fingers up
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]
I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]
A lotta people think it's easy
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it
The temptation got me ready to release the fluid Sensation, sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin' you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin'
See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

[2Pac:]
Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go
Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

(Everybody, hey, alright
Hey, heyyyeah, heyyyayy, oh)

All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger!
Throw your hands up, give em the finger!

Writer(s): Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Reggie Noble, George Clinton, David Lee Spradley, O.s. Harvey, Shirle Murdock

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Niggaz"

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer
And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas

As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind
Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten
I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies
'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me
Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me?
With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I
Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride
Put down the top, now we flossin'
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window
Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad
But all we had was our hopes and dreams
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends
As Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a strung nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(Strung nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died
That's when my momma started gettin' high
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket
Let me get my dead homies high
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just
Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga
My only thing was to be paid
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days
We always found the time to play
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a young nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)

Always got it blown like Al Capone
(young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Ad-lib:]
I'm tellin' you
...to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin'
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin
Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real
And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas
Break away from these dumb niggas
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin'
Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin'
At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin'
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse
The epidemic and diseases, what is the future?
The projects lookin' hopeless, where
More and more brothers givin' up and don't care
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed
And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(for the young niggas)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(this for nigga.., this for the young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
He always got it blown like Al Capone
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Collision over the last 4 lines:]
This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you know)
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)
Them niggas that's thirteen and fourteen
Drivin' Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)
Young motherfuckin' hustlers (make that money boy)
Stay strong nigga
You could be a fuckin' accountant, not a dope dealer
You know what I'm sayin'? (Go to school nigga, go to school)
Fuck around and, you pimpin' out here
You could be a lawyer (really doe)
Niggas gotta get they priorities straight
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)

Really doe. Young Niggas. little RahRah
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no dumb guy
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, Young Niggas)

Thanks to Bonnie Barrow, Billy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Black Lawrence Ernest, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Leftenant Nathan David, Singleton Charles, Stewart Loren Maurice, Jenkins Thomas Michael, Tyler Le-morrious Damon

2Pac Lyrics

"Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

[Lady Levi:]
Oh, you Thug Life is yours?
Life ain't no something you can rap with
Ooh come no ordinary game
The game no something you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars.
Every time, seen?

[2Pac:]
Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'
These busta tricks don't want no mail
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke?
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them
The game's been good to me)

[Richie Rich:]
(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funked with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you
That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss
Went from a, young nigga livin' residential
To a, young nigga workin' presidential

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good
You know that's true I'm look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat
Playing yi fucking games
Ooh, we take game, we won!
(I don't care what it did to them)
Any by now
(the game's been good to me)
All, yi haffa forget fi we won!
Everytime

[2Pac:]
I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high
No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells
Cause life is hell, and everybody dies
What about these niggas I despise
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives
Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's tryin' to make the news
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good everytime
When we at Beers Diamond
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
(I don't care what it did to them)
(the game's been good to me)
Flush it! Oh!
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good everytime
'Nough dollars, dollars!
Ya know about dollars, them right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You n who the record partner
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Lewis Terry Steven, Harris James Samuel, Bostic Samuel, Mosley Michael

2Pac Lyrics

"Lord Knows"

Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker
Lord knows
['Pac is choking on blunt smoke*]*
Lord knows
*[*coughing harder*]*
Lord knows
*[*one final cough*]*

I smoke a blunt to take the pain out
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out
I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby
And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy
Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket
And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards
I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me
Got the spirit of a thug in me
Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy
Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy
Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems
Don't underestimate the power of a fiend
To my homies on the block
Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box
When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back
If they could be black, then they would switch
Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows
*[*coughing again*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
*[*still coughing*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G
I couldn't let my adversaries worry me
And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest
And still a nigga stressin' over death
If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd
Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly
When everyday it's another death, with every breath
It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step!
You could be next if you want to, who do you run to?
Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to
My memories bring me misery, and life is hard
In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe
Got me thinking, what do Hell got?
Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked

And drive-by's an everyday thang
I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game
And Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows
*[*coughing again*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
*[*still coughing*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

One-time! One-time!
Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me
Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture me
Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin'
Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up!
I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie
And he knew it when he shook and died, my God
Even though I know I'm wrong man
Hennessey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh)
I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches
Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up
I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high
Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die)
I smoke a blunt to take the pain out
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out
Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows!
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows. Jesus.
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

(Lord knows. Lord knows. He He. He. He. He.)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gallow Brian Q, Toney Kevin Kraig

2Pac Lyrics

"Dear Mama"

[2pac:]
You are appreciated
When I was young, me and my mama had beef
17 years old, kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school
And scared to go home, I was a fool
With the big boys breaking all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years
We was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary, hey
I'd see the penitentiary one day?
And running from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it
There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]
Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy, 'cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, 'cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger
They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was looking for a father he was gone
I hung around with the thugs
And even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin'
I needed money of my own, so I started slangin'
I ain't guilty, 'cause even though I sell rocks
It feels good putting money in your mailbox
I love paying rent when the rent is due
I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
'Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone, because you cared for me
And I could see you coming home after work late
You're in the kitchen, trying to fix us a hot plate
You just working with the scraps you was given
And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're trying to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]
Pour out some liquor and I reminisce
'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act crazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if you hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and Sweet Franklin (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady
Lady (Dear Mama)
Lady
Lady

Thanks to Alex Maldonado, www.raulmora, dikkevetteboer for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Joe Sample, Bruce Andre Hawes, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Charles B Simmons, Joseph B. Jefferson, Tony D Pizarro

2Pac Lyrics

"It Ain't Easy"

[Ad-lib:]
Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry
A damn shame, when will we ever change?
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?
Arguments with my Boo, it's true
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame
I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion
Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children
So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless
I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches
Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high
Watchin' the cops roll by
It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'
Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this just the way it is
Even now lookin' out for these killa kids
Cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'
Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life
And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life
Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block
But no it ain't easy, hahahah
'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams
Of hearin' screams at my concerts
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail
What, do I do in these county blues
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked
They violated my probation
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation
Meanwhile it ain't easy..
No it ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Pizarro Tony D

2Pac Lyrics

"Can U Get Away"

(feat. Anya Pinto)

[2Pac and Anya talking:]
Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away?
Let me come swoop you up
(You know I got a man)
I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out
(Of course he gon' mind)
Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see
(I can't, he ain't gon' let me
Aww c'mon! Please...
(Nah)
Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye?
Why you got on glasses?

[2Pac:]
Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure
It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya
I can see your state of misery from the introduction
Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion
Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day
Late night phone conversations – would that be OK?
I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line
Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind
I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to scare you
The anticipation of love makin'
Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you
News of precision will prepare ya
In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror
Now the picture's gettin' clearer
All he does is hit you hard
I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God
I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home
I wonder should I leave you alone
And find a woman of my own
All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it
I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it
Tell me, can you get away?

Ebony, can you get away?
C'mon… Let's go… Can you get away?
Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (I know, I know)
And I can't get away (Just for a little while love)
I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air
(Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?)
And I can't get away (Do you love him?)
I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?)

[2Pac:]
Could it be my destiny to be lonely?
Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me
'Cause they phony
But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious
'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious
The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted
I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it
Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it
Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it
You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin'
Now your heart's tooken
My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook
Wanna take you there but you scared to follow
Come see tomorrow
Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow
Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle
Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble
I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more
I told you before, no time to waste
We can hook up at the store. Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (I know it is)
And I can't get away (Yeah, you can)
I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (I know… is he beatin' on you?)
And I can't get away (Did he punch you?)
I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?)

[2Pac:]
I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin'
In the position to pressure and offer competition
Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely
'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see
A happy home – that's my fantasy
But my reality is problems with your man and me
What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker
'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta
Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast
Nobody knows, on who controls will it last?
Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere
And even if you stay with him today I'm still here
I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share
You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare
'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know
Passionately yours and I'll never let you go
Tell me, can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)
And I can't get away
I'm not happy here
(Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (Man)

And I can't get away (Course you can get away)
I'm not happy here
(If you really wanted to get away, you could get away)

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress
With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'?
I ain't tryin' to put you in a position
Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything
You need, but now… he ain't even takin' care of you
He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look!
You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
Shake that sucker to the left
Let me show you what this life is really about
Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class
Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world
Seein' what this world got to offer you
Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'?
The emergency room, gettin' stitches
'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good

[2Pac and Anya talking again:]
Can you take me from here?
Shake that man, get away
Can you take me from here?
I'ahhhhhm unhappy here
And I need you to show me love
Because it's so much pressure now
And I need to get awayyyheyyyeahhh

Thanks to charlesgagnon69 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mosley Michael, Beverly Frankie

2Pac Lyrics

"Old School"

[2Pac:]
Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation
Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school
That's who were going do this one for, ya feel me?

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."
[5x]

[2Pac:]
I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
and Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?!
when De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
had me puffin on that Buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch
I remember. Way back, the weak weed they had
Too many seeds in the trey bag
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking, "What them niggas wearing?"
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true

Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts
And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters
When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di
Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties
I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
It ain't nothing like the old school!

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
Haha, on the real though
Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party?
Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"
And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind!
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm)
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say
they was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb
Back in the motherfucking old school nigga
Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes?
Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that?
Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window?
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)
The ice cream truck, remember all the mother--
'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?!
The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit?
I came through the door, said it before
That was the SHIT!

Writer(s): Buchanan, Shaker, Tilery

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck The World"

(feat. Digital Underground)

[2Pac:]
(Haha, what you say?)
Who you callin' rapist?
Ain't that a bitch
You devils are so two faced
Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame
And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again
Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail
And um, stay away from the packed jails
I told the judge I'm in danger
And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Uh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

[2Pac:]
When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it
That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics
I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies
And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me
Have I lost control or just another soul?
A car full of motherfuckers when we roll
Sippin' on yak as I sit back
Life as a big mack
Brothers come up and say, "You did that?"
Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high
Don't ever hesitate to try
Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in
And them my motherfuckers callin'
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care

[2Pac:]
(Man, Fuck the world)
Damn, they wanna label me a menace
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die
For being jealous of a brother when he rise
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'
They hate to see a nigga ballin'
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me
Like being a thug is the thang to be
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks
And if you're black, you better stay strapped
Nigga, fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
(Haha, Fuck the world!)
(Fuck it)
(I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world")

[2Pac:]
They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz
Long as you got love for thugs
But don't try to test me out, stall that
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care)
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
Yeah what's goin on y'all?)

Uh, uh, uh. Fuck the world!

[Shock G singing:]
I don't care. I don't care, I don't care!

2Pac Lyrics

"Death Around The Corner"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

[Child:] Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy?

[Mother:] I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker
He just stand by the goddamn window
With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go)
You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't
You don't do a goddamn thing

I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive
In the city where the skinny niggas die
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry
I expect retaliation in a hurry
I see death around the- corner, anyday
Tryin to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway
Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die
Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes
In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth
I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot
Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the stress, I'm out of breath
Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me
I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me
Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed
Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress
Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin'
Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin'
My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers
They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers
And even if I did die young, who'd care
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares
Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please
Young nigga, make G's
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

(I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household
And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold
And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow!
Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches
Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch
No more game for free, please explain to me
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?
Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops
I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop
I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G
And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner

This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there
I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know?
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business
("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money
You fuckin hump?" -)
Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right

*[*movie samples*]*
"If any of you.
Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that." -

"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"
"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"

"I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead!
I want him dead, I don't care."

2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]
That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)
Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)
That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?
(Aight, you know what I'm sayin'?)
You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?
(Keepin' it real!)
How old are you nigga?
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]
Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of
and snitches get dealt with, with no love
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry
But never worry, they'll remember me through history
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]
Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive
By makin' motherfuckers fry
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens
Never missin', an early grave is my only mission
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Dramacydal:]
[Kadafi:]
Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's
I witnessed niggas lose they chest
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest
[Kastro:]
So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'
I ain't fearin' nuttin'
[EDI Amin (Kastro):]
Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'
(now he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)
[Napoleon:]
Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'?
Talkin' 'bout prayin'
[Kadafi:]
They need to stop, that ain't gon' help
These niggas sprayin' up my block
[Napolean:]
Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]
Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge
Punk police, niggas run the streets
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music
Shit's changed
1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange
The rules is all rearranged
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets
These punk police is crooked as me
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel
Cause you know these streets is real ill
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby
Then the young thugs
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice

2PAC
all eyez on me
2
DISC PAC

2Pac Lyrics

"Ambitionz Az A Ridah"

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble!

Now, you know how we do it, like a G
What really go on in the mind of a nigga
that get down for theirs
Constantly, money over bitches
Not bitches over money
Stay on your grind, nigga
My ambitions as a ridah
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars
This life as a rap star is nothing without guard
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass public
My attitude was "fuck it," because motherfuckers love it
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah
To catch her while she hot and horny, go up inside her
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the telly, hoe!"
Equipped with money in a Benz 'cause, bitch, I'm barely broke
I'm smokin' bomb-ass weed, feeling crucial
From player to player the game's tight, the feeling's mutual
From hustlin' and prayers
To breaking motherfuckers to pay up
I got no time for these bitches, 'cause these hoes try to play us
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm wishin'
Competition got me ripped on that bullshit they stressin'
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts, no glory, my nigga, bitch got the game distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with Death Row
Now these money-hungry bitches gettin' suspicious
Started plottin' and plannin' on schemes to come and trick us
But thug niggas be on point and game tight
Me, Syke and Bogart strapped up the same night
Got problems, then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggas is jealous
'Cause deep in they heart they wanna be me
Uh, yeah, and now you got me right beside ya
Hopin' you listen, I catch you payin' attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me

But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Peep it, it was my only wish to rise
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride
I was the first off this side, give me the 9
I'm ready to die right here tonight and motherfuck they life
That's what they screaming as they drill me
But I'm hard to kill (that's all you niggas got?)
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel
Spittin' at adversaries, envious and after me
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed
Mama, come rescue me, I'm suicidal, thinking thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin' when I'm caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doin' jail time, better day, sacrificin'
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson
Thuggin' for life, and if you right, then nigga die for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die, to be a man
And pick the way you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

My murderous lyrics
Equipped with spirits of the thugs before me
Pay off the block, evade the cops
'Cause I know they coming for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back, my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds
Sure as some bitches bleed
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me, but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)
didn't diminish my powers
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin' menace, they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed they wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it
Lace 'em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary
For money I'll have these motherfuckers buried
I been gettin' much mail in jail, niggas tellin' me to kill it
Knowin' when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest! A hoo-ridah when I put the shit inside
the cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic
Revenge on them niggas that played me
And all the cowards that was down with it
Now it's your nigga right beside ya, hopin' you listenin'
Catch you payin' attention to my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Thanks to benmaring, forcefedzx for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmar Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"All Bout U"

(feat. Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Dogg)

[2Pac (Dru Down):]
Ah, yeah! Hahaha (Yeah!)
It's all about you, one time!
(I'ma say it's all about you, baby, yeah!)
Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you
It's all about you! (This Dru Down in the house
With my boy 'Pizznac, you know what I'm sayin'?)
It's all about you
(Yeah, I'm gon' say it's all about you
But you know I'm lyin' though, hah! Yeah)

[2Pac:]
You probably crooked as the last trick
Want to laugh about how I got my ass caught up
With this bad bitch?
Thinkin' I had her, but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck, I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one
Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin' with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love
In every club, I see you starin' like you want it
Well, baby, if you got it, better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night
Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla, but you tell me you taken
Sayin' you ain't impressed with the money I'm makin'
Guess it's true what they tellin' me
Fresh out of jail, life's hell for a black celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you with it
Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?
Addicted to the things you do
But still true what I'm sayin', boo, ‘cause this is all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
(Yeah, nigga)
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[2Pac:]
I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave
Nobody loves me, I'm a thug nigga
I only hung out with the criminals and drug dealers

I love niggas, ‘cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa? And I don't even care
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggas at the end of every show
I just seen you in my friend's video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all about you, yeah, nigga, it's all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
(Yeah, nigga)
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Hussein Fatal:]
Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch-ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty ho
You think it's all about you? Well, boo
I gets down like Dru, and my nasty new niggas, too

[Yaki Kadafi:]
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff
When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

[Hussein Fatal:]
I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch
From the West Coast to West Virginia

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Snoop Doggy Dogg:]
I'm tellin' ya, it's the same old shit
I mean, goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch who was in my homeboy Nate Dogg video
Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy 2Pac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video, you knahmsayin'?
And then, you nahmsayin', what make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March
That was in the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look
Everywhere I go, I see the same ho'
Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

Thanks to d2pwned, andrew_tibbo for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Skandalouz"

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[2Pac:]
Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker
We's gonna talk about these scandalous hoes
[Nate:]
I can talk about scandalous bitches
[2Pac:]
Oh I know you can!
I know you that's why we gonna do it
Daz on the beat
Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga
Just drop that shit like uh, this here

[2Pac:]
I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me
So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony
It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies
Woulda paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me
While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed
No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools
They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house
And can't leave without his bitch permission
The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss
Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss
Y'all don't wanna see me in pain
I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"
It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, trick
Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?
Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust
But bitches lookin scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]
How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin
I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang
Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin
This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin
I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze
You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies
She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize
Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes
My sister precious in poverty
Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?
I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue
And though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come

I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later
Before I let her get me, I got her
Went in her purse took a hundred dollars
Nigga I'm so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]
Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches
Currency motivated, not easily terminated
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded
This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true
When I don't fuck with your punk crew
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell
I went from hell, to livin well
Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game
I wanna be a baller, please
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg repeats to end (2Pac speaks over):]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
(Aiyyo. How the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be
You ever peep that shit? (Nah)
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35
Gettin him for ends
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then
That's aight though
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long
Watch them hoes
All you niggaz out there
Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar

2Pac Lyrics

"Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

[Daz Dillinger:]
You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those
Who can withstand the more power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time on lye
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

[2Pac:]
So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waitin'
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic
Don't take your life for granted
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls
You know the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

[Method Man:]
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night

[Kurupt:]
Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder if my terrifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind
As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blastin'
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin''
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe
Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall
You already have an idea about the superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

[Method Man:]
Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan
Half of my Clan's repeat felons
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man, I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me
Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

[Redman:]
Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffted
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from the rear block
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked
Whiff this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Flip MC's like ki's
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake
So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked
Choke off this antidote, got you ope
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for 9-nickel

*[*in the background*]*
[INS the rebel]

Thanks to grillo_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Ricardo Emmanuel Brown

2Pac Lyrics

"How Do You Want It"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it yeah?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

[2Pac:]
I love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm about to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'
Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meanin'
Now, if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, player with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me - Champagne, Hennessy
A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy, nigga, now tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How does it feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk?
Am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor

It's like erotic
Ironic, cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin'' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster
I'm up inside ya, I ain't quittin' 'til the show is over
Cause I'm a rider, in and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me
Get her rockin' these
Nights full of Alize
A livin' legend you ain't heard about
These niggas play these Cali days
C. Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others; Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game's told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Once I'm released, I'm makin' millions, nigga, top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
Livin' in hell - only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga, tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Raised as a youth
Tell the truth, I got the scoop
On how to get a bulletproof
Cause I jumped from the roof
'fore I was a teenager, mobile phone, Skypager
Game rules, I'm livin' major - my adversaries
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried
One of us gonna see the cemetery
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin' like they know me
But I'ma mash out and peel out
I’m with a clique that’s quick to whip that fuckin' steel out
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it
When you see me, tell a nigga how you want it
How do you want it?

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Me and my Nigga Johnny J... yeah we out

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Quincy D Jones, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce Carleton Fisher, Stanley Richardson

2Pac Lyrics

"2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted"

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

[2Pac:]
Up out of there
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Eh, light that up, Snoop! Why you actin like that?
Ah shit, you done fucked up now
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
You done put two of America's most wanted in the same motherfuckin' place at the same motherfuckin' time
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Y'all niggas about to feel this
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Break out the Champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms, have one on us, a'ight?
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

[Snoop Dogg:]
A toast to the gangsters

[2Pac:]
Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision
My intention's to get richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg, my fuckin' homie
You's a cold-ass nigga on them hogs

[Snoop Dogg:]
Sho 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun
'Cause they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome
"Free 2Pac" is all that's on a nigga's mind
But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit
And put together a Million March for some gangsta shit

[2Pac:]
So now they got us laced
Two multi-millionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down
The shit's about to go down
Me and Snoop about to clown
I'm losin' my religion
I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggas be actin' like they savage
They out to get the cabbage
I've got nothin' but love for my niggas livin' lavish

[Snoop Dogg:]
I've got a pit named Petey, she Nigerina
I've got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I've got a black Bimmer

But my dream's to own a fly casino
Like Bugsy Siegel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up by the little homie in the Regal
It feels good to you, baby-bubba
You see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

[2Pac:]
Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggas been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these motherfuckin' G's
If you got it, better flaunt it
Another warrant for two of America's most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]
Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me
I bust and flee, these niggas must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy, motherfuckers who can't fade the thugs
You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

[Snoop Dogg:]
It's like Cuz/Blood gang-bangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope-slangin'
You gotta have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch before your eyes swirl
You doin' your job every day
And then you work so hard 'til your hair turns gray
Let me tell you about life and about the way it is
You see, we live by the gun, so we die by the guns, kids

[2Pac:]
They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I got a throw-away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live with five shots
Niggas is hard to kill on my block
Schemes for currency and dough-related

Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]
Biatch! Where you at? Where you at?
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Yeah, Death Row

Writer(s): Calvin C. Broadus, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"No More Pain"

Hey DeVante
Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country
Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin' room
On the same level
This shit here, hahahaha
Please, no more pain
That's right nigga
Hey drop that shit boy

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes
My lyrics explode on contact, gamin' you hoes
Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggas I'm the one
Say my name, watch bitches come
Now fire when ready, stay watchin' our figure
Increase speed, make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker
Plus all these niggas that you run with, be on some dumb shit
Trickin' on hoes, I ain't the one bitch
Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick
Have every single bitch that came witchu, on my dick
Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased
I'm movin' you stupid bitches, vicious telekinesis
Am I reachin' your brain? Nigga how can I explain?
How vicious this Thug motherfucker came
When I die, I want to be a living legend, say my name
Affiliated with this motherfuckin' game, with no more pain

[Interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain":]
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight
And fuck your boyfriend bitch, I want some ass tonight You know my steelo, Alize and Cristal, weed
Sure you heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh
Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast
I dare you niggas to open fire, I'll murder that ass
And disappear before the, cops come runnin'
My Glock's spittin' rounds, niggas fallin' down clutchin' they stomach
It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggas on the rise
Busters shot me five times, real niggas don't die
Can ya hear me?, laced with this game, I know you fear me
Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Heart of a solider with a brain to teach your whole nation
And feelin' no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (yeah nigga, no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (what, what nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (no pain nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no pain)

Bury me that's what they all say
It's time to make a killin', sure to make a million with DeVante
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say?, now, watch your eyes
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss
Tell them niggas from other areas, brothers from here
So obsessed with this money makin' it ain't nothin' we fear
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya
Mama made me rugged, Baptize the public
Now you all thugs, nigga don't you love it
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must
Wasn't too sure what you facin' so watch the guns bust
You niggas'll bleed, fuckin' with me you'll be deceased
Never restin' in peace, nigga
With no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

[Collision:]
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahaha
No more pain
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah
No more pain
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit
Much too much for these bitches
No more pain
Feel me nigga? Feel me?
How you figure you can fuck with me?
Fully automatic type shit
No more pain
Coward ass niggas, cowards
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain
Close your eyes nigga, do it
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?
Hey that's DeVante droppin' that beat like that BEYATCH
In case you wonderin'

And jealous niggas, hahaha, see y'all niggas
Motherfuckin' niggas are shit
Hey

[Whispering in the background:]
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

Westsiiiiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me
That's on, feel me? Hahaha
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know who you are, it's still Bad Boy Killa
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop
Fat motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers
Weak ass niggas, dancers turned fuckin' CEOs
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Put your mouth on the pistol!
Hahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse
Feel me nigga, haha
No more pain
Hey DeVante I'm givin' these motherfuckers choices
Niggas can roll with us, or they can be rolled up under us
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?
Last year we was lettin' these niggas kick up dust
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust
Thug Life nigga Westsiiide!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Devante Smith, Robert F. Diggs, Clifford Smith

2Pac Lyrics

"Heartz Of Men"

Hey Suge, what I tell you, nigga
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do?
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right
Watch this
Hey Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars
Hahahaha, yeah nigga, time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga
Cause it's gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side - the real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers
And there's gonna be some pussies
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky
See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends, but in real life they your enemies
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See, the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
It's a dirty game, y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild, y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1! It's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
Cowards die
My mama told me when I was a seed
Just a vicious motherfucker why these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver
When I deliver
Criminal lyrics
From a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a southpaw you get left
And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
I rip the crowd, then I start again
Eternally I live in sin
Until the moment that they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts
My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll
In fly mode
I'm a homicidal outlaw
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight
So we might roll
My own homies say I'm heartless
But I'm a G to this til the day I'm gone, that's regardless
Ride by, niggas bow down
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now
Throw up your hands if you thugged out
First nigga act up
First nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villain if ya let me
But motherfucker if ya do upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga
Look inside the hearts of men

In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a don
If niggas is having problems
Smoke' em, fire and bomb
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
Thugging is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing
Scared up, but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uh, can it be fate
That makes a sick motherfucker break
On these jealous ass coward cause they evil and fake
What will it take ?
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb
Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again
Represent
Cause I've been sent
The hearts of men

Thanks to anthony wansor, vilpe85_poker for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Collins William Earl, Haskins Clarence Eugene, Blake David Marvin, Nelson Prince Rogers, Worrell Bernard

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me
2 in the morning and we still high assed out
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While trying to make it last
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed
Cause life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on

Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her
Life in the hood is all good for nobody
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties
Me and you, no truer two
While scheming on hits
And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery
Though memories fade

I got your name tatted on my arm
So we both ball till my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it
Let the hoes that I used to know
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane
Got police chasing me
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me
And brothers, miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?
Life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year we poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man
Don't front
Life goes on
Hold me no more hold me no more
Yes it do yes it do yes it do

2Pac Lyrics

"Only God Can Judge Me"

(feat. Rappin 4-Tay)

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me (that right?)
Only God can judge me now
Nobody else (nobody else)
All you other motherfuckers get out my business (really)
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back
I couldn't trust my own homies, just a bunch of dirty rats
Will I succeed? Paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus, I try to focus, but I can't see
And in my mind I'm a blind man doin' time
Look to my future, 'cause my past is all behind me
Is it a crime to fight for what is mine?
Everybody's dyin', tell me what's the use of tryin'
I've been trapped since birth, cautious 'cause I'm cursed
And fantasies of my family in a hearse
And they say it's the white man I should fear
But it's my own kind doin' all the killin' here
I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side
Jealousy inside, make 'em wish I died
Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin' for
Everybody's droppin', got me knockin' on Heaven's door
And all my memories of seein' brothers bleed
And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees
Recollect your thoughts, don't get caught up in the mix
'Cause the media is full of dirty tricks

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me

[Flatline]

[2Pac:]
I hear the doctor standin' over me, screamin' I can make it
Got a body full of bullet holes, layin' here naked
Still I can't breathe, something's evil in my IV
'Cause everytime I breathe I think they killin' me
I'm havin' nightmares, homicidal fantasies

I wake up stranglin', tangled in my bed sheets
I call the nurse 'cause it hurts to reminisce
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here
'Cause even thugs cry, but do the Lord care?
Try to remember, but it hurts
I'm walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to the dirt
I'd rather die like a man than live like a coward
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours
"Black Power!" is what we scream
As we dream in a paranoid state
And our fate is a lifetime of hate
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace
'Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat
No more hesitation, each and every black male's trapped
And they wonder why we suicidal running 'round strapped
Mr. Police, please try to see
That there's a million motherfuckers stressin' just like me

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]
That which does not kill me can only make me stronger
That's for real
and I don't see why everybody feel as though
that they gotta tell me how to live my life
You know?
Let me live, baby, let me live

[Rappin' 4-Tay:]
Pac, I feel ya, keep servin' it on the reala
For instance, say a playa hatin' mark is out to kill ya
Would you be wrong for buckin' a nigga to the pavement?
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin'
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin' a cross
That's real, got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him
Sold a half a million tapes, now everybody want him
After talkin' behind my back like a bitch would
Tellin' them niggas, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would
It be them same motherfuckers in your face
That'll rush up in your place to get your safe
Knowin' you on that paper chase
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch
My new shit is so fetti, already sold a ki or ounce
Bitch, remember 2Pac and 4-Tay

Them same two brothers dodgin' bullets representin' the Bay
Pac, when you was locked down
That's when I'll be around
Start climbin' up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown
That's why they ride the bandwagon
Still be draggin' sellin' lies
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know y'all in disguise

[2Pac:]
Guess you figure you know me, 'cause I'm a thug
That love to hit the late night club drink and buzzed
Been livin' lavish like a player all day
Now I'm bout to floss 'em off, player shit with 4-Tay

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac (Rappin 4-Tay):]
(Only God, mane)
That right?
(That's real)
Hahahahahaha
(Fuck everybody else, you know what I'm sayin'?)
Man, look here, man
My only fear of death
Is comin' back to this bitch reincarnated, man
That's for the homie mental
(Hehehehe)
We up out

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Forte Anthony, Rasheed Douglas B, Fretty Harold A

2Pac Lyrics

"Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
A military mind, nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind, nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

[2Pac:]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]
Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
And feared men grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggas whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on ‘yak
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]
I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin' and shit
But I was just a younger nigga;
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit
But what was I doin' in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first
Facin' termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

[Edi Amin:]
Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters
Y'all don't want no funk cause
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

[2Pac & C-Bo:]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[C-Bo:]
I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)
Never been no sign for men call
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground
Ain't nothing but the hog in me
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G
It ain't no calling the funk off
Don't be funking with my sawed off
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

[2Pac (Napolean):]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

[Napoleon:]
My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

[Storm:]

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
Cause the murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]
War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli
Can you feel me?
Just so you know, it's on Death Row
My niggas love that shit
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?
You know what time it is

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Tupac Shakur, James Brown, Ricardo Thomas, Ric Rock, Betty Newsome, Mike Mosely

2Pac Lyrics

"California Love"

(feat. Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman)

[Roger Troutman:]
California love
California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:]
Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hemp be
The state where you never find a dance floor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean mean money-making-machines serving fiends
I been in the game for 10 years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining, looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for Californ-i-a

[Roger Troutman:]
California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Roger Troutman:]
Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[2Pac:]
Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearing hoochies screaming
Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player where cowards die and the strong ball
Only in Cali where we riot not rally to live and die
In L.A. we wearing Chucks not Ballys (yeah, that's right)
Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits, and ride is what we do

Flossing, but have caution: we collide with other crews
Famous because we throw grams
Worldwide, let them recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know the row won't bow down to no man
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of L.A
From Oakland to Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put their mack down
Give me love!

[Roger Troutman:]
California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:] South Central
[2Pac:] Uh, that's right
[Dr. Dre:] Now make it shake

[Roger Troutman:]
Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[Dr. Dre:]
Shake it Cali
Uh, uh, West Coast
Uh, yeah, uh, uh, Long Beach in the house
Uh, yeah, Oaktown, Oakland definitely in the house
Frisco, Frisco

[2Pac:]
And you know L.A. up in here

[Dr. Dre:]
Pasadena where you at?
Yeah, Inglewood
Inglewood always up to no good

[2Pac:]
Even Hollywood trying to get a piece, baby

[Dr. Dre:]
Sacramento, Sacramento where you at?

[2Pac:]
Throw it up ya'll, throw it up, throw it up!
I can't see ya
Let's show these fools how we do it over on this West Side
Cause you and I know it's the best side
Yeah, that's right

West Coast, West Coast

Thanks to Blades, Serg, fattygurlfantasy, mourssss for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mikel Hooks, Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Ronnie Hudson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Chris Stainton, Joe Cocker

2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit 'cha
I ain't mad at 'cha
Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfuck
Yeah, niggas
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

[2Pac:]
Now we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll
'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn
On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed
Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail
It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'
I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB
on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that
Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back
And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]
We used to be like distant cousins
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'
Knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years
They got me goin' mad
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]
Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?
'Til God return me to my essence
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar, Jordan Etterlene, Steward Danny Boy

2Pac Lyrics

"What'z Ya Phone #"

(feat. Danny Boy)

What's your phone number?

Now, I could make miracles to tempos
It's instrumental, waiting for the nymphos; that's the intro
Shook when you rush me, walked up and touched me
Why? Do you want to fuck me?
Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True!
Lookin' kinda good in your birthday suit
I wonder if you're wild and you act shy
Do you like to be on top or the back side?
Watch me while you lick your lips
Shake your hips, goddamn, I love that shit
Yo, let's stop fakin', be real now
I got a room and a hard-on; still down?
Met you standing at a bar full of black dudes
Said you wanna see my scars and my tattoos
When we head for my hideout, act right
Boss player when I ride out, that's right
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece, more than just fine
She's personally blessed from the gods
If I seen her right now, she could get me hard
Didn't want to talk to me, just to see my car
Never had sex with a rich rap star
'Til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car
Tell me, why do we live this way?
Money over bitches, let me hear you say
What's your phone number?
Are you alone? Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone!
Time for your girlfriend to take you home
I had fun, but baby, gotta leave me alone
Picture in my rhyme
Take time to rewind these words I say
If you open your mind bet in a minute you'll find
It's time let the Outlawz play
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

[Girl and 2Pac converse:]
[Girl:] Hello?
[2Pac:] Hello? Who is this?
[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?
[2Pac:] This is who?
[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?
[2Pac:] Yeah, it's 2Pac. Who is this?
[Girl:] Hi, baby. How are you?
[2Pac:] I'm aight. What up, baby?
[Girl:] You don't recognize the voice?
[2Pac:] You recognize my voice, huh?
[Girl:] Do you recognize MY voice?
[2Pac:] Nah, I know you?
[Girl:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talking
[2Pac:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?
[Girl:] You just know me, baby
[2Pac:] Where? Talk up, I can't barely hear you
[Girl:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate
[2Pac:] Oh, we fucked?
[Girl:] Oh baby, did we ever
[2Pac:] Oh, tell me about it, baby
[Girl:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down
[2Pac:] OOOOH!
[Girl:] Then I put it in my mouth. I sucked it
[2Pac:] Ooh, you did?
[Girl:] Ooh, I did
[2Pac:] Shit!
[Girl:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came
[2Pac:] Did I come?
[Girl:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?
[2Pac:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?
[Girl:] You rocked it
[2Pac:] Did I?
[Girl:] Yeah, you did
[2Pac:] Did I give you some of that Thug Passion?
[Girl:] Mmmmmm
[2Pac:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what you doing right now, though?
[Girl:] Me and my finger are getting acquainted
[2Pac:] How many you got?
[Girl:] I got ten, but only one is workin'
[2Pac:] Oh well, can I come over there?
[Girl:] If you want to
[2Pac:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit?
[Girl:] Mmm. You gonna rock it, baby?
[2Pac:] Hell yeah, I'm gonna rock it, baby
[Girl:] Like you did before?
[2Pac:] No dizoubt. You gonna feel that Thug Passion for real
[Girl:] Mmmm, baby
[2Pac:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500. It ain't gonna take but a minute. Eh, light the candles, get the baby oil out, turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way, babe. I'm gonna

knock that pussy to the next week
[Girl:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out
[2Pac:] I'm gon knock the taste out your mouth, girl. I'm gonna put your legs on your head. I'ma tie you up, blindfold you. And we gonna play which hole feel the best
[Girl:] You know which hole feel the best
[2Pac:] We finna see tonight, though
[Girl:] I'm gonna make you remember me
[2Pac:] Oh, yeah
[Girl:] Yeah
[2Pac:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift, you got me so fucked up. I'm playing with myself and shit
[Girl:] Can I shift your gear? Can I shift it in the front?
[2Pac:] Hell yeah, aye, you know what I wanna do though?
[Girl:] Whatch you wanna do?
[2Pac:] I wanna fuck you on the balcony, while you lookin' out over L.A, yaknahmean? Just poundin' that shit from the back
'Cause a motherfucker hop that shit like I got hydraulics
Fixed in me, you feel me? I be hittin' switches, baby
[Girl:] Ooh, I feel you, yes
[2Pac:] Heh, hey, I'm fin' to come over there. Just wait for me sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. I'll see you later, baby, bye
[Girl:] Bye, boo
[2Pac:] Hah, yeah, I'm gonna get some pussy
Heh, get some pussy, hah, hah

Writer(s): Prince Rogers Nelson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Can't C Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, George Clinton)

[George Clinton:]
The blind stares of a million pairs of eyes
Looking hard, but won't realize
That they will never see the P!
You must be goin' blind

[2Pac:]
Give me my money in stacks
And lace my bitches with dime figures
Real niggas fingers on nickel-plated 9 triggers
Must see my enemies defeated
I catch 'em while they coked up and weeded
Open fire, now them niggas bleeding
See me in flesh and test and get your chest blown
Straight out the west, don't get blown
My adversaries cry like hoes
Open and shut like doors
Is you a friend or foe?
Nigga, you ain't know?
They got me stressed out on Death Row
I've seen money, but baby, I've gots to get mo'
You screaming: "Go 2Pac!" and I ain't stopping 'til I'm well-paid
Bail's paid now nigga look what hell made
Visions of cops and sirens, niggas open fire
Bunch of Thug Life niggas on the rise, until I die
Ask me why I'm a boss player, getting high
And when I'm rolling by niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton:]
The stares of a million pairs of eyes
And you'll never realize
You can't see me

[2Pac:]
Been getting word that these square motherfuckers with nerves
Saying they can get with us, but picture me getting served
My own mama say I'm thugged out
My shit be bumping out the record store as if it was a drug house
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood
Nigga what! It ain't nothing but a party when we thug
And there I was, a young nigga with heart
Ain't had shit to lose
Pullin' my pistol on them fools, you know the rules
D-R-E you got me heated
My words like a penitentiary dick
Hitting bitches where it's most needed
Money and weed, Alize and Hennessy
To my thug niggas in lock down: witness me
Bail on these hoes in floss-mode

The life of a boss playa, fuck what you thought, though
My enemies deceased, die like a bitch
When my album hit the streets, niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
(They can't see me)
Which way did he go, George?
Which way did he go?
Oh!! which way did he go?
Which way did he go?

[2Pac:]
You niggas made a mistake
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day
Hey homie, if you feel me
Tell them tricks that shot me that they missed, they ain't killed me
I can make a motherfucker shake, rattle n' roll
I'm full of liquor, thug nigga, quick to jab at them hoes
And I can make you jealous niggas famous
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a nigga's aim is
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way
If this rapping bring me money, then I'm rapping 'til I'm paid
I'm getting green like I'm supposed to
Nigga, I holla at these hoes and see how many I can go through
Look to the star, and visualize my debut
Niggas know me, player, I gotta stay true
Don't be a dumb motherfucker cause it's crazy after dark
Where the true thug-niggas see your heart
Niggas can't see me!

Yo, check this out: stay off his dick

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
Right before your eyes, I'll disappear from here
You niggas can't see me
You can't see me
(I know it's hard nigga, I'm all up in your face)
(But you still can't see me)
You can't see me
(All up in your range, but niggas can't see me)
20/20 vision won't visualize
(I'm in the flesh baby, but you can't see me)
All those glasses won't help you realize
(You blinded, you blinded, you can't see me)
You can't see me
(Thug Life, baby)
(Don't believe everything you read!)
(Alize and weed)
You can't see me, right before your very eyes
You won't even visualize, you can't see me
(Dr. Dre all day, 2Pac)
Niggas can't see me
(I dedicate this to you punk motherfuckers!

(This one's for you, BIG baby)
(Cause you bitch-ass niggas can't see me)
(Niggas can't see me)
You can't see me

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil
You won't see me
Yeah, first see me, now you don't
Wanna see me, but you won't
Come to see me, but you can't
Oh, you can't see me, you can't see me
Right between your eyes and you'll never realize
Right before your eyes, you won't even realize
Visualize what you can't see

Thanks to schar for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Andre Romell, Clinton George

2Pac Lyrics

"Shorty Wanna Be A Thug"

Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug!
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Was a nice middle-class nigga
But no one knew the evil he'd do when he got a little bigger
You'd often find him blazed, for puffing on a Newport
Plotting on a another way to catch a case
Was only 16, yet convicted as a felon
With a bunch of old niggas, but you the only one ain't tellin'
I tell you it's a cold world, stay in school
You tell me it's a man's world, play the rules
And fade fools, break rules until we major
Blaze up, getting with hoes through my pager
Was raised up, commence to money-makin' tactics
It's getting drastic, niggas got automatics
My finger's on the trigger
Tell the Lord to make way for another straight thug nigga
I'm sitting, getting buzzed, looking for some love
From the homies, ‘cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, said he's wanna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Straight from the hall to the pen
An adolescent nigga standing way higher than six feet ten
He carried weight, like a Mack truck
Gonna bust on playa haters, if them mothafuckas act tuff
Then that's when, a lethal weapon with the razor
This little nigga smoking weed and getting blazed up
No one could figure, when the guns blast, pull the trigger
Could take the life of a young nigga, guns bigger
No mother and father, you see, the nigga's all alone
Old timers my role model, the war zone
Been laced with this game 'til it's a part of me
My heart don't beat no fear, and that ain't hard to see
The future is looking dim
I'm tryin' to make a profit out of living in this sin
I'm in the dark, getting buzzed, looking for some love
Out with the homies, ‘cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Shorty's gonna be a thug
Little bad ass nigga, to the young niggas
Gotta stay sharp, nigga, play your part!
Got plenty of time (you bad mothafuckas)
You only get three mistakes, and then it's life, big baby
(Niggas craaazy) Watch the signs!
Damn, nigga! Sixteen, nigga?
Sixteen?! Too bad, mothafuckers

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Edwards Douglas Fraser, Richardson Thomas David, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

[Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):]
Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound, so funky
We be throwin' down
(This goes out to you playa)
(You know, you know who you are)

[2Pac:]
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

[2Pac:]
Are you confused?
You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose
When me and you was homies
No one informed me it was all a scheme
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams
How could you do me like that?
I took ya family in
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate
Without your word you're a shell of a man
I lost respect for ya, nigga
We can never be friends
I know I'm runnin' through your head now
What could you do?
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward
Ya could never be live
Until you die
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be afraid, don’t let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]
Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious
I'm addicted to currency
Nigga that's why we're doin' this
I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up
And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up
No hesitation
This information got you contemplatin'
Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation
Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient
It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation
I want members that call the fifty states
To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break
Will I be great, is it my fate?
To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes
So much jealousy it scares me
So be prepared, cause only the strong survive
Life isn't fair (fair)
Probably never knew the way it feels to die
So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!
Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]
I should've saw the signs, I was blinded
Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time
So many brothas framed in this dirty game
It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me
Secrets in the dark, only her and I know
Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow
Guess she made a bad decision
That got me livin' just like an animal
I'm caged up in state prison
My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn
A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'
Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me
I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me
Cause I'm a soldier
Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older
Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no
Love is a mystery, fuck the po po
Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[Nanci Fletcher:]
Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us tho'
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound (so funky)
We be throwin' down

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin

2Pac Lyrics

"Wonder Why They Call U"

(feat. Faith Evans)

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Look here, Miss Thang, hate to salt your game
But you's a money-hungry woman and you need to change
In the locker room, all the homies do is laugh
High fives 'cause another nigga played your ass
It was said you were sleezy, even easy
Sleepin' around for what you need, see
It's your thing, and you can shake it how you wanna
Give it up free or make your money on the corner
But don't be bad, play the game, get mad and change
Then you wonder why these motherfuckers call you names
Still lookin' for a way out, and that's okay
I can see you wanna stray, there's a way out
Keep your mind on your money, enroll in school
And as the years pass by, you can show them fools
But you ain't tryin' to hear me 'cause you're stuck
You're headin' for the bathroom, 'bout to get tossed up
Still lookin' for a rich man, you dug a ditch
Got your legs up tryin' to get rich
I love you like a sister, but you need to switch
And that's why they called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

You leave your kids with your mama
'Cause your headin' for the club
In a skin-tight miniskirt, lookin' for some love
Got them legs wide open while you're sittin' at the bar
Talkin' to some nigga 'bout his car
I guess he said he had a Lexus, what's next?
You headin' to his car for some sex?
I pass by, can't hold back tears inside
'Cause Lord knows, for years I tried
And all the other people on my block hate your guts
Then you wonder why they stare and call you slut
It's like your mind don't understand

You don't have to kill your dreams plottin' schemes on a man
Keep your head up, legs closed, eyes open
Either a nigga wear a rubber or he die smokin'
I'm hearin' rumors, so you need to switch
And niggas wouldn't call you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

I guess times gettin' hard, even harder for you
'Cause hey now, got a baby on the way now
More money from the county, and thanks to the welfare
You're about to get your hair done
Got a dinner date, can't be late
Trick or treat, sweet thang got another trick to meet
The way he did it it was smooth
Plottin' while he gamin' you so, baby, peep the rules
I should've seen it in the first case, the worst case
I should've never called you back in the first place
I remember back in high school, baby, you was fast
Straight sex when you moved your ass
But now things change, 'cause you don't look the same
Let the ghetto get the best of you, baby, that's a shame
Caught HIV and now you 'bout to be deceased
And finally be at peace
So where your niggas at now? 'Cause everybody left
They stepped, and left you on your own
See, I loved you like a sister, but you died too quick
And that's why we called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Dear Ms. Delores Tucker, keep stressin' me
Fuckin' with a motherfuckin' mind
I figured you wanted to know
You know, why we call them hoes bitches
And maybe this might help you understand
It ain't personal, strictly business, baby, strictly business
So If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch
If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]
Outlaw Immortalz
Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swolls
They know you watchin'
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings
Blessed with the gift of speech
The power to reach
Each nigga on every street
May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired
Since the day the seed was planted
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs
Outlaw Immortalz
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue
What lies between is the fiction
Don't fuck around and make it true

*[*laughing*]*
My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me
Plus my alias is Makaveli
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly
Bust him to see if he bleed
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me
They call my name out and niggas run
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]
They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]
I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal
Glistenin' holdin' pistols
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

[Napoleon:]
My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'
I think these niggas got the game fucked up
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

[2Pac:]
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

[Mussolini:]
It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[E.D.I.:]
They call me Idi, from the side of seedy
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Kadafi:]
My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'
It's like it's me against myself with all these
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

[Mo Khomeini:]
Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby
Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)
Makaveli, Hussein, Kastro, Kadafi, Mussolini
Amin, Napoleon, Khomein
What y'all really wanna do?
Haha, like them niggas said
"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"
Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga
Flashin on niggas
Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life
But we Outlaw Immortalz
We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever
Like I'll make you famous motherfucker
I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit
My niggas make the papers baby
My niggas make the front page
The gunshots can't stop me, they know *[*fades*]*

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Yafeu Fula, Tyruss Himes, Bruce Washington, Mark Jordan

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink
One part Alizé, one part Cristal
Thug passion, baby
y'all know what time it is
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard
Now, if you with me
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowhatimean?
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcohols - alcoholics
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

[Kastro:]
Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent
Trippin' over dead presidents
they got these derelicts
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent
And so rather, than stand forever
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony
And hell of me
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about
My fuckin' cheddar cheese
and it pleases, passion of mine
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'
Diamonds and things go blinkin'
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'
and These adversaries
They gonna have to be worryin'
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

[Jewell:]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
from the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

[Napoleon:]
Now what if me
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be
And Dirty money
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow
And my bigger bro, couldn't know
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more
with a Thug Passion

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'
I'm askin', what happened
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated
How I made it, can be easily stated
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest
Load up and take shit

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

[Storm:]
Creep with me, through that immortal flow
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest
You need a dub to get you flowin'
and let that loc see smoke
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

[Jewell:]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

They say money don't make the man
But damn, I'm makin' money
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny
Say you want it but you bullshittin'
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion
Satisfaction is everlastin'
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious
full blown and furious
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction
baby I'm born to ball
thugged out on Death Row
You better recognize and picture what I said so
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion
Forever blastin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Beale Mutah (pka Napolean), Caples Jewel Lynne, Cox Kotari (pka Kastro), Greenridge Malcolm (pka E.d.i. Mean), Hunter Donna T, Jackson John C

2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)
My niggas look mad
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]
Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'
Don't want to be another number
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead
Niggas put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead
Now I'm released, how will I live?
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggas shootin' at your crib
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands
Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Ooh wee
(Can you see me now?
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture
Can you see it?
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Yeah nigga!
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?)

[Big Syke:]
I got ki's comin' from overseas

Cost a nigga 200 G's
I'm a street commando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player
Thug, branded to be a women-layer
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Rémy
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy:]
Picture me rollin'
Picture, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me

[CPO (2Pac):]
I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)
(This how we do it every weekend)
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga
Picture us rollin'

[Danny Boy:]
Picture me rollin'
Picture me
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'

[2Pac:]
Is y'all ready for me?
Picture me rollin'' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities
All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggas see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass!
Picture me rollin', baby
Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot! The D.A
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'
And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day
You can't stop me
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme
It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?
Can you see me hoe?
Is y'all ready for me?
We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Bell Ronald N, Westfield Richard Allen, Brown George Melvin, Thomas Dennis Ronald, Bell Robert Earl, Mickens Robert Spike, Smith Claydes Eugene, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Nash Otha, Edwards Vince

2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"

(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]
Ay what time is it nigga?
("I don't know.")
Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here
("Hell yeah.")
Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room
("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")
Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs
("Where K and them niggas at man?")
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around
("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?
("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool
("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")
Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]
Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us
Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it
I never got to check out the scene
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]
Gotta go, gotta go
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!
Gotta go nigga, gotta go
("Y'all know what time it is!")
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker
Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

[Kurupt:]
They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade
But did it all, end too soon
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room
So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's trump tight
So I find time to recline
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds
I ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night
I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Kurupt:]
Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?
This nigga locked up or somethin'?
The only one not to leave
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother
(You seem them bitches?)
We out man, fuck that shit
Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

[Big Syke:]
Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?
Passion is crashin' the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight
Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Big Syke:]
Ay, it's check out time
Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!
We gotta, go!
We, hey!
We! We gotta go! Haaa!
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"Ratha Be Ya Nigga"

(feat. Richie Rich, Stacey Smallie)

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]
'Pac
(Hey)
What's happening
(Not motherfucking double R, Richie baby)
What's happening baby, you know how we do it
(Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch)
(It's time for me to uh regulate)
Fo' sho', hey
(Observe)
And you ain't going back?
(Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though)
This is for the honeys, the superstar
(I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga)
(You feel me?)
Well let 'em know

[2Pac:]
You fucking with niggas that's insecure
Watered down, my shit is pure
Write down my number but don't call me 'til you sure
I ain't begging just trying to relocate between your legs
Dripping wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex
When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now
You straight begging to sex me got you undressing to test me and uh.

[Richie Rich:]
Shut me down if you want, and miss the chance to do it live
When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye
You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga
Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself
If you scared, go to church, I know it hurts
To find out me and your man be sharing skirts

[2Pac:]
I'm hoping you don't take this the wrong way
But your body is banging, got me attracted in a strong way
After a long day of trying to make my songs pay
Making love all day against the wall in the hallway
Your fantasies come alive, your heart rate
Shall increase when we meet up in this dark place
You might think you're happy with him
But that's a lie, so give this Thug a try
I'd rather be ya nigga

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
('Cause) These busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]
Look, now you was sprung from the introduction
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions
I see you blushing like you want something, come get a taste
Of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touching, erotic fuckin'
My up and down with no interruptions
Have no intentions of busting until you learn your lesson
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz
And plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

[Richie Rich:]
You can ride out with spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab
And I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand
That I's the nigga and spoke coke can be the man
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind
And when I'm on the field keep you on the sidelines

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]
Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got you naked
Totally sweating, let's see how hot I can make it
Tongue kissing 'til yo' head swang
I'm so into you, witness a nigga make the bed bang
If it's all mine, then let me know
Now scream my name out; do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict
A boss player, freaky motherfucker, can I dig?

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]
It's on and popping, now you see what I was seeing
Why your eyes rolling? Loosen up, girl, I ain't going
Nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there
While he's stressed out and knock I stretch out the cock
Hold the boots, and let a nigga execute
And though you got it right, I'm going home tonight
(You say you don't need a man, but I don't care)
(You're in the presence of a player, I'd rather be ya nigga)

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
So I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
(I'd rather be yo' nigga)

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"All Eyez On Me"

(feat. Big Syke)

[2Pac:]
Big Syke, Newt, Hank
Beugard, Big Sur
Y'all know how this shit go
All eyes on me
Motherfuckin' O.G
Roll up in the club and shit, is that right
All eyes on me
All eyes on me
But you know what?

[2Pac:]
I bet you got it twisted you don't know who to trust
So many playa hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us
Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'
Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'
Well are you still down nigga, holla when you see me
And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally freed me
I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride
Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by
Until I die; live the life of a boss playa
Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later
The futures in my eyes, cause all I want is cash and thangs
A five-double-oh Benz flauntin' flashy rings, uh
Bitches pursue me like a dream
Been know to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend
It seems, my main thing was to be major paid
The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade
Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies
One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die
Depend on me like the first and fifteenth
They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me
We got four niggas, in low riders, and ski masks
Screamin' THUG LIFE every time they pass - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

[Big Syke:]
Hey, to my nigga 'Pac
So much trouble in the world, nigga
Can nobody feel your pain
The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast
My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last
I'm caught between my woman, and my pistol, and my chips

Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip
I'm lost in the land with no plan, livin' life flawless
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve, let my bucket swerve
I'm takin' off from the curb
The nervousness neglect make me pack a tech
Devoted to servin' this, Moet and pay checks
Like Akai satellite nigga I'm forever ballin'
It ain't right parasites triggers and fleas crawlin'
Sucker duck and get busted, no emotion
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'
Where you goin' I been there, came back as lonely homie
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit
It ain't funny niggas don't even know how to act, shit
What can I do, what can I say, is there another way
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay
My little homie G, can't you see, I'm busta-free
Niggas can't stand me - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

[2Pac:]
The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me
Will I survive, will I die, come on let's picture the possibility
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip
I told the judge I was raised wrong, and that's why I blaze shit
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager
On my mobile callin' big shots on the scene major
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law
Bitches I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
These niggas got me tossin' shit
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress
This criminal lifestyle, equipped with the bulletproof vest
Make sure your eyes is on the mill ticket
Get your money, motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it
All eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Pay attention my niggas
See how that shit go
Nigga, walk up in this, motherfucker
And it be like, bing
Cops, bitches, everymotherfuckingbody
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I got bustas, hoes and police watchin' a nigga, y'know
I live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Livin' life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
Hehehe... it's like what they think
I'm walkin' around with some Ki's in my pocket or somethin'
They think I'm goin' back to jail, they really on that dope
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa
I know y'all watchin', I know y'all got me in the scopes
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I know y'all know this is Thug Life baayy-bay
Y'all got me under surveillance, huh
All eyes on me, but I'm knowin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Pennington James P

2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think
I can fuck with a motherfucker like you
See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit
All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go
Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?
And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa
Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later
It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart
Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark
Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol
And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you
Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?
Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me
Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?
A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest
I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out
And felt the pleasure and the pain
'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth
You can call me when you need me
1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me
'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady
But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy
Run the streets

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[Storm:]
Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo
But I gotta do what I gotta do
I gotta run the streets, you know
I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho
You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you
They call me Storm, from the day I was born
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Hahhahaha, yeah nigga
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be free!
Don't have that nigga all up under you!
Let him run with his niggas!
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

[Mutah:]
I'd rather run the streets then make some mail
And put the game down tight
For these gamin' bitches could get it right
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'
Don't get it confusion
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder
And at the end I'll make a come up
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

[2Pac:]
So tell me, am I wrong
For tryin' to communicate through a song?
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone
All my homies is waitin' for me
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug
Until I die I'll be gang related
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it
I only got one chance so I gotta take it
You never know when it's all gonna happen
The rappin' or the drugs
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Let a nigga run the streets, boo
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back
Just let me hang with my niggas
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?
So you don't believe a nigga?
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!
Make some of that shit you made last meal
Some of them ribs and shit
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby
Just let a nigga run with the homies
Let me go kick it with my niggas
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Griffin Gene, Gatling Timothy William, Riley Teddy, Hall Aaron Robin, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
(They say)
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]
I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized
Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried
But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted
Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'
Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find
Where I spend most of my time, my California grind
Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'
Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason
See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded
You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment
I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead
Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?
For the life of me, I cannot see
How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me
And if you don't like this rhyme
Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[C-Bo:]
I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war
Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights
Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers
And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw
Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips
With enough shit to raise your block in one dip
We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt
And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]
I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit
Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip
I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back
I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

[D-Shot:]
Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)
to the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho
get in my way, then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[(2Pac), E-40:]
(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)
Da Bay, beitch!

[E-40:]
Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?
Best shake and bake all those I-was-finst-to-ask niggas
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

[Richie Rich:]
(Check this out)
I grew up with that nigga
Threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride
Double agent for the other side
But now, my Glock be so judgmental
Back seat of a rental
Keep my name out your dental, nigga
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches
Sideways to the next
Heavy in the game
Check the resident, it's all the same
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]
[2Pac:] Hell nah we ain't hard to find
[C-Bo:] The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch
[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same spots they be at?
[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowhatImean?
[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit
[D-Shot:] It's a celebration
[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit
[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back
[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?
Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?
[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find
[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane
[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy
[2Pac:] You supposed to
[RIch:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm sayin'
[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stevens Earl T, Shaw Thomas, Thomas Ricardo, Mosley Michael, Jones Brent, Stevens Danell

2Pac Lyrics

"Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Heaven ain't hard to find
All you gotta do is look

Simply because you nervous, let me start off with my conversation
Hopin' my information, alleviates the hesitation
I can see it clearly now
Catch you smilin' through your frown
I'm askin' baby boo are you down
Although I know you've heard about my reputation
Across the nation, Mr. I-Get-Around
My temptation got me drippin' wet, perspiration
I'm activated by the moves you're makin'
Baby why you fakin'? Strip naked get to love makin'
See it's all in your mind, so every time I sip a glass of wine
I fantasize 'til that ass is mine
Never gettin' but wantin', never touchin' but wishin'
A straight thug on a mission, until I get what I'm missin'
Stop with the beeper, baby, listen
I know you're grown but pay attention
Let me hypnotize with my tongue kissin'
This is a message to bomb bodies and all dimes
Turn around one more time, heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven!
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Heaven ain't hard to find

Heaven ain't hard to find
In fact you can have it just have faith
Just like a little kid, still believin' in magic
It takes a lot of sacrifice
With all the lonely nights on tour
I need somebody I can trust in my life
Let me apply the brakes
Baby, you're movin' to fast
My conversations are gettin' deeper, but first let me ask
Are you afraid of a thug?
And have you ever made love
With candles and bubbles sippin' in your tub?
Touch me and let me activate your blood pressure
This thug passion help the average man love better
Picture me naked and glistenin' beneath the moonlight mist
Take a shot of that Alizé, come give me a kiss
And maybe we can be better friends, perhaps we'll be closer
I'll be the thug in your life, baby, and you'll be my soldier
And I know it takes some time and you got a lot of questions on your mind
But relax, in due time
Heaven Ain't Hard to Find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven!
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

You think we all dogs, that's why you cautious when I approached you
Been talkin' since you arrived, but not a word is spoken
Through my eye contact I wink and you respond back
Lookin' mean, what's all that?
It's like the closer you get
Baby, the quicker I'm speakin'
I got a flight out to Cabo
Let's kick it this weekend
I'm sippin' Hennessy and Coke
Though addicted to weed smoke
I'm fiendin' for your body even mo'
Oh God, help me, identify me truest thoughts
Your hidden motives full of passion
Who would have thought?
Come holler at me baby, love me for my thug nature
Far from a playa hater, label me a money maker,
Straight heart breaker
Baby we can be friends, I can soup you in my Benz
We'll ride, I'll let you floss it for your friends
Once we begin
Until the end, it gets better with time
I'm makin' love to your mind, baby
Heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven! Hea-ven, it ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find nice glass of Alize)
Hea-ven! Hea-ven! Hea-ven. Heaven
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find
Hea-ven! Heaven
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jones Quincy D

MAKAVELI

the don killuminati

In no way is this portrait an expression of disrespect for Jesus Christ.
-Makaveli

the 7 day theory

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[*crowd noise*]*

[Press release:]
In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".
Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.
Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.
Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me–Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.
Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.
The question everybody wants to know is:
Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac–rather Makaveli–was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]
It's not about East or West
It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

*[*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps*]*

These niggas is still fucking talking?
You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight
Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches
Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)
Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)
(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]
Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don
Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an
Niggas get shook like 5-0
My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival
Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets
Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it
Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely
See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti
I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty
Born on a dope fiend's titty
In every city you'll find me
Look for trouble right behind me
My Outlaw niggas down to die for me
Know what I mean? I hit the scene
Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare
I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare
Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"
And not a whimper until I'm gone
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya
Should have never fucked with me
I want money, hoes, sex and weed
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

[2Pac:]
We bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to fight tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

[E.D.I. Mean:]
For so many days, in so many ways
We've been ducking strays they delivers
But still we some Bad Boy killers
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general
And I be a soldier on a mission
Sent to do what you'll never do
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch
Yo, I'm dying with yours
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"
If you ain't in this rap game
For the motherfucking cash, mane
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?
Non can serve us
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

[2Pac:]
Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!
Then we ride
Come on, bring it
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

[Young Noble:]
Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough
Half rapper, half drug kingpin
You're telling fairy tales, dunn
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?
But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard
Trying to creep through these halls and brawls
Without scarred by a revolve
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

[2Pac:]
Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

[Start of "Hail Mary"]
Let us pray, my niggas
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Hail Mary"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital Joe, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Makaveli in this, Killuminati
All through your body
That blows like a 12-gauge shotty, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
To lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me! Eat my flesh, flesh of my flesh!

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]
I ain't a killer, but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God, hopin' that he's listenin'
Seein' niggas comin' for me
Through my diamonds, when they glistenin'
Now pay attention: bless me please, Father, I'm a ghost
In these killing fields, hail Mary, catch me if I go
Let's go deep inside the solitary mind of a madman
Screams in the dark, evil lurks, enemies see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupt and fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit
Plus, mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust, it's just as well, hail Mary

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]
Penitentiaries is packed with promise-makers
Never realize the precious time that bitch niggas is wastin'
Institutionalized, I live my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile
We're too crazy to be humble; we ballin'
Catch me, father, please, ‘cause I'm fallin' in the liquor store
Pass the Hennessy, I hear you callin', can I get some more?

Hell, 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there
I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do?
One life to live, but I got nothin' to lose
Just me and you on a one-way trip to prison, sellin' drugs
We all wrapped up in this livin', life as thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max doin' their bid
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be there in the dark
Thuggin' eternal through my heart; now hail Mary, nigga!

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[Kastro:]
They got a APB out on my thug family
Since Outlawz run these streets like these scandalous freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K-blasted off of Hennessy and Thai chronic
Mixed in, now I'm twisted, blistered and high
Visions of me, thug-livin', gettin' me by
Forever live, and I multiply, survived by thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they comin' with slugs

[Young Noble:]
Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kind of cloudy, smoked out, feelin' rowdy
Ready to wet the party up
And whoever in that mothafucka, nasty new street slugger
My heat seeks suckers on the regular
Mashin' in a stolen Black Ac' Integra
Cocked back, 60 seconds 'til the draw
That's when I'm deadin' ya, feet first
You've got a nice gat, but my heat's worse
From a thug to preachin' church
I gave you love, now you eatin' dirt
Needin' work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
‘Cause word is bond
When I was broke, I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when the sun came up, there's only one way up
Hold your head and stay up
To all my niggas, get your pay and weight up

[Kadafi:]
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[Prince Ital Joe:]
We've been travelin' on this weary road
Sometimes life can be a heavy load
But we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, hail Mary
We won't worry, everything will curry
Free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry, everything will curry
Yes, we free like the bird in the tree
We runnin' from the penitentiary
This is the time for we liberty; hail Mary, hail Mary!

[2Pac:]
Westside, Outlawz
Makaveli the Don, solo
Killuminati, The 7 Days

Thanks to Sm_gregory, sdcv, aftaita_1, Benu for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Paquette, Bruce Washington, Tyrone J. Wrice

2Pac Lyrics

"Toss It Up"

(feat. K-Ci, JoJo, Danny Boy Steward, Aaron Hall)

[2Pac:]
The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big-ass
Conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who's he coming through right now?
Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

[2Pac:]
Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied your phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversating, we relaxing, kicking back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue-kissing, hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you moving in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweating up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean no disrespecting when I tongue-kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, getting busy in the parking lot
And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got you lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shaking, back-breaking
When we're tossing it up

[Danny Boy:]
Feel this baby, I like the way it's going down
When nobody's around, slip-slide ride
Giving me that nice smile
Female I like, what I want to give all night
You and me alone, everybody's gone, toss it up
Baby let's get it on!

[Jojo:]
I like the way you please me, baby
The sexy way you tease me, shorty
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me, baby

[Danny Boy & JoJo:]
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

[Bridge:]
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on

[K-Ci:]
Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm, that want you lady
Oh, don't act so shady
Baby, your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

[Aaron Hall:]
Nasty man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady, lady
Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titillating delight-ah
Back it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

[K-Ci & Aaron Hall:]
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
So won't you play on

[2Pac:]
How do you want it? What's your phone number? I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays
No longer Dre Day: arrivederci
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plotting Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gonna run to?
Laugh at you suckers cause you similar
Pretending to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screaming "Compton", but you can't return, you ain't heard?
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushing you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust? Only time reveals
Toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

[2Pac:]
Yeah no doubt
Toss it up now
Play on playa, play on
How can some non-players do a song about tossing it up
And then want to do a player song?
(you so fat, you and Lil' Kim need a weight scale to lay down in bed
We are not little kids, you fat ass, you feelin' threatened)
How can non-players do it? (you know who I'm talking bout)
Teddy Riley, who? Puffy? Who?
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touching us, all that peace talk
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street, boy
It's on! Toss it up, we took you on
And we took y'all beat (toss it up)
You know who beat we took, and we took y'all beat
Cause you wasn't rocking it right! (toss it up now)
Tired of suckers rocking beats that don't belong to them, toss it up, it's on, it's out there now, it's our beat now
Yeah, toss it up now!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Hailey Joel Lamonte, Hailey Cedric R, Moore Reginald Devell, Hall Aaron Robin, Steward Danny Boy, Shipp Demetrius Antoinne

2Pac Lyrics

"To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"
"I love 2Pac's new record."
"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'…"

[2Pac:]
To live and die in L.A., California
What you say about Los Angeles?
Still the only place for me
It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]
To live and die in L.A.
Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark
Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend
Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream
A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'
Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writin' again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down sunset, likin' the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga?
Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]
(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]
It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A. can't get no stranger
Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love women
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight amongst each other
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]
(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]
It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!
But recognize and it's all good
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(Let my angel sing)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(And my angels go)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(To live and die in L.A.)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(Let my angel sing)

[2Pac:]

This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit
Makin' my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga
All the real motherfuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two
Without gay ass Dre
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmpthomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young

2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"

(feat. Prince Ital)

["To Live & Die in L.A." fades out*]*

[Snipped of a religious TV show:]
God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful plan of eternity
For my life and your life
As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the Lord does return in the coming seven days
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

[2Pac:]
2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!
Makaveli, the new breed
And I remember what my pops told me
The new word, follow me
Remember what my pops told me

[2Pac:]
My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blasphemy, blasphemy)
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

[2Pac:]
We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing
Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going
Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily
Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely
Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin
We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto
Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay
Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day
They say Moses split the Red Sea
I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly
Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did
Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs
God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)
Living by the Nile while the water flow
I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go
Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected
It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
(what!)

[2Pac:]
The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire
Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?
While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"
Should we cry when the Pope die? My request
We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X
Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?
Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?
Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders
Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us
In my brain how can you explain time in B.C
It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed
They say Jesus is a kind man
Well, he should understand times in this crime land
My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another door? I leave this here
I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure
Is Heaven just another door? And my people say…

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven
Hallow be thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day, our daily bread
As we give up our debts
As we forgive our debt-ors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us unevil
For God is the kingdom and the power
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J, Paquette Joseph

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]
Why explain the game
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'
Where are we now, guns found daily
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me
For sellin' dope they backwards
Make track burst, whenever I rap
Attack
Words bein' known to explode on contact
Extreme at times
Blinded by my passion and fury
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me
Truely effective
The shit you heard ain't do me justice
Got a death wish, bitch
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti
Unload it
Cause niggas ain't ready
The life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]
Code 3
Attack formation
Pull out your pistols
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream
Dope got me hatin' fiends
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer
Exhale the fumes
We got memories fadin' fast
A slave for cash
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash
Don't look now. How you like it, raw
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws
Never surrender
Death before dishonor, stay free
I'm thugged out
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me
Scarred but still breathin'
Believe in me and you could see the victory
A warrior with jewels
Will you picture me?
Life of and outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)
Ridin' with my guns in hand
(No retreat, no surrender)

[Young Noble:]
City under siege
It's like I can't even breathe
I'm from the state of car thieves
G, deep from the street
Plenty beef
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene
Mobb peep
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep
No half-wits, no straps, jack
It's on to bounce back
An ounce of wrath so bad,it snatched my style on death
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya
Snip with clippers
Get the picture
I wrote my life down as a scripture

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely
Where ain't nobody holy
A matter of a fact, we unholy
Everybody livin' soley for themselves
Too high strung to lend help
To somebody who be needin' it
You know we lost hope and we needin' it
Wit' the evil it's forever
But it might be low down, scandalous
Like a tramp is
All for the street fame on how to be managed
To plan shit
6 months in advanced to what we plotted
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

[Kastro:]
Uh, crack my window
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'
Creepin' deep into mornin'
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'
And let my clout speak for itself
No doubt
Outlaw
Outta my mind, outta time
You're all blind
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

[(2Pac) Napoleon:]
(Eh, Napoleon)
What's up, nigga?
(Would you die for me, nigga?)
Hell yeah
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)
On my grandmother, nigga
(Ah yo)
What's up
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now
Watch out)

[Napoleon:]
Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites
Snakes are all alike
Thug life break night
Drink 'til we fist fight
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason
Punk bitch on your breath
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark
So chase the air hide your stash
Beware from *[?]* marks
And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man

2Pac Lyrics

"Just Like Daddy"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (E.D.I. Mean):]
Outlawz, go ahead, in this
No doubt
Death Row, Makaveli Records
(You can call me daddy, uh)
(I'll be ya daddy, that's right, uh)
(Just like daddy)
(Fo' the ladies)
Hahaha

[2Pac & Singer:]
Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[E.D.I. Mean:]
I met her when she was younger
Real daddy died when she was younger
Her moms let her do what she please, an' seen no one loved her
Her eyes shined of love, a diamond in the rough
The kind that you could love; not yet touch, but so much, potential
Youngster let me guide ya mental
And to a place, with a sourness of pain you'll never taste
By God's grace, you was born with that face
Nothin' but pure beauty; so for an eternity, I feel it's my duty
To be a souljah (souljah) yeah, baby got plans to mold ya
In the coldest nights is when I hold ya
Like I'm supposed to, as we roll closer
I'll take yo' hand gladly, anything you need, ask me
Supportin' my baby girl just like daddy

[Makaveli:]
To alleviate the stress, spendin' time wit' you, I feel blessed
When you gone, feel the pain so strong deep in my chest
When I got arrested, came so close to goin' to jail
Throwin' blows at the po-pos breakin' ya nails
Screamin' loud goin' all out, damn I did
You stayed locked down at moms house, watchin' the kids
Through the whole bid in the V-I, I see ya daily
While my fake homies try to fuck you, you run and tell me
That's why I stay committed, I thank God every time I hit it
Hopin' you'll forgive me for all the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world, we untouchable
Screamin' like you dyin' every time I'm fuckin' you
Ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there
No need to fear so much insanity, and through the years
I know ya gave me your heart, plus
When I'm dirt broke and fucked up, ya still love me

[2Pac & Singer:]
Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Boo, would ya die for me?
Down holdin' my pistol, gettin' high
With mean sounds tougher than bristles
But when you cry I'll be ya tissue
Back in the county written letters, how I miss you
Givin' you credit, apologetic how I diss you
Kiss you for thinkin' like a mona and on a level
And sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilation
For a total twine ya, we right behind ya true
Life just me and you, no tellin' what we could do
Gettin' high between the sheets, make the shit right here discrete
Puttin' hickeys on ya belly while we fuckin' on the beach
I love it when ya nut up and grab me
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

[Young Noble:]
Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya, lost soul lookin' for shelter
On late night accept it, treat ya good, won't disrespect ya
My age is young, out of place bitch days is done
From a trixy to a missy, you know I raised ya hun
Placed her under my wing, showed her how we swing
Now she rolling blunts for her king
One day labelled thug misses, the essence of my ghetto sisters
Hugs and kisses, that's just for me to be a father figure

[2Pac (Singer):]
(Just like daddy) come with me and in time we'll grow
(Just like daddy) Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
(Just like daddy, c'mon) Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
(just like daddy. Sunshine turns to rain)
(Baby, I can take away ya pain just like daddy)
(If ya trust me)
(Just like daddy, come on. Close ya eyes, feel the magic)
(Neva leave when ya need me)
(I'll do ya just like daddy)

[2Pac:]
C'mon
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Throw ya hands in the air
Come On
Yes
Yes, just like daddy
Yes, throw ya hands in the air, come on
Outlawz in this mutha fucka (Yes!)
No doubt!
Kadafi, Hussein, Makaveli, Napoleon, Marvaless, EDI, Kastro, Khameleon, Storm, Yeah the bitch check
No doubt get yo money
Throw yo hands in the air
Yeah, just like daddy baby
Know you got somewhere to go tonight
Cause you a thug nigga, thug nigga that loves niggas!
Hahahahahaha
Come on
Just like daddy
Outlawz baby, outlaws, outlaws outlaw, outlaw
Throw ya hands in the muthafuckin' air

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]
Throw me a cigarette, dawg! *[*inhales*]*
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]
Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]
Last year was a hard one, but life goes on
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids
As if they can't see the misery in which they live
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was…

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga going' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]
I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill
Lookin' for a better way
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail
'Cause even thug niggas pray
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game
Look how much I changed
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land
Your only son done became a man
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly
June 1-6, '7-1, the day
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"
No one can understand me – the black sheep
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today
When he died, I could hear him say… (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Crazy
Crazy
Crazy
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]
God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed
I need the root of all evil for my stress
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that spread
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed
Makin' money makes a difference day by day
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]
I feel fucked up in this bitch
I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!
I'm fucked up in this motherfucker
And Hennessy don't help
And Hennessy don't help
Thug Passion in this muh'fucker
Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest
Maximum overload
3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body
With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty
Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)
One time for my niggas on the Death Row
(One time for my niggas on the Row)
For my niggas on Death Row
One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)
One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)
Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio

2Pac Lyrics

"White Man's World"

(feat. Big D The Impossible)

You go bustin' your fist against a stone wall
You're not usin' your brain
That's what the white man wants you to do
Look at you, what makes you ashamed of bein black

[2Pac:]
Nothin' but love for you my sister
Might even know how hard it is, no doubt
Bein' a woman, a black woman at that, no doubt
Shit, in this white man's world
Sometimes we overlook the fact that we be ridin' hard on our sisters
We don't be knowin' the pain we be causin'
In this white man's world
In this white man's world
I ain't sayin I'm innocent in all this
I'm just sayin'
In this white man's world
This song is for y'all
For all those times that I messed up or we messed up

[2Pac:]
Dear sister, got me twisted up in prison I miss ya
Cryin' lookin' at my niece's and my nephew picture
They say don't let this cruel world get ya, kinda suspicious
Swearin' one day you might leave me, for somebody that's richer
Twist the cap off the bottle, I take a sip and see tomorrow
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow
Readin' love letters; late night, locked down and quiet
If brothers don't receive they mail best believe we riot
Eatin' Jack-Mack, starin' at the walls of silence
Inside this cage where they captured all my rage and violence
In time I learned a few lessons, never fall for riches
Apologizes to my true sisters, far from bitches
Help me raise my Black Nation, reparations are due
It's true, caught up in this world I took advantage of you
So tell the babies how I love them, precious boys and girls
Born black in this white man's world - and all I heard was

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In this world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[2Pac:]
Only thing they ever did wrong (yes!, yes!) was bein' born black (no doubt), in this white man’s world.
All my ghetto motherfuckers be proud to be black if you proud to have this shit like this, cause ain't nobody got it like this (all my little Black seeds, born Black in the White man'z world).
All these motherfuckers wanna be like us.
They all wanna be like us, to be the have naughts: all hail.

God bless the child that can hold his own, no motherfuckin' doubt

[2Pac:]
Bein' born with less, I must confess only adds on to the stress
Two gunshots to my homie's head, died in his vest
Shot him to death and left him bleedin' for his family to see
I pass his casket gently askin', is there heaven for G's
My homeboy's doin' life, his baby momma be stressin'
Sheddin' tears when her son, finally ask that questions
Where my daddy at? Mama why we live so poor
Why you crying? Heard you late night through my bedroom door
Now do you love me mama? Why they keep on calling me nigga?
Get my weight up with my hate and pay 'em back when I'm bigger
And still thuggin' in his jail cell, missing my block
Hearin' brothers screamin' all night, wishing they'd stop
Proud to be black but why we act like we don't love ourselves
Don't look around busta (you sucka) check yourselves
Know what it means to be black, whether a man or girl
We still struggling, in this white man's world

[2Pac:]
Who, knows what tomorrow brings
(Born black in this white man's world)
In this world, where everyone's blind?
(In this white man's world)
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
(In this white man's world)
To let you know, that you're not alone

*[*megaphone*]*
We must fight, for brother Mumia
We must fight, for brother Mutulu
And we must fight, for brother Ruchell Magee
We must fight, for brother Geronimo Pratt
We must fight, for *[?]*, Zulu, *[?]*
We must fight, for countless political prisoners
Who are locked up falsely by this white man

[2Pac:]
So tell me why you
Changed to choose a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die
Not gon' cry, why should I care
Like we holding on to lost love that's no longer there
Can you please help me, God bless me please keep my seeds healthy
Making all my enemies bleed while my G's wealthy
Hoping they bury me with ammunitions, weed, and shells
Just in case they trip in heaven - ain't no G's in hell
Sister sorry for the pain that I caused your heart
I know I'll change if you help me, but don't fall apart
Rest in peace to Latasha, Lil' Yummy, and Kato
Too much for this cold world to take - ended up bein fatal
Every woman in America, especially black
Bear with me, can't you see, that we under attack
I never meant to cause drama, to my sister and mama
Hope we make it, to better times, in this white man's world

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[Khalid Abdul Muhammad:]
"You're out of touch with reality!
There are a few of you in a few smoke-filled rooms
Calling that the mainstream, while the masses of the people
--White and black, red, yellow and brown, poor and vulnerable-- are suffering in this nation."

[2Pac:]
Never that, in this white man's world, they can't stop us
We've been here all this time they ain't took us out
They can never take us out
No matter what they say, about us bein extinct
About us being endangered species, we ain't NEVER gon' leave this
We ain't never gon' walk off this planet, unless Y'ALL choose to
Use your brain, use your brain
It ain't them that's killin' us it's US that's killin' us
It ain't them that's knockin' us off, it's US that's knockin' us off
I'm tellin' you better watch it, or be a victim
Be a victim, in this white man's world
.. born black, in this white man's world, no doubt
And it's dedicated to my motherfuckin' teachers
Mutulu Shakur, Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal
Sekou Odinga, all the real O.G.'s, we out

[Minister Farrakhan - Oct. 17, 1995:]
The seal, and the constitution, reflect the thinking of the founding fathers, that this was, to be a nation by white people, and for white people
Native Americans, Blacks, and all other non-white people were to be the burden bearers, for the real citizens of this nation

Thanks to hoodiemobb, Trish Quinn, Dareal2face for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Me And My Girlfriend"

(feat. Virginya Slim)

[Virginya Slim:]
Shit, you mothafuckin' right!
I'm the bitch that's keepin' it live and keepin' it hot
When you punk-ass niggas don't
Nigga, westside! What?! Bring it on!

[2Pac:]
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind

[2Pac:]
C'mon, our childhood years, recall the tears, heart laced with venom
Smoking sherm, drinking malt liquor, father forgive 'em
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin'
Fell in love with the struggle
Hands on the steering wheel, blush while she bail out bustin'
Fuck 'em all, watch 'em fall screamin'
Automatic gunfire exorcising all demons
My mafioso messiah, my congregation high, ready to die
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked
Touch you in every secret place, I could hardly wait
To bust freely, got you red-hot, you so happy to see me
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV
Nigga, my girlfriend, baby 45 but she still live
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

[Virginya Slim:]
What?! I'm busting on you punk ass niggas
Run, nigga, run! I'm on your ass, nigga
Run, nigga! Duck and hide when I'm bustin' on all you bitches!
Run, nigga! Yeah, west side!
Uh! Uh! Uh! Die, nigga, die!

[2Pac:]
My girlfriend: blacker than the darkest night
When niggas act bitch-made she got the heart to fight
Nigga, my girlfriend, though we separated at times
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine
Picked you up when you was 9
Started out my life of crime with you
Bought you some shells when you turned 22
It's true, nothing compares to the satisfaction
That I feel when we out mashin'; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
I was too immature to understand your ways
Inexperienced back in the days
Caused so many arguments and strays
Now I realize how to treat you, the secret to keep you
Being faithful, 'cause now cheating's lethal
We're closer than the hands of time
Deeper than the drive of mankind
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise
We all soldiers in God's eyes
Now it's time for war; never leave me, baby
I'm paranoid, sleeping with you loaded by my bedside, crazy
Jealous when you hang with the fellas, I wait patiently alone
Anticipated for the moment you come home
I'm waiting by the phone, this is true love, I can feel it
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the realest
So if you ever need me, call, I'll be there through it all
You're the reason I can stand tall; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
I love finger-fucking you, all of a sudden I'm hearing thunder
When you bust a nut, niggas be ducking or taking numbers
Love to watch you at a block party, begging for drama
While unleashing on the old-timers, that's on my mama
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm asking for
Talking to me, begging me to just take you around
Seventeen, like Brandy, you just wanna be down
Talking loud when I tell you be quiet
You move the crowd, busting rounds, activating a riot
That's why I love you so, no control, down to roll, unleash
After a hit you, break apart, then back to one piece
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world is ours
Just hold me down, baby, witness the power
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or chrome
Turn this house into a happy home: me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
Lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Me and my girlfriend

Thanks to Luis for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Ricky Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Hold Ya Head"

(feat. Tyrone Wrice)

[Malcolm X prison scene:]
Yo, Jackson! A 231549
Yeah, close four! Comin' down!
Crichlow! A 5991301
Close five! Comin' down!

[2Pac:]
My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island
All the Penitentiaries
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon
All the political Prisoners
San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)
All the jailhouses, I'm with you

[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]
Yeah, one thug, one thug
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug
One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?
You're listenin' to the sounds of…

[2Pac:]
I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military
Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried
Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead?
If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe
Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks
Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps
Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black
Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back
So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears
An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years
Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried
Knowin' deep inside only a few love me
Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven
Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child
I wonder now, how do we outlast?
Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast

[2Pac:]
These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these
Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost
Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze
Now suckers idolize my chosen blows
And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin'
Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate?
Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?
Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that
Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse
Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me
Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'
Got us all meetin' up in prison
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood
Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'…)

[2Pac:]
God bless the child that can hold his own
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds
Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed
Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free
Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me
I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally
Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears
Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head
Tradin' conversations all night, bless the dead
To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll
Catch a brother at the crossroads
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(You got to hold ya head!)
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead?

[2Pac:]
No matter how hard it get, feel me?
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book
Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Anderson Daryl L, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Grochowski Stan Vincent

2Pac Lyrics

"Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation
(Let's get down, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)
All the time I be…

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real players fall
To let these bitch niggas beat me
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk
Or you will see me with gloves
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers tryin' to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick
Let it be known, this is how you made me
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was workin' for the feds
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine, on everything I love
I'll destroy everything you touch
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers
Now you wanna live my life
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie you die; goodbye!
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

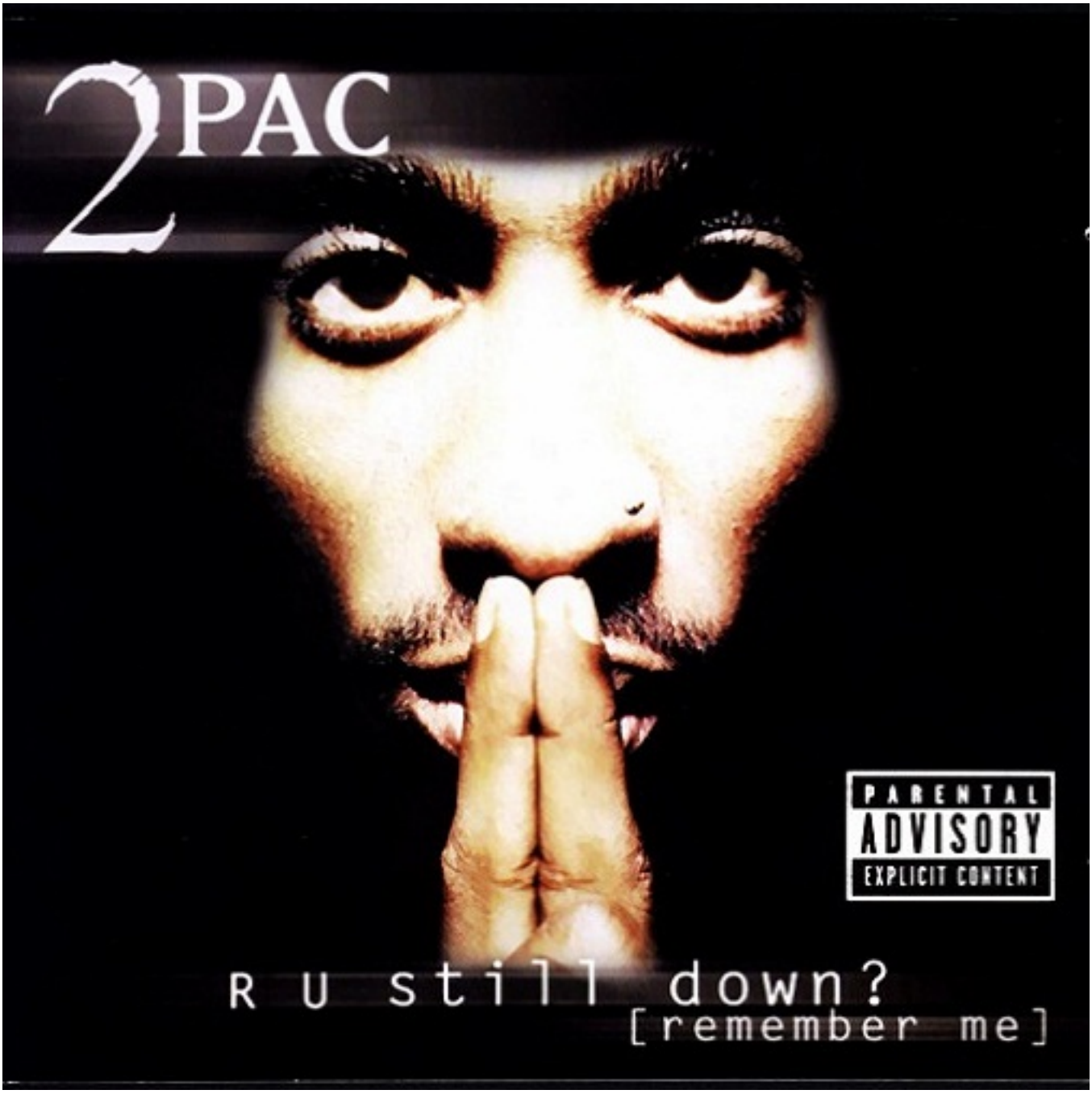
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is
You touch me I'm at you
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga
I just remember what you told me
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the_personal_account for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J


2PAC
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
R U still down?
[remember me]

2Pac Lyrics

"Redemption"

Hahahahaha!
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
Once again! Hahaha!
Once again! Hahaha!
(Thug Life bitch)
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
(Goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
Hahahaha!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas

(Thug Life bitch)
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha
(Goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!
Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas *[*lower pitch*]*
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
Once again! Hahaha!
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas *[*lower pitch*]* (repeats in background)

Once again! Hahaha!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Ricky Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Open Fire"

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero
I'm 165 and stayin' high 'til I die, my competition's zero
Cause I could give a fuck about you, you better duck
Go or I'll be forced to hit yo' ass up, I give a fuck
I'm sick inside my mind, why they sweat me?
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and, yo, it's on
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray
Hope I live to see another day, hey!
I'm gettin' sweated by these undercovers
Who can I trust, got my mama stressin', thinkin' it's a drug bust
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached
We livin' a drug life, THUG LIFE, each day could be my last
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask
That's the consequences when ya livin' fast
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me
Pussy ass bitches better bury me
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha
I got away cause I'm clever
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies
At the coppers that pursue me, beotch!
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker
Open fire on you bustas

"Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight

Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear
Enough dope to last a year
They got me runnin' from the police, nowhere to go
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict
I'd rather fire on my target
I hit the corner doin' ninety, ah shit!
Them bitches right behind me
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!

Hahahaha! Thug Life, bitch! Goin' out like that

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, R. Rouse, Ronald Joseph Lee Williams

2Pac Lyrics

"R U Still Down? (Remember Me)"

Are you still down? *[3x]*

Now up and at 'em it's on, I was raised to be strong
And mama told me be a thug, since the day I was born
I came up, out the gutter never changed my style
Got for real about my papers, cause the game was wild
And the fame was a plot to try to change me
And what's strange is, nobody knew my name 'fore it came
Now the whole world is calling me a killer
All I ever did, was try to reach the kids with the real
All the time I was ballin', never heard my friends callin'
Couldn't stop myself from fallin', I'm all in
Shit's gettin' sleazy, believe me
Best to take what ya need, but don't be greedy
Cause in my mind, I see sunshine, I thought
I didn't have to run, now I'm duckin' from the gun yellin' "One time!"
Take your time to feel my record
And if you did, chill a second
My blind method, will still wreck it
My young homies stay strong
I wonder if they'll listen to a nigga when he gone
Are you still down?

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I'm gettin' high, so a nigga think, he touch the sky
Turn tough inside, in the rush to die
Livin' life as a thug, time to face the truth
What's goin' on with the wasted youth, please God
Come and save me, had to work with what ya gave me
And got a nigga goin' crazy
I can't read the signs
I'm blind, but a nigga know he need his nine
Cause times, they ain't what they used to be
Ain't a penitentiary built big enough for me
And my niggas on the streets, man, listen
Cause these ain't the old days
Ain't no way, I'mma bustin' my ass and gettin' no pay
It seems I can't find my focus and homie, I ain't paranoid
I seen the future and it's hopeless
Lord knows, it's hard on a young scrub
It seems I had less problems when I slung drugs
But since I'm tryin' lace, niggas with the game
Wanna see me locked in chains, tryin' to dirty up my name
And them same motherfuckers that was callin' me
Will be the first to turn their backs, when I'm fallin', see

I should have seen it from the jump, but now it's clear
This one nigga got the town in fear, but are you still down

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I wrote this for my critics and my enemies
Last year ya used to love me, huh, remember me
Now ya hate me with a passion, tryin' to get me stuck in the mix
I'm stayin' sharp, got no time for them tricks
And now they wonder if I'm goin' to jail
Just as well, cause my life on the streets - a livin' hell
And I can't sleep, they got my phone tapped
And mercy Lord, come get me 'fore they hurt me
Ran outta tears, and through the years couldn't change me
My daddy left me alone and so I'm angry
I never did nothin' wrong, my mama told me, "Baby, it's on!"
And now I'm hustlin' and bustlin' bones
Never said it came easy, I'm makin' cheese
Buyin' all the things on TV, and gettin' skeezed
Wish my homeboys could see me now
Little bad motherfucker runnin' wild through the town
Please tell me, are you still down?

Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[2x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[3x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[3x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?

That's right y'all, give them bitches the motherfuckin' middle finger
Raise 'em up
These hoes can't fade me, don't these bitches know we crazy?
Thug life niggas be the sickest
You feel me?
Now get that shit written down
God damn!
Took four years and a motherfuckin' case for these motherfuckers to feel me
Ain't that a bitch?
Are you still motherfuckin' down?
Old ho ass fake ass niggas
We out this motherfucker though

Writer(s): Tony Pizarro, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Curtis Mayfield

2Pac Lyrics

"Hellrazor"

(feat. Stretch)

Major! Hell motherfuckin' yeah
This one goes out to my nigga Mike Cooley, hell yeah
Mama raised a hellraiser

Born thuggin'
Heartless and mean, muggin at sixteen
On the scene watchin' fiends buggin
Kickin up dust with the older G's
Soakin up the game that was told to me
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot
I learned not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes
Taught lessons, a young nigga askin' questions
While other suckers was guessin', I was gangsta sexin'
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it
I'm headed for the penitentiary and cuttin' classing
I'm buckin blastin, straight mashin
Mobbin through the overpass laughin
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? I keep my finger on the trigger
Cause some nigga tried to kill me
And mama raised a hellraiser, everyday gettin paid
Police on my pager, straight stressin
A fugitive my occupation is under question
Wanted for investigation, and even though
I'm marked for death, I'mma spark til I lose my breath
Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin richer
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin trap
And they wonder why it's hard bein black
Dear Lord can ya feel me, gettin major, unhh

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser
Stress gettin' major, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya feel me

Tell me Lord can ya feel me, show a sign
Damn near running outta time, everybody's dyin
Mama raised a hellraiser, can't figure

Why you let the police beat down niggas
I'm startin to think all the rich in the world is safe
While the po' babies rushin' into early graves
God come save the youth
Ain't nothin else to do but have faith in you
Dear Lord I live the life of a Thug, hope you understand
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic
crooked cop killin Glock, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? Show a way
I'm prayin but my enemies won't go away
And everywhere I turn I see niggas burn
Every nigga that I know's on death row
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price
Little young motherfucker doin triple life
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin better
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin blunts
Gettin drunk off that Tanqueray gin
'Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen'
Mama raised a hellraiser, uh, yeah
C'mon, uh, mama raised a hellraiser
Uh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin major
(Lord be my savior, unnh)

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya hear me, it's just me
A young nigga tryin to make it on these rough streets
I'm on my knees beggin please come and SAVE ME
THE WHOLE WORLD done made a nigga crazy!
I got my three-five-seven can't control it
Screamin die motherfucker and he's loaded
Everybody run for cover, aww shit
Thug Life motherfucker, duck quick
Now am I wrong if I am don't worry me
Cause do or die gettin high till they bury me
Dear Lord if ya hear me, tell me why
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped
And when I saw it on the news how she bucked the girl, killed Latasha
Now I'm screamin fuck the world, in the end
it's my friends, that flip-flop
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop
Thug Life motherfucker, I lick shots
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops
Dear Lord can ya hear me, when I die
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up, and high

with my hands on the trigger, Thug nigga
Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a Thug for Life
I got the heart to fight now
Mama raised a hellraiser why cry
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Walker Randy, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young, Nettlesbey Duane Thomas

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast
That fucker that always with them New York niggas
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?
Fuck e'rybody

*[*laughing*]*

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat
You can holler if you want to, please!
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide
My mama cried when they took me off to jail
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down
Even now I wonder will I still be around
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss
Listenin' to Mr. Magic
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness
Juvenile thugs come on
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab
Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck
I had family but I was way too wild
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though *[?]*
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see
G sound, freestyle
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Chris Rosser, Conrad Erskine Rosser

2Pac Lyrics

"Where Do We Go From Here (interlude)"

Power...pow...power...

Guess who's back? Hahaha, here we go
It's ninety-fo', what's next?

Power enter my world

I guess this year gonna be a motherfucker for real niggas
I swear these playa haters done got a taste of power
It ain't all good in the hood
Least not on my side, from where I stand
And the law? Man, fuck the law!
Niggas must outthink, outstep, and continuously outsmart
The motherfuckin' law, in every way
Key word in ninety-four is 'down low'
Gots to be struggling
I see how the rich got theirs
Nigga I'm legit, shit
Where do we go from here?

[repeat in background:]
Who's afraid, of the punk police?
To my niggas run the streets, fuck peace

Hey niggas, where your heart at?
See motherfuckers killin' babies, killin' mommas
Killin' kids, puttin' this in they motherfuckin' mark
Now what type of mixed up trick would kill the future of our race
before he would he look his enemy dead in the eye, and open fire?
These crazy motherfuckers got toys with guns
Jails for guns, but still, no god damn jobs
And they wonder why we loc'n up
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go?

*[*singers singing variations of 'Where do we go from here'*]*

All you niggas out there
The clouds shook, the world listened
We stood together in April of ninety-two
With duty, and a sense of honor
There is no limit to what WE can achieve
That's all on us... us...
Not my niggas, not the whites, not the enemies
or none of them motherfuckers, US
What can WE do? Shit
I declare a death sentence to all child molesters
Fake-ass bitches, male and female
And all you punk-ass snitches
We can do without your asshole

Let no man break, what we set
Where do we go from here?

Rest in peace, to Kato, I miss you
All the other real G's that passed away in ninety-three
In ninety-four, and more
What do we do? For us?

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gary Cooper, Tony D Pizarro, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey

2Pac Lyrics

"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto"

(feat. Maxee)

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit
I could remember being whupped in class
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips
Makin' G's was my mission
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen
And why must I sock a fella?
Just to live large like Rockefeller?
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it
If you're not from the town then don't pass through
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you
It ain't right, but it's long overdue
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too
I want G's so you label me a criminal
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts
And even when you take the shit
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street
Niggas had enough time to make a difference
Bear witness, on our own business
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me
Now the tables have turned around
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down

And now Bush can't stop the hit
Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggas
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it take to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight
And only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And though it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready to have a black President
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga
Let the Lord judge the criminals
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)
(soldier in eye's)
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Troutman Larry, Goodman Larry Darnell, Mc Dowell Derrick

2Pac Lyrics

"Nothing To Lose"

The only way to change me is maybe blow my brains out
stuck in the middle of the game to get the pain out
Pray to my God everyday, but he don't listen
The poverty bothers me, but mama's working wonders in the kitchen
Listen! I can hear her crying in the bedroom
Praying for money but never think would she be dead soon
Am I wrong for wishing I was somewhere else
I'm thirteen, can't feed myself
Can I blame daddy cause he left me?
Wish he would've hugged me
Too much like him, so my mama don't love me
On my own at a early age, I'm getting paid
And I'm strapped, so I'll never be afraid
Where did I go astray?
I'm hanging in the back streets
Running with G's and dope fiends, will they jack me?
Can't turn back, my eyes on the prize
I got nothing to lose, everybody gotta die
say good-bye to the bad guy
That one, you fucked, when you passed by
Buck-buck from a Glock let the glass fly
Do or Die walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes
[3x]

I thank the Lord for my many blessings
Though I'm stressing keep a vest for protection
From the barrel of a Smith and Wesson
And all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothing separating us from a MAC-10
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, older
Straight soldier, bucking at them bustas
No matter how you try, niggas never die
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply
See me striking down the block hitting corners
Mobbing like a motherfucker, living like I wanna
Ain't no stopping at the red lights, I'm sideways
THUG LIFE, motherfucker, crime pays
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me, nigga
Zig-zagging through the freeway, race me, nigga

In a high speed chase with the law
the realest motherfucker that you ever saw
I'm living raw, til they bury me, don't worry me, I'm high
Living like I ain't afraid to die
And if you could walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes
[3x]

Ain't no escape from a deadly fate
and everyday there's a million black bodies put away
I'm starting to lose hope, it seems everybody's on dope
Mama told me to leave, cause she was broke
Sometimes I choke on the indo, creeping out the window
Alone, on my own, I'm a criminal
Got no love from the household
I'm out cold, on the streets screaming 'Motherfuck peace!'
I got nothing to lose, and something to prove, what do I do?
Live the THUG LIFE, nigga, stay true
I wonder when they kill me, is there a heaven for a real G?
Lord forgive me, if you feel me
Cause all my life I was dirt broke with no hope
Little skinny motherfucker wanting dough
I hated cutting suckers with my razor blade
but everyday it's a struggle to get major paid
Anyway, it's so hard on a nigga in this city, no pity
And ain't no love for the scrubs that be buying dime
If you could walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga
We be the craziest, motherfucker!
You know!
They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga
We be the craziest!

Thanks to Jeremy, Greg, carlbranscombe, Brad, Mehtab Gill for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Patterson, O. Jackson, W. Collins, T. Shakur, T. Curry, G. Clinton

2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Gettin Money"

Get money nigga
Yeah - aw yeah
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers
That get up every motherfuckin' mornin' and put they work in
I see you - I see you boy

I'm up before sunrise first to hit the block
Lil' bad motherfucker with a pocket full of rocks
Learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny lil' ass kicked
Niggas laughed, 'til the first motherfucker got blas-ted
I put the nigga in his casket
And now they coverin' the bastard in plastic
I smoke blunts on the regular fuck when it counts
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce
Gettin' ghost on the five-o, fuck them hoes
Got a forty-five screamin' out surviv-al
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some ya-yo
Holla "five-o" when I say so
Don't wanna go to the Pen', I'm hittin' fences
NARC's on a nigga back missin' me by inches
And they say how do you survive, weighin' one-fifty-five
In the city where the little niggas die
Tell mama don't cry, cause even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a real G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah, get paid nigga
I gotta get *[]*
Get paid bwooy (fuck the police)
Watch out of all this, nigga

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'
Pour some liquor on the curb, for my homies that deserve it
If I wanna make a million, gotta stay dealin'
Kinda boomin' round the way, think today I make a killin'
Dressin' down like I'm dirty, but only on the block
Just a clever disguise, to keep me runnin' from the cops
I'm gettin' high, think I'll die if I don't get no ends
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz
I hit the strip I let my music buck
Drinkin' liquor and I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck
Rather die makin' money, than live poor and legal
as I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo
I need money in a major way
Time to fuck my girl, she gettin' paid today, ha hah ha
I live Thug Life and let the money come to me

Cause they can never take the game from a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah nigga, get paid
Can't fade me boy (some of my niggas in hometown)
[?] y'all
That's how we run the shit in '93 boy
Fuck them niggas *[?]*

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do
Now watch a young motherfucker pull the trigger too
RAISE UP, and don't let them see ya cry
Dry your eyes, young nigga time for do or die
I pack a pistol in my pocket, ready on my Glock
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit
I done seen a motherfucker peep pain
at point blank range cause he slept on the game
Ain't a damn thing changed, they shakin' the dice
Now roll 'em if you can't stand pain better hold 'em
Cause ain't no tellin' what ya might roll
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold
You better live ya life to the fullest
Be quick to kill a bull got a pistol motherfucker better pull it
And even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
Gettin' money (gettin' money)

Gettin' paid nigga (that's right), for my niggas in the hood
That's right nigga, that's right boy enough for love
Talk to hold that shit boy *[?]*
Pass the shit
Gettin' paid (gettin' paid)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Michael Mosley, Thomas Anderson, Tyrone Richardson, Brycyn Jamari Malykke Evans

2Pac Lyrics

"Lie To Kick It"

(feat. Richie Rich)

(Yeah, if she didn't wanna fuck
Then she never should've called you)
I dedicate this to my nigga, Mike Tyson
(If she didn't wanna fuck Then she never should've called you)

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[Richie Rich:]
Jack of all trades ballin' like Jordan you punk
Fake inside the paint in fact I know you can't
Do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county
Suckas on yo jock you claim you run the block
Polyurethane busta cracked in half
You claim you foldin' bank but I know yo bank stank
I lived around the corner I seen you fully smoked
Must I say some more you weighed a buck 04
You sold ya TV for a buck cause it was way too late
Now they sent you upstate and you done gained some weight
You's a baller lyin' to them youngstas quick
Got them thinkin' you sick and representin' yo click
But you's an old basehead kickin' too much hype
Yo bicentennial pipe it got rally stripes
And if they knew yo identity
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin' (ugh ugh)
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')
Out to get a nigga's riches (real niggas up, hoes down)
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)
Out to get a nigga's riches

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it

Y'all don't hear me
I got these niggas yackin' in my face
About some shit that never took place
And what you see is what you get, that's what he told me
I peeped it in his pose, Exposed the fuckin' phony
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie
With them bitches, they be speakin' down on me
Hey, it's gettin' drastic
Gunnin' niggas down cause they plastic
Sleep on a G and get that ass kicked
And stuffed in a casket
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafuckin' last hit
Hey they wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice
And everytime I bust a nut I fuck for Tyson
Cause I know the real on the bitch
She got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches (fuck that bitch)
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick
And got a nigga screamin' Fuck That Bitch!

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To the tricks and the bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac (Richie Rich):]
Well if a bitch'll be a bitch
(Then a trick'll be a trick)
I got my nigga Richie Rich and we be all up in the mix
(This is Thug Life baby rollin' hoes like Vogues)
Stay the fuck up out of mine
(And I'll stay out of yours)
It's a Oakland thang and bitch you wouldn't understand
This Tanqueray got me screamin', Fuck yo' man
(But now you beefin' on the strength)
(That you was thinkin' I was jockin')
Hey bitch I got no time for hoes I'm steady clockin'
(And if it ain't about a buck I gives a fuck)
It's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck
So what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me
(Bitch you better see Trojan about yo' baby, ha ha))
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'
(Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slippin')

[2Pac & Richie:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches

Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it..

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Larry Mizell, Warren Iii Griffin

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck All Y'all"

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha… hey man fuck all y'all… fuck all y'all
I don't need nobody
Fuck 'em… fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke
It took time, but finally the cash was mine
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai
In '94, I'll be goin' solo
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got.."

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs
Got me locked in these chains
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man
Fuck all y'all
That is right, I don't need nobody
Fuck all y'all
Fuck all the hard copies daily news
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers
Fuck all y'all
Fuck 'em

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Rouse Ricardo Darcel, Jordan Brad

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Them Thangs Go"

Throw them thangs
Throw them thangs (kick me in)
Throw them thangs (yo nigga throw..)

The quicker the nigga can go on
The faster the nigga can get his dough on
Then I can hit my flow and get my ho on
Them niggas don't know what goes on
They tryin' to fuck with all they clothes on
Then act up when all the hoes gone
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
I'm quick to kill a nigga any nigga feel me nigga
You can't fade me I'm way to fuckin' real nigga
2Pacalypse Now still down with the Underground
Niggas get clowned when I come around
Boom boom motherfucker and it don't stop
Fuck a cop pass the glock and it won't stop
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
If ya wonderin' the thunder and the trouble
Is comin' from the rebel as I hit ya from the lower level
Hit me once fuckin' D M and two times
Poppin' like two nines hittin' 'em with new rhymes
I can make you love me
Best to chill with the nigga cause ya sure can't punch me
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
Cause ain't a nigga alive that can stop the hit

[Spice1 (2Pac):]
Hey, hold on young 'Pac
Motherfuckers ain't ridin' no hookers out here
Punk motherfuckers think the town
Ain't got handle bars on and shit
And ya lie to get slapped behind here
With a motherfuckin' motor, punk sissy
(Tell them motherfuckin' square ass niggas)
(Check this out)
(Y'all finna come up off those motherfuckin' thangs)
(Cause I ain't finna be up in sweatin' for nothin')
(Ya little punk square nigga)

I'm quick to spit the shit get ya open
Straight outta Oakland

Fuck the law get ya jaw broken
Ba ba ba bang bang nigga it's a stick up dee
Turn the kick up I'm ready to rip the shit up G
They got me hype hype hyper, am I hype enough?
Pass the blunt motherfucker let me light shit up
And pump ya fist like this
Cause the cops can't flip on a whole damn clique
So suck dick
What they hittin' 'fo? Double up nigga it's on
The type of nigga that likes to bone with the lights on
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
Yes some of you niggas are bitches too
Little square motherfuckers tryin' to get to who?
Pop pop never made it to ya punk ass clique
Talk shit now ya gotta get ya punk ass whipped
For the bitches that be tryin' to work a nigga, fuck that bitch
For the tramps that be tryin' to jerk a nigga, fuck that trick
For the rollers that be tryin' to urk a nigga, fuck the cops
I'mma hustle and you punks can't hurt me nigga
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
Uh, uh, yeah
Let them thangs go

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, George Bernard Jr Worrell, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Katari T Cox, Malcolm Greenidge

2Pac Lyrics

"Definition Of A Thug Nigga"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"
My definition of a thug nigga
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'
Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison
As I'm bailin' down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun
Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb
I guess I live life forever jugglin'
But I'll be hustlin' 'til the early mornin' cause I'm strugglin'
Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker
Gettin' pages from my bitch it's time to dick her
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her
Drop off and let the next nigga get her
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a ho, make the dough
Break a ho when it's time to make some mo'
I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock
Ridin' down the block lickin' shots at the punk-ass cops
And spittin' game through my mobile phone
The type of shit to get them hoes to bone
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggas
They're quick to pull a nine when it's time do niggas
Comin' through like I'm two niggas, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag
Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga
I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy
Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me
Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin' for the big bucks
Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck
In a one-room shack, and, kickin' back
Daydreamin' with the nine in my lap (huh)
So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga
Bought a fo'-five cause I heard that the slug's bigger
Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself
Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger

Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime
So here we go, we in the inner city
I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty
Niggas don't like me cause I'm makin' ends
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, cause I'm all in
And any nigga tryin' to take what I got'll
hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)
So here we go, I can't be faded
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger
And I ain't takin' shit from no niggas
I'm just tryin to make some money right
Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right
I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball
Find a spot and we can serve em all
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" *[scratched by Warren G]*

(Warren G fuckin' with that one nigga)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mizell Laurence C, Griffin Warren

2Pac Lyrics

"Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)
Hear me! Boo-yaow!
(Ready for whatever, hell yeah
What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?
Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]
There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame
Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain
Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder
Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under
Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy
Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"
Am I sick, or am I just another victim?
Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em
Niggas die from automatic gunfire
Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die
When they bury me, they bury me a G
Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me
Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught
Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court
God damn, and one day we'll all be together
Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey
It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours
And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet
Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga
We gonna make this motherfucker ours
If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me
So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]
Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?
After all this shit I did with my Mac-11
Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me
That's the way that daddy raised me
Oh God, help me I'm losing it
So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!
I need to change and look for a better way
I got a hundred round clip to my AK
Committing sins I might die in vain
So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame
God didn't send me in the right direction
I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection
I know you're out there help a young brother
Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers
Things wouldn't be so bad
If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there
Big ballin'-ass Syke
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]
Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger
Now everybody's starin'
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)
Now tell me if you wanna live forever
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever
Let me go like this, ready for whatever
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever
Pain, he's ready for whatever
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever
Modu, he's ready for whatever
Big Serg, we ready for whatever
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever
Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'
Yeah, you know!
This how the player's do it
I know you standin' there confused
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Johnny Lee Jackson, Gil Scott Heron, Tyruss Gerald Himes

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free"

[Prison Guard:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor
Right there, star three

[Girl:] Hi baby

[Prisoner:] What's up honey?

[Girl:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[Prisoner:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[Girl:] I made those deposits

[Prisoner:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[Girl:] Yeah I got it

[Prisoner:] Alright see that guard over there?

[Girl:] Mmm-hmm

[Prisoner:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[Girl:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[Prisoner:] What?

[Girl:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[Prisoner:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[Girl:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[Prisoner:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[Guard:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with
[Commotion breaks out]

[Guard:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[Girl:] I'm not done talking to him

[Guard:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[Prisoner:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[Guard:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[Prisoner:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit
I still remember my momma told me
Find the cop who killed your brother
Send him to Hell lookin' homely
Cause a real nigga love the law
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time
Concentrate on gettin' green time
And as the years go by, they forgot
About the small time soldier from the block, huh
To kill the crook they threw the book at me
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts
Did push-ups until I swole up
And then they offer me a furlough
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'
They asked me if I changed much
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut
They started askin' me questions about my brother
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm
Wait a minute, hold up
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him
He went home to find a tragedy
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me
And anybody else that wanna sweat me
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me
You better pray they never see me
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free

2Pac Lyrics

"Hold On Be Strong"

Hold on... *[*lighter flicks up*]*
Yeah, it's gonna be alright
Don't trip, baby *[*inhales*]*
It'll get better... *[*coughing*]*
Aye, do this thug style, man, thug style
When this whole beat drop
We just gon' run it to 'em
Bet, it's all good, uh

I never had much, ran with a bad bunch
Little skinny kid sneakin' weed in my bag lunch
And all through Junior High, we was just gettin' by
And drive-by's robbed my homies of their young lives
I never did cry, and even though I had pain in my heart
I was hopeless from the start
They couldn't tell me nothin', they all tried to help me
The marijuana had my mind gone, it wasn't healthy
I traveled places, caught cases, what a ill year
I felt the pain and the rain, but I'm still here
Never did like the police
Let the whole world know, now I gets no peace
'Cause they chasin' me down
And facin' me now, what do I do?
These things that a thug goes through
And still I rise, so keep your head up
And make your mind strong
It's a struggle every day, but you gotta hold on

Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
When it's on, it's on

There's never a good day, 'cause in my hood they
Let they AK's pump strays where the kids play
And every Halloween, check out the murder scene
Can't help but duplicate the violence seen on the screen
My homies dyin' before they get to see they birthdays
These is the worst days, sometimes it hurts to pray
And even God turned his back on the ghetto youth
I know that ain't the truth, sometimes I look for proof
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto, and if it does
Does it matter if you Blood or you Cuz?
Remember how it was?
The picnics and the parties in the projects
Small time drinkin', gettin' high with them armies
Just another knucklehead kid from the gutter
I'm dealin' with the madness, raised by a single mother
I'm tryin' to tell you when it's on
You gotta keep your head to the sky

And be strong, most of all, hold on

Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
When it's on, it's on

(Hold on, be strong *[*repeats in background*]*)
I know them ain't tears comin' down your face
Wipe your eyes
In this world, only the strong survive, you know?
Hehe, I know it's hard out there
Welfare, AIDS, earthquakes, muggings, car-jackings
Yeah, we got problems
But believe me when I tell you things always get better
God don't like ugly, and God don't like no quitters
You know what Billie Holiday said?
Bay-bee, God bless the child that can hold his own
You know? You got to stand strong
And when these bustas try to knock you out your place
You stand there to they face
Tell 'em "Hold on!", and be strong
The game don't stop, huh
This here is black, man
If you don't never learn nothin', learn one thing
It don't stop, 'til the casket drop
Thug for life... feel me?
All my homeboys and my homegirls, stay strong
When things get bad
Especially come the first and the fifteenth
Stay strong, and stay ballin', hold on
I'll catch y'all at the next life, we in traffic

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stephen Devinney Beckmeier, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey, Phillip McKay, Philip James Bailey, Vance Branch

2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Losin It"

(feat. Big Syke, Spice 1)

Straight out the motherfucking bay
Here we go

[2Pac:]
Lord help me, save me, Mama keep praying
For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave
In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes
Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies
Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack
He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot
Like a motherfucking thug disease
Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me, hey
What's up with bitches trying to screw me? Do me cause I did a movie
Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me
Rather die then let ya play me for a, buster
And with my glock I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh
Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya
Screaming Thug Life nigga when I do ya
I'm going crazy, getting dizzy
And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather bring me back
I'm telling ya I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind
Losing my mind
[4x]

[Big Syke:]
I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me
On the real I kill when I step to ya fucking grill
So let me kick it let me flip it let me get wicked
I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets
I hang with G's flipping keys and smoking weed
I get the cash and dash and never learn to read
So fuck a bitch fuck a hoe and I let ya know
Because they come and go like the wind blows
What am I giving how I'm living what I'm giving up
You can take my life and I don't give a fuck
Cause I'm the trouble most coming from the west coast
Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose
Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics
Nobody knows what makes my mind click
Is it the demons, screaming inside of me?
Hell no it's just the Thug Life mentality
I'm going crazy shit don't phase me
I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me
Death is on the trigga so pull it
I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind
[4x]

[Spice 1:]
Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar
I talked to me 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll
When my niggas try to *[?]*
Nigga, I can't get fucked in this game I'm a psychopath
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer
He's one of my best friends bitch ass nigga eater
And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk
You know that old school bitch she like to get it funked
And spitting motherfuckers by the seems
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15
By the evil motherfucker
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting cluckers
Said he was my only family
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me
Got in a fight at the club my gat started talking
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang
I'm going nuts man
Shit was talking to me

[Fading:]
Said I'm losing my mind
Losing my mind

2Pac Lyrics

"Fake Ass Bitches"

[Little kid:]
Tell me about these fake ass bitches

Look here little nigga
Most of these niggas be bitches too
But you'll never hear that side of the story
So uh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggas, keep your eyes on these bitches
They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin' riches
What the fuck you think a trick is nigga
Nigga done stick and wet his dick
And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!
I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya
Think you all that just 'cause she let a nigga toss her
Motherfuckin' privilege
So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits
When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup
And if she hesitate nigga hang up, word up
And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone
And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on
A motherfuckin' mack tonight
Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight
You fuckin' punks, I hate you snitches
Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggas with that game
And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets scandalous
But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Time to show these bustas who's boss
Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed
The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin' jimmy
Broke hoes runnin' round yellin' "Gimme!"
I can't stand it, hoes talkin' bout they got a man
Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK
So how about hittin' a motherfucker on my pager
Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later
Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega
Fuckin' with the player that done made her, huh
And I ain't sleepin' caught you creepin' for my money
Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)
So get the bozack, knockin' hoes back, keep my dough stacked
So where the motherfuckin' hoes at?
Punk niggas can't fade the mack, livin' fat

Gettin' paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin' bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggas
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uh
You sleep on that there, it's like

I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin' bout your punk ass
You old fake ass nigga
Standin' there wearin' all them Pendletons and khakis and all that
You soft as a motherfuckin' grape
Ain't this a motherfuckin' bitch
I can see right through your flower ass
Some of these niggas is bitches too, man I tell ya
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo' (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
But we gonna do this shit
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single
Fake ass bitch out there (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
And there's plenty of 'em
You probably got one sittin' next to you right now (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
Bobbin' his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin' to (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
Fake ass motherfuckin' bitch, die in ninety-four

Thanks to mmulready for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Do For Love"

(feat. Eric Williams)

[2pac:]
Turn it up loud
Hahaha, ahahaha, hey man
You a little sucker for love, right?
Word up, hahahahaha

[2pac:]
I shoulda seen
You was trouble right from the start, taught me so many lessons
How not to mess with broken hearts, so many questions
When this began we was the perfect match, perhaps
We had some problems but we workin at it, and now
The arguments are gettin' loud, I wanna stay
But I can't help from walkin' out just throw it away
Just take my hand and understand, if you could see
I never planned to be your man it just wasn't me
But now I'm searchin' for commitment, in other arms
I wanna shelter you from harm, don't be alarmed
Your attitude was the cause, you got me stressin'
Soon as I open up the door with your jealous questions
Like where can I be you're killin' me with your jealousy
Now my ambition's to be free
I can't breathe, cause soon as I leave, it's like a trap
I hear you callin' me to come back, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]
Just when I thought I broke away and I'm feelin' happy
You try to trap me say you pregnant and guess who the daddy
Don't wanna fall for it, but in this case what could I do? So now I'm back
To makin promises to you, tryin to keep it true
What if I'm wrong, a trick to keep me holdin on
Tryin' to be strong and in the process, keep you goin
I'm bout to lose my composure, I'm gettin' close
To packin' up and leavin' notes, and gettin' ghost
Tell me who knows, a peaceful place where I can go
To clear my head I'm feelin low, losin control
My heart is sayin' leave, oh what a tangle web we weave
When we conspire to conceive, and now
You gettin' calls at the house, guess you cheatin'
That's all I need to hear cause I'm leavin', I'm out the do'
Never no more will you see me, this is the end
Cause now I know you've been cheatin, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]
Now he left you with scars, tears on your pillow and you still stay
As you sit and pray, hoping the beatings'll go away
It wasn't always a hit and run relationship
It use to be love, happiness and companionship
Remember when I treated you good
I moved you up to the hills, out the ills of the ghetto hood
Me and you a happy home, when it was on
I had a love to call my own
I shoulda seen you was trouble but I was lost, trapped in your eyes
Preoccupied with gettin' tossed, no need to lie
You had a man and I knew it, you told me
Don't worry bout it we can do it now I'm under pressure
Make a decision cause I'm waitin', when I'm alone
I'm on the phone havin' secret conversations, huh
I wanna take your misery, replace it with happiness
But I need your faith in me, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, (do for love)
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, (do for love)
You tried everything, but you don't give up
Do for love, yeah baby yeah
Do for love

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Schack Carsten, Karlin Kenneth, Caldwell Robert Hunter, Kettner Alfons Fernando

2Pac Lyrics

"Enemies With Me"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]
Young Thugs in this motherfucker
Don't break up the fight, let 'em rumble
Don't make enemies with me
I Try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]
Some say my criminal experience is legendary
I do what's necessary
Niggas wanna see me buried
Worried, if you comin' hurried
I ain't goin' down, fuck the world I'm a thug
Tell 'em can't nothin' stop me but a slug
I went from drug dealin' to a shot caller
From off the block, no longer rock
And puttin' money in my pocket, nationwide baller
Bitch nigga I'm prepared to die, Before I fry
I hit the weed so I be forever high
My eyes has seen so much in misery, So before I flee
I open fire let the lord pick the first to bleed
Bitches don't wanna see me leave, forever thuggin'
Tell 'em bury me a G on everything I love
And fuck the law cause the raw niggas ain't free
This picture's clear but we can't see, hahaha
This game is jealousy, Don't let 'em change
That's what they keep on tellin' me, motherfuck the fame
I can't sleep cause I keep hearin' peeps
Loaded Mossberg wrapped in my sheets

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me, nigga
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[Mutah (K-Dogg):]
The game is gettin' deeper with this I couldn't stop, I'm reminiscin'
And havin' flashbacks when them niggas came up missin'
(Wish in my heart, these niggas they ain't have to start)
(Now therefore they gotta see in dark)
(Played the part with heart when we spark they part)
(Runnin' silly through the court),
They don't really wanna start

(How you wanna do?)
Yo K, anyway
These motherfuckers wanna play we can do it all day
So I stay, sippin' on my array to keep my head fine
(And I'm where, Everywhere from here to bedtime)
Yeah nigga
And I squeeze when I say I'm comin'
Straight gunnin' on enemies if it's really me that they wantin'
(Cause it ain't nothin', y'all niggas is frontin')
Do you really want it? Niggas dyin'...

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[Big Mal (Yak):]
Now, we're in '94, Niggas get bust through the do'
[?] in a flash sittin' on that ass
(And rarely fold)
Galitter tell 'em 'bout that trife shit
(You wanna fight?)
(I wanna light shit, you lose your life bitch)
Bee-yatch!
A nigga struggle too hard for what I got
Hustle
(And doubled every fuckin' yard that I cop and stop)
(Hell nah! I couldn't see it)
(Facin' a century in the Penitentiary but so be it)
And Jesus couldn't help me out the state
(Prepare for an early date to see my fate at the pearly gate)
(But wait)
No time for stallin'
(But death is callin')
You wanna stomp on it somebody's gotta start fallin'
(True, what I do from sun up)
Is for a come up
(Wake up with my gun up)
Cause when I sneak that's when they run up
(So it's time to spray like Ray)
(And put the freeze on these fake G's)
You know how we do

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me, nigga
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]
What nigga? Young motherfuckin' Thugs, let's out do it
Don't make enemies with me nigga
Y'all better fuck with these other niggas
You don't see it
Don't make enemies with me
Motherfuckers is fatal nigga
I swear by the Gods
Don't make enemies with me nigga
Niggas gonna see they caskets fuckin' with these bastards
Don't make enemies with me
It's for all those motherfuckers that's swearin' to God
That they be doin' something
Don't make enemies with me
That they touchin' something
That they being something
Y'all niggas ain't shit
That's on my mama bring the drama, nigga
Young Thugs, fuck the drugs
These niggas makin' records, y'all niggas best to check it
Cause y'all gonna get yo asshole tore
They tearin' patches out you niggas ass
All y'all niggas, I don't give a fuck who you runnin' with
This is thug life nigga, the new generation motherfucker
Young Thugs we chin checkin' all you junior high school motherfuckers
Y'all better feel this shit, don't make enemies with these niggas
You better be friendly motherfucker, I swear to God
We runnin' through, smile from handshake

Writer(s): O'Shea Jackson, Roger Parker, Malcolm Greenidge, Tupac Shakur, George Clinton, Steve Arrington, Mutah Beale, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Ricky Rouse, Randy Walker, Charles Carter, Garry Shider, David Spradley, Eric Sadler, Waung Hankerson, Chris Walker, Keith Shocklee

2Pac Lyrics

"Nothin But Love"

(feat. Dave The Black Angel)

Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on ya
Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners
I remember drinkin' Hennessy, smokin' weed
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be
Had a partner named Snupe, loved to clown a stank
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank
Shootin' craps in the alley 'til they chased us off
Pour a little for my homies, but don't waste it all
Ooohweee, who popped that coochie best?
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest
Havin' house parties in a crowded spot
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come
Lookin' dumb, cause you waitin' for your chance to hump
Straight grindin', everybody havin' fun
And it's cool, 'til a fool pull a loaded gun
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over
He had to act a fool, now the party's over
Gun shots rang like it's thunder
And everybody bum rushin' and I'm rushin' to get a number
Says she got a man but she's lyin'
Why? I seen her talkin' to this other guy and
he's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him
I ain't trippin', I just hope he get 'em, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours)

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from
And pay respect to the place that I came from
Cause uh, old man still drinkin', his breath still stinkin'
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin'
But I can't diss him he's my elder
He been livin' here longer what that tell ya?
And little girls playin' double dutch
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much
It's uh, ponytails and barrettes
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to set
And little boys playin' stick ball, quick y'all
Get out the street before they hit y'all
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss
And wonder how we came to this

I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free
I can't take what she offers me
And this is how the world could be
This is how the world should be
Feels good to be back on the streets
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours)

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me
I saw our brothers gettin' rich slangin' crack to folks
And the square's gettin' big for these sack of dope
Started thinkin' bout a plan to get paid myself
So I made myself, raised myself
'Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"
I got my game about women from a prostitute
And way back used to rap on the block for loot
I tried to make my way legit, haha
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent
And uhh, it was funny how I copped out
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out
My family on welfare
I'm steady thinkin', since don't nobody else care
I'm out here on my own
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone
I'm feelin' like a waste, tears rollin' down my face
Cause my life is filled with hate
Until I looked around me
I saw nuttin but family, straight up down for me
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Yeah, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Yeah, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Uhm, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya, yeah!!
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for yam, yeah!!
(Oaktown)

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya

Thanks to Mikkel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Stephen Shockley

2Pac Lyrics

"16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash
Whip out the 9, now *[?]* pump your ass
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites
I listened to his screams, until he went insane
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger
The brother in my cell is 16 as well
It's hard to adapt when you're black
And you're trapped in a living hell
I shouldn't have let him catch me
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy
And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn
They made me an animal, can't sleep
Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals
And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend

My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me
Prepare any day for me (Why?)
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler
To the death I take the breath from your jugular
The trick is to never lose hope
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16
I got beef with a sick society
That doesn't give a shit
And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
He's a crook with a book
That mothafucka never cared for me
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor
And how can these people judge me?
They ain't my peers, and in all these years
They ain't never love me
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan
To keep a nigga in the state pen
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas
'Cause once they got you locked up
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up
I'm convinced self-defense is the way
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day
I wish I would've known while I was out there
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row, Death Row
Death Row, Death Row
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row
It's to all my partners
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row

Writer(s): T Shakur

Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggas
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it take to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight
And only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And though it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready to have a black President
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga
Let the Lord judge the criminals
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)
(soldier in eye's)
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free II"

[2Pac (2Pac as Trusty):]
Ay Trusty Trusty
(What you want man?)
Aw nigga let me get one of them cigarettes
(Here! Shit!)
Come on bastard, get the phone for a nigga
(Use the phone)
Aw nigga get the phone for me man
(What's the number?)
323-65-45, tell her it's 'Pac

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

I heard a snicker a laugh, I take a look at the evening news
And see a nigga gettin' cuffed by the boys in blue
Is it a, frame up, tryin' to keep me out the game, stuck
These motherfuckers tryin' to dirty up my name, but
I slip as quick as the wind, it's me or them, fuck friends
My foes be on a mission, tryin' to do me in
Fuck 'em I'm out to get out, they all thought
I blow up like a gauge, and in a rage, blow they balls off
Why are you niggas tryin' to test me trick?
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch
My Main thang with a nigga meal ticket only if you with the real
The nigga will kick it, I'll enforce it with the steel
Use the lessons that I learned in jail
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell
Now I'm workin' with connects that I got in the pen
In no time I'll be clockin' again

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

Hey, still sittin' in my cell as I dwell on my past
Tryin' to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash
Quick, call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died

And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin' maybe
Me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze
Cause she keep on callin' me baby, to a young
Motherfucker facin' eighty that's enough to make you crazy
Now how long will it take, to get a hook
Got her watchin' me liftin' weights, sneakin' looks
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man
If we make it then I'm takin' it to Hell
All them niggas that was frontin' while I sat up in a cell
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned, in misery
The nigga you don't wanna see

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

(When I get free!), believe that shit
Yeah nigga fuck your cigarette, fuck that phone (When I get free!) call motherfucker
I'll be out this motherfucker in a few days
I'll pay these bitches back in spades (When I get free!)
Punk ass bastards, long as my AK flexes
We gonna play these bitches (When I get free!)
That's how we do this shit
Fuck that I'm out, C.O. turn the fuckin' lights out!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Christopher Rosser, Stanley Marvin Clarke, Conrad Erskine Rosser

2Pac Lyrics

"Black Starry Night (Interlude)"

Against all odds, I'm still here nigga
O.P.D. -- what??!
(Aiyyy, I got to get my props for 2Pacalypse)
(When this album come out, niggas can kiss my ass)
Did you think I'd fall?
You think you could stop a motherfucker like me?
(Introducing you to my criminal crew)
(Treach, A.D., Apache, Essential)
(Above the Law, Lench Mob, the Underground Railroad, Digital Underground gets around and we down in this bitch)
(You got to deal with me on a whole new level motherfucker)
Cause I'm gettin' paid
And the more you try to keep niggas away from me
The more I unite with mo' niggas and mo' niggas and mo' niggas
(Extra special thanks to my nigga Big John Major)
And there's a ghetto in every city and a nigga in every ghetto
Motherfucker we are unstoppable
(I owe him, thanks to my man Mike Cooley and the rest of our fathers)
(And uh, I'm not goin' alive!)

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Troutman, R. Troutman, T. Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Only Fear Of Death"

Pssst... psssssst... ayo
Are you afraid to die, or do you wanna live forever?
Tell me, which one?

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- I'm losin' my mind
Look down the barrel of my 9, and my vision's blurry
Fallin' to pieces, am I guilty? I pray to the Lord
But he ignores me, unfortunately, ‘cause I'm guilty
Show me a miracle, I'm hopeless
I'm chokin' off marijuana smoke
With every toke it's like I'm losin' focus
Fallin' to sleep while I'm at service, when will I die?
Forever paranoid and nervous, because I'm high
Don't mention funerals, I'm stressin' and goin' nutty
And reminiscin' 'bout them niggas that murdered my buddy
I wonder: When will I be happy? Ain't nothin' funny
Flashbacks of bustin' caps, anything for money
Where am I goin'? I discovered, can't nothin' save me
My next door neighbor's havin' convo with undercovers
Put a surprise in the mailbox, hope she get it
Happy birthday, bitch, you know you shouldn't have did it
Everybody's dyin', am I next? Who can I trust?
Will they be G's, and they look at me before they bust?
Or will they kill me while I'm sleepin'?
Two to the head while I'm in bed
Leakin' blood on my satin sheets
Is there a heaven for a baller?
I'm gettin' suspicious of this bitch
The line's busy everytime I call her
Now she's tellin' me to visit, who else is home?
I check the house before I bone, so we all alone
After I nut I hit the highway -- see ya later!
To all the players, watch the fly way a nigga played her
The bitch is tellin' all her homies
That I can fuck her like no other
Now them other bitches wanna bone me
I'm under pressure, gettin' drunk, somebody help me
I drink a fifth of Hennessy, I don't think it's healthy
I see my enemies, they creepin', don't make me blast
I watch the 5-0's roll, the motherfuckers pass
By me like they know me, smilin' as they laugh
I put up my middle finger, then I dash
Niggas don't like me, ‘cause I'm thuggin'
And every day I'm a hustler lookin' to get paid
They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- no need to lie
I pray to God I don't scream when it's time to fry
Nowhere to rest, I'm losin' homies -- ain't that a bitch?
When I was rich I had clout, now a nigga's lonely
I put the pistol to my head, and say a prayer
I see visions of me dead, Lord, are you there?

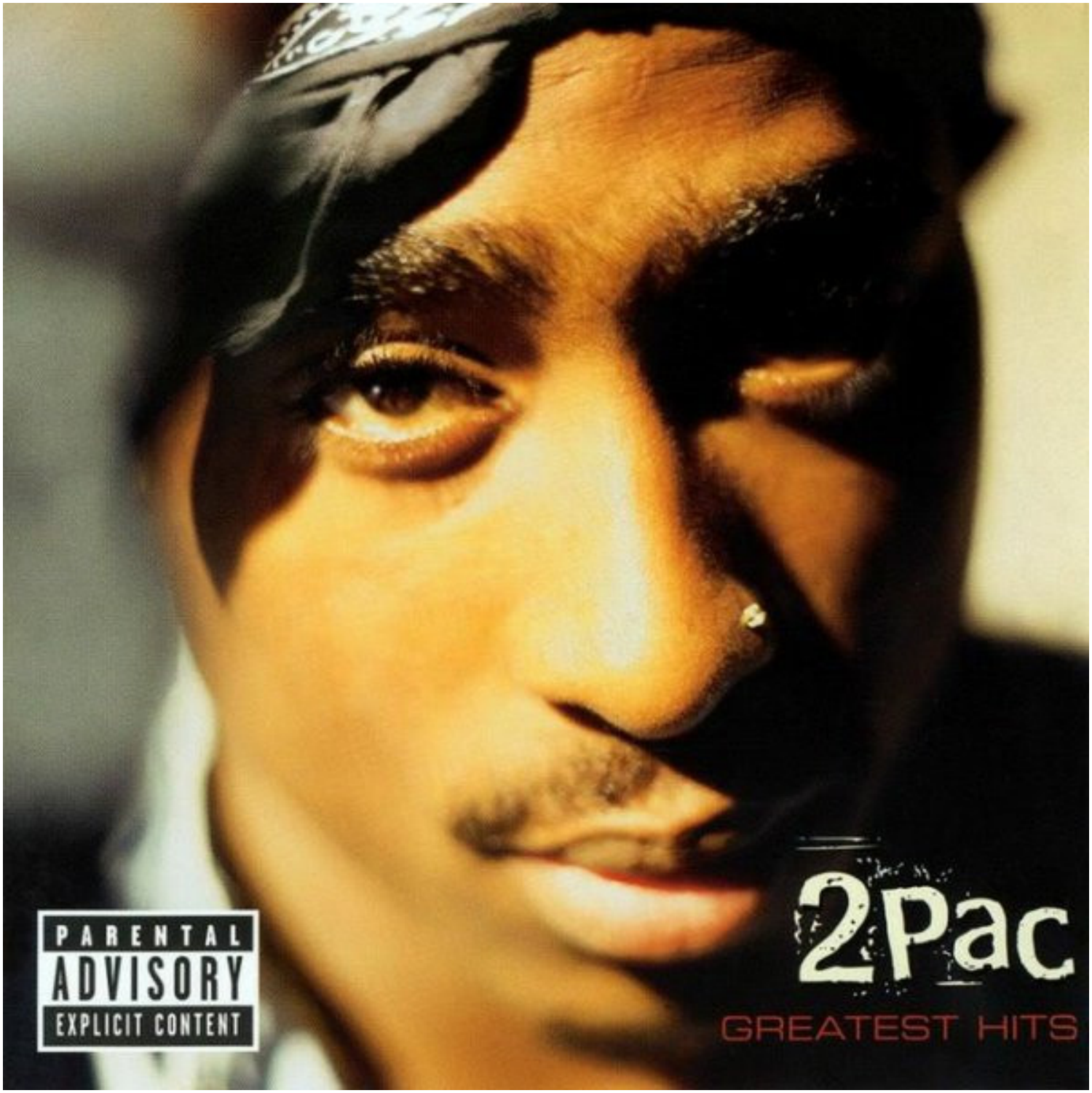
Then tell me, am I lost? ‘Cause I'm lonely
I thought I had friends, but in the end a nigga dies lonely
Nowhere to run, I'm in terror, and no one cares
A closed casket at my funeral and no one's there
Is there a future for a killer? I change my ways
But still that don't promise me the next day
So I stay thuggin' with a passion, forever blastin'
I'm bustin' on these motherfuckers in my madness
They wonder if I'm hellbound
Well, Hell can't be worse than this, ‘cause I'm in Hell now
Don't make me hurt you, I don't want to, but I will
Seen motherfuckers killed over phone bills
Never will I die, I'll be back
Reincarnated as a motherfuckin' MAC
-11, ‘cause in Heaven there's no shortage on G's
I'm tellin' you now: You motherfuckers don't know me

"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."

Hahaha, I ain't scared to die
I ain't scared to die
To my homies in Heaven: I ain't scared to die
Do you wanna live forever? Are you scared to die?
Or will you scream when you fry?
I don't fear death
My only fear of death is coming back, reincarnated
This is dedicated to Mental, R.I.P
And Big Kato, R.I.P.
And all you other O.G.'s who go down; I don't fear death

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Collins William Earl, Walker Randy, Worrell G Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Shakur Maurice Shelton-harding


PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
2Pac
GREATEST HITS

Tupac - Keep Ya Head Up* Lyrics

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah
And a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nutting don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him
'Cause sista you don't need him
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em

You know it makes me unhappy, what's that
When brothas make babies
And leave a young mother to be a pappy
And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies
And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
So will the real men get up
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me
He had me feeling like black was tha thing to be
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent

And in the end it seems I'm headpin for tha pen
I try and find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems tha rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from getting wet up
You know it's funny when it rains it pours
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor

Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is
It ain't no hope for tha future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a setup
And even though you're fed up
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

And uhh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nutting worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears, is rolling down your cheeks
Ya steady Chopin things don't all down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me

I was given this world I didn't make it

And now my son's getten older and older and cold
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to my surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but
Please you got to keep your head up

Tupac - 2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted Lyrics

Up out of there
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Pump that up, G
Ahh, shit, you done fucked up now

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
You done put 2 of Americaz most wanted
In the same motherfuckin' place at the same
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, motherfuckin' time, ha, ha, ha

Y'all niggaz about to feel this
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Break out the champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms
Have one on us, aight? Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision, my intention's to get richer
With the S N double O P, Dogg, my fuckin' homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho' 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, 'cuz they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin' on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind

But at the same time it seem they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down, the shit's about to go down
Uh, me and Snoop about to clown

I'm "Losin' My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggaz be actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage
I got nuthin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish

I got a pit named P, she [Unverified]
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I got a black Beamer
But my dream is to own a fly casino

Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
It feel good to you baby, bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?

I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these, motherfuckin' G's
If ya got it, better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta partyc
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me

I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs
(Ha Ha right)
You thought it was but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like 'cuz blood, gangbangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope slangin'
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swirl

Ya doin' ya job, every day
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn grey
Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throw away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block

Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it

No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga, Dogg with me, eternally, the most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Tupac - Temptations* Lyrics

Yo Mo Bee main, drop that shit!

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until first verse]

You know what time, boo-yaow
I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand youknowhatI'msayin
And uhh, throw up that finger
Ay yo yo yo throw y'all fingers up!
Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[Verse One:]

Tell me baby are you lonely? Don't wanna rush ya
I can help ya if ya only, let me touch ya
If I'm wrong love tell me, cause I get caught up
and the life I live is Hell see, I never thought I'd see
the day when I would calm down, you ain't heard
I've been known to clown and Get Around, that's my word
See you walkin and you lookin good, yes indeed
Got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin me
witcha attitude to match right, don't be phony
cause I hate when you act like, you don't know me
I've be stressin in the spotlight, I want the fame
but the industry's a lot like, a crap game
Ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be wit you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
I wanna be an honest man, but temptations go...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until second verse]

Throw up the finger!
And all my homies go..
Throw them the finger!
Ya know what baby it's like

[singing]
I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Two:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
in my ride and I'm all in, gettin high
I can hear the people callin, I'm passin by
Everybody knows I'm ball-in, and to God
Gotta keep myself from fall-in, but it's hard
All the cuties know I'm under pressure, what do I do
Gettin shaky when she pull the dress up, and say it's cool
Should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie
Move close and let me whisper, some dirty words
in your ears as I kiss ya, on every curve
Slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates, do you wanna fall up in heaven
Don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until third verse]

Give em the finger!
All my homies go..
Throw your fingers up!
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[singing]
I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Three:]

A lot of people think it's easy, to settle down
Got a woman that'll please me, in every town
I don't wanna but I gotta do it, the temptation
got me ready to release the fluid, sensation
sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin up the telephone, reminiscin
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin, you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin
See you later, cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")

[sample repeats until the end]

Give em the finger
And all my homies go.. yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
Y'know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

[singing]
Everybody, heyy, alright
Heyy, heyyyeah, heyyyayyy, ohh

[2Pac]
All my niggaz go
Uptown in the
Give em the finger!
Throw your hands up
Give em the finger!

Tupac - God Bless The Dead Lyrics

Rest in peace to my mothafucka biggie smalls
That's right boy, it's goin' on
Right here, thug life
God bless the dead

God bless the dead and buried nigga
Don't worry if you see God first tell him shit got worse
I ain't mad, I know you're representin' the crew
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt and a brew

Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came
My role models gone or they locked in the pen
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind

The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy biggie
Sayin', "Shit don't stop, nigga, no pity"
We all hoods and all we ever had was dreams
Money makin' mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes

In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind
I was addicted to tryin', never meant to do time
My epitaph will read was the last of G's
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang
I been caught up in this game
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin' to hang
I can see 'em in my head, pow

Memories of my nigga but he dead now
Lookin' back in my year book all the years took
Half my peers, they're stretched for years
And if I die will they all shed tears

Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice

Fuck the police and all the courts same way they fucked us
And why the hell am I locked in jail

They let them white boys free
We be shocked as hell

In my mind I can see it comin'
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'
By keepin' gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime
Real motherfuckin' Gz, this one is for you
Yo stretch, biggie

Yo big this is to you my nigga
Springfield Hollis crew, thug life, Y G'z
Sendin' they respect, you know I mean?
You my nigga for life, forever
You're always gonna be with a nigga
No matter what, don't forget that

I pray before I go to sleep
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, Uzi weighin' a ton
Niggas terrified of comin' from the young gun
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me
But it's mind blowin', so I'm flowin' goin' crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk
He shoulda had the gauze in the trunk
For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack big
Now ya 'bout to smell the aftermath of what the Mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes
The Teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew
Quick the spirit biggie smalls and the comin'on clique, yeah

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Tupac - Hail Mary M_* Lyrics

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital)

[Makaveli]
Makaveli in this... Killuminati, all through your body
The blow's like a twelve gauge shotty
Uh, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
to lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me; eat my flesh, flesh and my flesh

[Chorus (Makaveli):]
Come with me, Hail Mary
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la

[Makaveli]
I ain't a killer but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God hoping that he's listening
Seeing niggas coming for me, to my diamonds, when they glistening
Now pay attention, rest in peace father
I'm a ghost in these killing fields
Hail Mary catch me if I go, let's go deep inside
the solitary mind of a madman who screams in the dark
Evil lurks, enemies, see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break, to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupted, fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit, plus
mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust
It's just as well, Hail Mary

[Chorus 2X]

[Makaveli]
Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers
Never realize the precious time the bitch niggas is wasting
Institutionalized I lived my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile, we're too crazy to be humble, we balling
Catch me father please, cause I'm falling, in the liquor store
That's the Hennessee I hear ya calling, can I get some more?
Hail 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checking in my bedroom; I ain't there

I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do
One life to live but I got nothing to lose, just me and you
on a one way trip to prison, selling drugs
We all wrapped up in this living, life as Thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doing they bid
Raise hell to this real shit, and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be down in the dark
Thuggin eternal through my heart, now Hail Mary nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Kastro]
They got a APB, out on my Thug family
Since the Outlawz run these streets, like these skanless freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K blasted off Hennessee and Thai
Trying it, mixed it, now I'm twisted blisted and high
Visions of me, Thug living getting me by
Forever live, and I multiply survived by Thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they coming with slugs

[Young Noble]
Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kinda cloudy, smoked out feeling rowdy
Ready to wet the party up, and whoever in that motherfucker
Nasty new street, slugger my heat seeks suckers
on the regular mashing in a stolen black Ac Integ-ra
Cock back, sixty seconds 'til the draw that's when I'm dead in ya
Feet first, you got a nice gat but my heat's worse
From a Thug to preaching church, I gave you love now you eating dirt
Needing work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
Cause word is bond when I was broke I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when sun came up, there's only one way up
hold ya head and stay up, to all my niggas get ya pay and weight up

[Kastro]
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate

[Chorus (repeats in background)]

[Prince Ital]
We've been traveling on this wayward road
Long time 'til I be take a 'eavy load
But we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

We won't worry everything will come real
Free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry everything will come real
Yes we free like the bird in the tree
We running from the penitentiary
This is the time for we liberty
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

[Chorus]

[Makaveli]
Westside, Outlawz, Makaveli the Don, Solo, Killuminati, The 7 Days

Tupac - Me Against The World* Lyrics

It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world baby
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game, me against the world baby

Can you picture my prophecy? Stress in the city, the cops is hot for me
The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is dropping
There ain't no stopping me, constantly moving while making millions
Witnessing killings, leaving dead bodies in abandoned buildings

Carries to children 'cause they're illing
Addicted to killing and the appeal from the cap peeling
Without feeling but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard, maybe he'll listen in his casket, the aftermath

More bodies being buried, I'm losing my homies in a hurry
They're relocating to the cemetery
Got me worried, stressing, my vision's blurried
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me

I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses 'cause this is how it is
What's the use unless we're shooting no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world baby

Me against the world, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, me against the world
'Cause it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, I've got nothing to lose

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, living wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreaming
Seeing Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy

And screaming I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared but left me prepared for a while
Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

Everyday there's mo' death and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seeing mo' reasons for me to proceed with thieving
Scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving
'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up

I'm 'bout to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka
Tried making fat cuts but yo it ain't working
And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking when I gets to perving
So what? Go put some work in and make my mail, making sales
Risking 25 with a 'L' but, oh well

Me against the world with nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
With nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, me against the world
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby

With all this extra stressing
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest? Through this suppression
They punish the people that's asking questions

And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress to make it stop study your lessons
Don't settle for less even the genius asks questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence

The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded and things don't go the way you planned it
Dreaming of riches, in a position of making a difference

Politicians and hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothing like the game
It's just me against the world

Me against the world, nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
I'd be ashamed to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world

That's right, I know it seem hard sometimes but uhh
Remember one thing, through every dark night
There's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out
Keep your head up and handle it

Me against the world
Me against the world
Me against the world

Tupac - How Do You Want It? Lyrics

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin
Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it
(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic
cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya
I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider
In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak

and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried
One of us gon' see the cemetary
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
How do you want it?

[Chorus 2X]

[2Pac]
How you want it?
Yeah my nigga Johnny J
Yeah, we out

[Chorus]

[2Pac]
Tell me

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Tupac - So Many Tears* Lyrics

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears (if I should die before I wake)
Please God walk with me (grab a nigga and take me to Heaven)

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dyin breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me? I'm not livin in the past, you wanna last
Be tha first to blast, remember Kato
No longer with us he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets
Now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

Ahh, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm strugglin in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm havin visions
of leavin here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure, and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm goin blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin well
I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?
My life is in denial, and when I die,
baptized in eternal fire I'll shed so many tears

Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal, so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
to embrace an early death, now there's nothin left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standin, bout to go to pieces, screamin peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons tryin to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin the flame
inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Paintin a picture of my enemies killin me, in my sleep
Will I survive til the mo'nin, to see the sun

Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come...

Lord, I suffered through the years (God) and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Lord knows I.. tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drivebys takin lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future right for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin babies
so I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady, cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearin noises, think she fuckin all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin to the floor; beggin for the Lord to let me in
to Heaven's door -- shed so many tears
(Dear God, please let me in)

Lord, I've lost so many years, and shed so many tears..
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Tupac - Unconditional Love Lyrics

(What y'all want?)
Unconditional Love (no doubt)
Talking bout the stuff that don't wear off
It don't fade
It'll last for all these crazy days
These crazy nights
Whether you wrong or you right
I'm a still love you
Still feel you
Still there for you
No matter what (hehe)
You will always be in my heart
With unconditional love

[Verse One:]

Come listen to my truest thoughts, my truest feelings
All my peers doing years beyond drug dealing
How many caskets can we witness
Before we see it's hard to live
This life without God, so we must ask forgiveness
Ask mama why i got this urge to die
Witness the tears falling free from my eyes
Before she could reply
Though we were born without a silver spoon
My broken down TV, show cartoons in my living room (hey)
One day I hope to make it
A player in this game
Mama don't cry, long as we try
Maybe things change
Perhaps it's just a fantasy
A life where we don't need no welfare
Shit with our whole family
Maybe it's me that caused it
The fighting and the hurting
In my room crying cause I didn't want to be a burden
Watch mama open up her arms to hug me
And I ain't worried bout a damn thang, with unconditional love

[Chorus: 2x]

In this game the lesson's in your eyes to see
Though things change, the future's still inside of me
We must remember that tomorrow comes after the dark
So you will always be in my heart, with unconditional love

[Verse Two:]

Just got the message you've been calling all week
Been out here hustling on these streets, ain't had a chance to speak
But you know, with you and me it's on G
We could never be enemies, cause you been such a good friend to me
Where would I be without my dogs
No wonder why when times get hard
Cause it ain't easy being who we are
Driven by my ambitions, desire higher positions
So I proceed to make Gs, eternally in my mission
Is to be more than just a rap musician
The elevation of today's generation
If could make 'em listen
Prison ain't what we need, no longer stuck in greed
Time to play and strategize, my family's gotta eat
When we make somethin out of nothing
No pleasure in the suffering, neighborhood would be good
If they could cut out all the busting
The liquor and the weed the cussing
Sending love out to my block
The struggle never stops (unconditional love)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

I'll probably never understand ya ways
With everyday I swear I hear ya
Trying to change your ways while gettin paid at the same time
Just had a baby with the same eyes
Something inside, please let me die these are strange times
How come I never made it
Maybe it's the way the played it in my heart
I knew one day I gotta be a star
My hopes and all my wishes
So many vivid pictures, and all the currency
I'll never even get to see
This fast life soon shatters
Cause after all the lights and screams
Nothing but my dreams matter
Hoping for better days
Maybe a peaceful night, baby don't cry
Cause everythang gonna be alright
Just lay your head on my shoulder
Don't worry bout a thang baby
Girl I'm a soldier (huh)
Never treated me bad, no matter who I was
You still came with that, unconditional love

[Chorus 3x until fade]

Tupac - Trapped Lyrics

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on tha streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with tha bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinking about what tha streets do
to me

Cause they never talk peace in tha black community
All we know is violence, do tha job in silence
Walk tha city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for tha big pen
Niggas comin' out worse often when they went in
Over tha years I done alot of growin' up

Getten drunk thrown' up, cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle

If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I gettem, I'll hittem with tha bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if your smart you'll really let me go G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch tha Uzi
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

They got me trapped
Can barely walk tha city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against tha wall
Didn't do a thing at all

I'm tellin' you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on tha concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was tha wrong street
Bang bang, down another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot there's brutality

Who do you blame?
It's a shame because tha man's slain
He got caught in tha chains of his own game
How can I feel guilty after all tha things they did to me
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community

One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back

Homie don't play that
It's time I lett'em suffer tha payback
I'm tryin' to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack Jack
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

Now I'm trapped and want to find a getaway
All I need is a G and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use tha phone
Cause I'm sure someone is tappin' in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again

I look back at hind site the fight was irrelevant
But now he's tha devils friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away I should of put my gun away

I wasn't thinkin' all I heard was tha ridicule

Girlies was laughin', Tup sayin "Damn homies is dissin you"
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in tha hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet

Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said freeze, or you'll be dead today
Trapped in a corner

Dark and I couldn't see tha light
Thoughts in my mind was tha nine and a better life
What do I do?
Live my life in a prison cell
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

[incomprehensible]
Let's go man, let's go, get outta here, trapped
[incomprehensible]

Tupac - Life Goes On* Lyrics

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'
Be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death
My niggas, we tha last ones left
But life goes on.....

[Verse One:]

As I bail through tha empty halls
Breath stinkin'
In my jaws
Ring, ring, ring
Quiet y'all
Incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school
He's getting bye
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry
Life as a baller
Alchol and booty calls
We usta do them as adolecents
Do you recall?
Raised as g's
Loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on tha roof
Let's get smoked out
And blaze with me
2 in tha morning
And we still high assed out
Screamin' 'thug till I die'
Before I passed out
But now that your gone
I'm in tha zone
Thinkin'
'I don't wanna die all alone'
But now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death
I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While tryin' ta make it last
I drank a 5th for that ass
When you passed....
Cause life goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

Yeah nigga
I got tha word as hell
Ya blew trial and tha judge gave you
25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time
Won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict
That's getten' old
Plus with tha drama
We're lookin out for your babies mama
Taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...
Life in tha hood...
Is all good for nobody
Remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties
Me and you
No true a two
While scheming on hits
And gettin tricks
That maybe we can slide into
But now you burried
Rest nigga
Cause I ain't worried
Eyes bluried
Sayin' goodbye at the cemetary
Tho' memories fade
I got your name tated on my arm
So we both ball till' my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace
Thug till I die

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Bury me smilin'
With G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral
Let every rapper rock it
Let tha hoes that I usta know
From way before
Kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen
So I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of Gin
Incase I don't get in
Tell all my people i'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die
We outlaws
Let me ride

Until I get free
I live my life in tha fast lane
Got police chasen me
To my niggas from old blocks
From old crews
Niggas that guided me through
Back in tha old school
Pour out some liquor
Have a toast for tha homies
See we both gotta die
But ya chose to go before me
And brothas miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own
How long we mourn
Life goes on...

[Chorus repeats to end]
[sung overtop repeating chorus]

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doin' life
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya nigga, trust me
I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year
We poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money
Evade bitches
Evade tricks
Give players plenty space
And basicaly just represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas
Your gonna be on top nigga
Their gonna be like,
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'
That's right baby
Life goes on....
And we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there
Don't front.

Tupac - Hit 'Em Up* Lyrics

[Tupac]
I ain't got no motherfucking friends
That's why I fucked your bitch
You're fat motherfucker {Take Money}
West Side
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}
You know who the realist is
niggas we bring it to {Take Money}
(ha ha, that's alright)

First off, fuck your bitch
And the click you claim
West side when we ride
Come equipped with game
You claim to be a player
But I fucked your wife
We bust on Bad Boys
niggas fuck for Life
Plus Puffy tryin' to see me weak
Hearts I rip
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia
Some mark ass bitches
We keep on coming
While we running for your jewels
Steady gunning
Keep on busting at them fools
You know the rules
Little Ceasar go ask you homie
How I'll leave you
Cut your young ass up
See you in pieces
Now be deceased
Little Kim,
Don't fuck around with real G's
Quick to snatch your ugly ass, off the streets
So fuck peace
I'll let them niggas know
It's on for Life
Don't let the west side
Ride the night (ha ha)
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill
fuck with me
And get your caps peeled
You know, see

[Chorus:]
Grab your glocks when you see 2pac

Call the cops when you see 2pac, uh
Who shot me,
But your punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
nigga, I hit 'em up

Check this out
You motherfuckers know what time it is
I don't know why I'm even on this track
You all niggas ain't even on my level
I'm going to let my little homies
Ride on you
bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches
{ah yo, yo, hold the fuck up}

Get out the way yo
Get out the way yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pass the mac
And let me hit 'em in his back
Frank White needs to get spanked right
For setting up traps
Little accident murderers
And I ain't never heard of you
Poise less gats attack when I'm serving you
Spank the shank
Your whole style when I gank
Guard your rank
'cause I'm a slam your ass in a pang
Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block
I'm running through nigga
And I'm smoking Junior Mafia
In front of you nigga
With the ready power
Tucked in my Guess
Under my Eddie Bauer
Your clout petty sour
I push packages ever hour
I hit 'em up

[Chorus]

Peep how we do it
Keep it real
Its penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle
All you niggas getting killed
With your mouths open
Tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping
Smoking dope
It's like a Sherm high

niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn motherfucker you deserve to die
Talking about you Getting Money
But it's funny to me
All you niggas living bummy
While you fucking with me?
I'm a self made Millionaire
Thug livin', out of prison
Pistols in the Air {Air} (Ha Ha)
Biggie remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch
And beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house
Now it's all about Versace
You copied my style
Five shots couldn't drop me
I took it and smiled
Now I'm back to set the record straight
With my A-K
I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Mother-fucker I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N E W Jers.
Where plenty of murder occurs
No points to come
We bring drama to all you herds
Now go check the scenario
Little Ceas'
I'll bring you fake G's to your knees
Coppin' please with these scenario
Little Kim is you
Coked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck?
Is you stupid?
I take money,
crash and mash through Brooklyn
With my click looting, shooting, and polluting your block
With fifteen shot,
Cocked glock to your knot
Outlaw Mafia click moving up another notch
And your Pop stars popped and get dropped and mopped
And all your fake ass east coast props
Brainstormed and locked

You're a beat biter
Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker
So fill the Alize with a chaser
'bout to get murdered for the paper
E.d.i I mean post the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke (uh)
Toting smoke, we ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Thug Life, niggas better be known

Be approaching
In the wide open, gun smoking
No need for hoping
It's a battle lost
I gottem crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off
nigga, I hit 'em up

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run (ha ha)
They don't wanna see us
Whole Junior Mafia click
Dressing up trying to be us
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?
When we always on out job
We millionaire's
Killing ain't fair
But somebody got to do it

Oh yah Mobb Deep (uh)
You wanna fuck with us
You Little young ass motherfuckers
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something
You're fucking with me, nigga?
You fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack
You better back the fuck up
Before you get smacked the fuck up
This is how we do it on our side
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it,
Bring it.
But we ain't singing,
We bringing drama
fuck you and your mother fucking mama.
We're gonna kill all you mother fuckers.
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about biggie.
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother fucking opinion
Well this is how we gonna' do this:
fuck Mobb Deep,
fuck Biggie,
fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother fucking crew.
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,
Then fuck you too.
Chino XL, fuck you too.
All you mother fuckers,
fuck you too.
(take money, take money)
All of y'all mother fuckers,
fuck you, die slow motherfucker.
My four four (.44 magnum) make sure all your kids don't grow.
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us.
We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.
West Side till' we die.
Out here in California, nigga

We warned ya'
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.
We do our job.
You think you the mob, nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob
Ain't nothing but killers
And the real niggas, all you motherfuckers feel us.
Our shit goes triple and four quadruple
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got guns under they motherfuckin' belts
You know how it is and we drop records they felt
You niggas can't feel it
We the realist
fuck 'em.
We Bad Boy killers.

Tupac - Troublesome 96' Lyrics

Troublesome,
Nineteen muthafuckin' 96'
West side, let it be known, nigga
Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon
Making niggas die, witnessin' breathless imperfections
Can you picture my specific plan to be the man in this wicked land
Under handed hits are planned, scams are plotted over grams of rock
Undercover agents die by the random shots, we all die in the end

So revenge, I swore, I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my, my heata
Got me a dog, named him Mobb Bitch Nigga Eata
What could they do to me that little brat? Shit them, niggas

That shot me and still terrified I'll get their ass, how can I show you
How I feel inside? We outlawz motherfuckas, can't kill my pride
Niggas, talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone 'cause they fear me
In physical form, let it be known, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die, put it down to the fullest
Spittin' rhymes and bullets, troublesome, I know what time it is
Call the punk police please, they cant stop us niggas run the streets

Troublesome, gutter ways my mentality is ghetto
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming fuck

All y'all niggas in Swahili, pistol packin' fresh out of jail
I ain't goin' back, release me to care of my heartless strap
Say my name three times like candy man, bet I roll on your ass
Like an avalanche, a soul survivor, learned to get high
And pull drive bys, murder my foes, can't control my nine

Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee, picture me lettin'
This chump survive, redin' up on his ass when I'm doped
He die, 'cause I'm troublesome

All ya niggas, die young, strapped and I don't give a fuck
I'm hopeless, I live a thug life loosin' my focus, baby
I'm troublesome, bad boy killa, there is no one realla
What you saw was the rough, rugged and raw, outlaw

Murder, murder my mind states shit ain't change
Since my last rhyme, the crime rate ain't decline
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind
Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang

Dead at thirteen 'cause he yearned to bang
Sent a lot of flowers but how can I cry
Tried to warn the little nigga, either stop or die
Mercy is for the weak when I speak, I scream
Afraid to sleep I'm havin' crazy dreams

Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times
God to forgive me 'cause it's wrong but I plan to die
You can take me to heaven and understand I was a G
Did the best I could, raised in insanity or send me to hell
'Cause I ain't beggin' for my life, ain't nothing worse
Than this cursed ass hopeless life, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die in your wildest dreams
You couldn't picture a nigga like me, I'm troublesome

Tupac - Brenda's Got A Baby Lyrics

Brenda's got a baby
Brenda's got a baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby well, Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects the whole community
Now Brenda never really knew her moms and her dad was a junky
Went in debt to his arms, it's sad 'cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just 'cause your in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend, her boyfriend was her cousin
Now let's watch the joy end she tried to hide her pregnancy
From her family who really didn't care to see
Or give a damn if she went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly is gettin' bigger but no one seems to notice
Any change in her figure she's 12 years old and she's having a baby

In love with the molester, who's sexing her crazy and yet she thinks
That he'll be with her forever and dreams of a world when the two of them
We're together, whatever, he left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash heep
I guess she thought she'd get away wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heep balling, momma can't help her
But it hurts to hear her calling Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you makin' me lose pay, the social workers here everyday
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way can't go to her family
They won't let her stay, no money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed, so now what's next
There ain't nothin'', left to sell, so she sees sex as a way of leavin' hell
It's payin' the rent, so she really can't complain, prostitute found slain
And Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Tupac - I Ain't Mad At Cha* Lyrics

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of ya'll niggaz to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha
Got nuttin' but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'ma send this one out for ya'll, knahmean?
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfucker,
Yeah, niggaz 'cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still roll
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed
Oh, you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the mosque, don't wanna chase tail
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshitin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, â€~cause I'm just laughin' at cha
You tryin hard to maintain, then go head
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin' dozens
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared

Besides bumpin' n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow

And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state
I kiss my mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived

Don't shed a tear, 'cause mama I ain't happy here
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they backs
In my cell, thinkin', "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"

As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha
(A true down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha)

Well, guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block

He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days

So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
'Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days

So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?

'Til God return me to my essence
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent

So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha
You niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't mad at cha
(Hell nah, I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha, no
I ain't mad at cha

Tupac - I Get Around* Lyrics

Aw yeah, I get around
Still clown with the underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

Back to get wreck, all respect to those who break
Their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause oh they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why, your girl keeps paging me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me, she squeeze me, lady take it easy
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me, I don't want it if it's that easy
Aiyo bust it, baby got a problem saying bye bye
Just another hazard of a fly guy

You ask why, don't matter, my pockets got fatter
Now everybody's looking for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy
If you wanna see me dial the beeper number
Baby when you need me and I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn, you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out, I get around

What you mean you don't know? [Incomprehensible] I get around
The underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the underground, [Incomprehensible], I get around
Yeah, ayo shock, let them hoes know

Now you can tell from my ever day fits, I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby I can see, that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G, the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me, I get [Incomprehensible]

What's up love, how you doing?
Well I've been hanging, sanging, trying to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was banging
Your home girl you went to school with, that's cool
But did she tell you about her sister and your cousin?
Thought I wasn't, see, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low long as you know, that I get around

Tupacalypse now don't stop for hoes, I get around
And round they go

Why I ain't call you? Ha ha, please
Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip
Loose lips sink ships, it's a trip
I love the way she licks her lips, see me jocking
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watching
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we all alone, why the lights on?
Turn 'em off, time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Something's on your mind, let it off

You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well if I couldn't have it, why you sweating me?
It's a lot of real Gs doing time
'Cause a groupy bit the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clown, baby doll are you down? I get around

Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, we go

Tupac - Changes Lyrics

Come on, come on
I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth living, should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares
One less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers
Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said
Two shots in the dark, now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere
Unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers

And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the devil take a brother, if he's close to me?
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things changed, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
'Cause mo' black and white is smokin' crack tonight
And only time we chill is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready, to see a black President
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me, what's a mother to do?
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way
I made a G today, but you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kid, I gotta get paid
Well hey, well, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

We gotta make a change
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live
And let's change the way we treat each other
You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do
What we gotta do, to survivem

And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?
There's war in the streets and war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty, they got a war on drugs
So the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime, I ain't have to do
But now, I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up
Crack you up and pimps smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own
They get jealous when they see ya, with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops, they can't touch this
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this

That's the sound of my tool, you say it ain't cool?
My mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back

'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
Some buck that I roughed up way back
Comin' back after all these years
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, tat, that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Some things will never change

Tupac - California Love Lyrics

California love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of
In the city of good old Watts
In the city, the city of
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state with a bomb-ass hemp beat
The state where you never find a dancefloor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean, mean, money-making machines serving fiends
I been in the game for ten years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining; looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good from to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for California

California (California) knows how to party (knows how to party)
California (West Coast) knows how to party (yes they do)
In the city of LA (city of LA)
In the city of good old Watts (good old Watts)
In the city, the city of Compton (city of Compton, yeah)
We keep it rocking (keep it rocking)
We keep it rocking

Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it
Shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (that's right...)
Shake it, shake it, baby, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I stepped on the scene I'm hearing hoochies screamin'

Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player, where cowards die
And it's all war
Only in Cali where we riot, not rally to live and die
In LA we wearing Chucks, not Ballys (that's right...)
Dressed in locs and khaki suits and ride is what we do
Flossing but have caution; we collide with other crews
Famous 'cause we programme worldwide
Let them recognize from to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know won't bow down to no man
Say what you say
But give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of LA
From to
The Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put they mack down
Give me love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of LA (South Central)
In the city of good old Watts (that's right)
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

(Yeah, yeah, now make it shake)
Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it, mama (West Coast)
Shake it Cali...

...Yeah... Long Beach in the house... yeah. Oaktown; Oakland definitely in the house..., 'Frisco

Hey, you know LA up in this, where you at? Yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood always up to no good

Even trying to get a piece, baby

Sacramento, Sacramento, where you at? Yeah

Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up, I can't see you

Tupac - Picture Me Rollin' Lyrics

Yeah, clear enough for ya? Yeah
Why niggaz look mad?
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free
Y'all niggaz look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail, hoe bustaz

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggaz, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
Know there's dope bein sold, but I ain't the one sellin'

Don't want to be another number
I got a fuckin' gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead, niggaz put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottwillers by me bed, I feed 'em lead

Now I'm released, how will I live? Will God forgive me
For all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggaz shootin' at your crib

Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just scheamin' on ways
To put some green inside the palms of my empty hands

Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands is swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin', picture me rollin'

Can you see me now?
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a clear picture
Can you see it? Pictue me rollin'
Yeah nigga, ay but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?

I got ki's, comin' from overseas
Cost a nigga two hundred G's
I'm a street comando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle

So I got to floss 'cause I'm more like a boss playa
Thug, branded to be a women layer
So many playa haters, imitaters steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'

So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' forty glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Re-mi

In front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
Ninety-six big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine, picture me rollin'

Picture, picture me, picture me rollin'
Rollin', picture me rollin'
Wheelin', picture me rollin' in
Picture me, yeah yeah

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
'Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some baldin'-ass niggaz and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots, checkin' in the park, 'Pac

We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggaz creepin?
This how we do it every weekend
I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit
CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it
I get the liquor, and you could get the females
This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales

Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my nine
Now, I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hog and this 'Pac nigga, picture us rollin'

Rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'

Is y'all ready for me? Picture me rollin' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list, Clinton Correctional Facilities

All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggaz see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass
Picture me rollin', baby

Yeah, all them niggaz up in them cell blocks

I told y'all niggaz when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot, the D.A.

Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'

And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day

You can't stop me
You know I got my niggaz up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, [Incomprehensible], Mopreme
[Incomprehensible]
Can you picture us rollin'? Can you see me hoe?

Is y'all ready for me? We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Tupac - How Long Will They Mourn Me? Lyrics

How long will they mourn me?
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato
It's still on, nigga
We even got the thug life, thugs for life
Ha ha, how long will they mourn me?
Yeah nigga
2Pac in this muthafucka

All my homies drinking liquor
Tears in everybody's eyes
Niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide
But I can't cry, instead I'm just a shoulder
Damn, why they take another soldier
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry
I'll get them suckas back before your buried, shit
Retaliate and pull a 187
Do real niggas get to go to Heaven ?

How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin' G
Bitch don't wanna die, then don't fuck with me
It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make amends
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin' friends, damn
They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm

How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)
How long will they mourn me?
(Incomprehensible)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg)
How long will they mourn me?
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on)
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Yo Syke)

How long will they mourn me? Every muthafuckin' day homie
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know me
From my heart to the trigga, you my fuckin' nigga
And things won't be the same without you nigga
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack

Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'

Tell me Lord, why You take Big Kato ?
So confused not knowing which way to go
I'm goin' crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind
So day after day, ride after ride
We'll hook up on the other side
Watch over your family and your newborn
Till we meet again homie

How long will they mourn me ?
I wish it would have been another
(Yo Kato)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(It's still on nigga)
How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
(Yeah)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad
I'm tired of putting in work
I'm tired of cryin' while watching my homies leave the earth
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt
And my peoples'll be mournin'
When they get a call from the coroner

All niggas can say is that's fucked up
And get tossed up, reminiscing how we grew up
(My nigga)
Rest and love to my nigga Kato
See you in the crossroads real soon
For now let me pour out some brew
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie
Rest in peace, how long will they mourn me ?

Ya know life's a fuckin' trip
And everybody gotta go
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome
It's enough to make you crazy
It's fuckin' with my dome

Ya only live once on this earth
A nigga had it bad, since the day
Of my motherfuckin' birth

But niggas say they down
And they always be my homie
But when a nigga gone

How long will you mourn me? Yeah
I wish it would have been another
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)
How long will you mourn me?
I wish it would have been another

Tupac - Toss It Up Lyrics

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin' Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin' through right now, Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversatin', we relaxin', kickin' back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that

Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin' in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the Thug in me

I mean no disrespectin' when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot

And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin' back-breakin' when we're tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down
When nobody's around, slip slide ride, givin' me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up, baby let's, get it on

I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy

Your body hypnotizing
Your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
So I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on

Ohh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady
Ohh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl, you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling

Now the man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titling delight-ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
And I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
Well, I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screamin' Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the burbs

Mob on to this new era, 'cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin' you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust, only time reveals, toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

Tellin' lies, who? Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touchin' us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy
It's on, toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat
'Cause you wasn't rockin' it right
Tired of suckers rockin' it, toss it up, is how we did it
Yeah, toss it up now

Tupac - Dear Mama Lyrics

You are appreciated

[Verse One: 2Pac]

When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school; and scared to go home, I was a fool
with the big boys, breakin all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister
Over the years we was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddy's, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminice on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary?
Heeey! I see the penitentiary, one day
And runnin from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
for a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it
There's no way I can pay you back
But the plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" w/ 2Pac]

Lady...
Don't cha know we love ya? Sweet lady
Dear mama
Place no one above ya, sweet lady
You are appreciated
Don't cha know we love ya?

[second and third chorus, "And dear mama" instead of "Dear mama"]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was lookin for a father he was gone
I hung around with the Thugs, and even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin
I needed money of my own so I started slangin
I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell rocks
It feels good puttin money in your mailbox
I love payin rent when the rent's due
I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
Cause when I was low you was there for me
And never left me alone because you cared for me
And I could see you comin home after work late
You're in the kitchen tryin to fix us a hot plate
Ya just workin with the scraps you was given
And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're tryin to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Pour out some liquor and I reminsce, cause through the drama
I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act craaazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate, how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

Sweet lady
And dear mama

Tupac - All About U* Lyrics

Ah yeah, yeah, it's all 'bout u, one time
I'ma say it's all 'bout u baby, yeah
Ha ha, for the bitches that think it's all 'bout u
It's all 'bout u

This Dru Down in the house, with my boy 'Pizznac
You know what I'm sayin'? It's all 'bout u
Yeah I'm gon' say it's all 'bout u
But you know I'm lyin' though, hah, yeah

You probably crooked as the last trick, want it light
But how I got my ass caught up with this bad bitch
Thinkin' I had her but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one, uh

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin' with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it
Well baby if you got it better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla but you tell me you taken
Sayin' you ain't impressed, with the money I'm makin'
Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's Hell for a black, celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you widdit
Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?
Addicted to the things you do, but still true
What I'm sayin' boo, is this is all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(Yeah nigga, ha ha ha ha)

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me I'm a thug nigga, I only hung out
With the criminals and the drug dealers, I love niggaz

'Cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick, the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa, and I don't even care
Creep though, weed smoke's into the air

Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggaz at the end, of every show
I just seen you in my friends video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go

Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all 'bout u ha ha ha, yeah nigga
It's all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty hoe

You think it's all 'bout u? Well boo
I gets Down like Dru and my nasty new niggaz, too
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff

When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch from the West Coast to West Virginia

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(I'm tellin' ya it's the same ol' shit)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(I mean)

Goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch, who was in
My homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy Tupac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video
You know what I'm sayin'?

And then you know what I'm sayin'?
What make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in, the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look, everywhere I go
I see the same hoe, don't get mad, I'm only bein' real
Yeah

Tupac - To Live And Die In L.A.* Lyrics

(feat. Val Young)

[Dominique] Street Science, you're on the air [static]
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? [static]
[Man responds] I love Tupac's new record [static]
[Dominique]
Right, but don't you feel like that creates [static]
a tension between East and West? [static]
He's talking about killing people [static]
I had sex with your wife and not in those words [static]
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased [static]

[Intro: Makaveli]
No doubt... to live and die in LA
California -- what you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun and everybody got love

[Verse One: Makaveli]
To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasing
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted about it
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson
Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain ain't an option now,
So I'm stressing, cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writing again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset liking the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

[Chorus: Val Young]
To live and die in LA, it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody wanna see
[repeat 2X]

[Verse Two: Makaveli]
It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central LA, can't get no stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry
'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now

Living life Thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches, ha ha ha
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love woman
'cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
To live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Makaveli]
'cause would it be LA without Mexicans?
Black love brown pride and the sets again
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?
Niggas getting shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Makaveli]
This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit
Making my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum, he he
This go out to all the magazines that supported me
All the real motherfuckers
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all you all motherfuckers
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two
Without gay ass Dre

Tupac - Heartz Of Men* Lyrics

Ahh, Suge what did I tell you nigga
When I come out of jail what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas chest, right
Watch this, hey Quik let me see them binoculars, nigga
Them binoculars

Ha ha ha ha, yah nigga time to ride
Grab your bullet proof vest nigga
Cause its gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik gonna tell you niggas
How its like on this side
The real side
Now on this ride its gonna be some real mutha-fuckas
And there is gonna be some pussys
Now the real niggas are gonna be the ones with
Money and bitches
The pussys are gonna be the niggas
On the floor bleeding
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize
Cause the ride gets tricky
See you got some niggas on your side
That say they your friends But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some mutha-fuckas that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See the enemies say the truth
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
Its a dirty game y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with
And who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 Its a emergency cowards tried to murder me
From the hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar and cowards die
My mama told me When I was to see
Just a vicious mutha fucker while these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver when I deliver
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit thats what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a south paw you gettin left
And every breath I breathe untill the moment I'm deceased

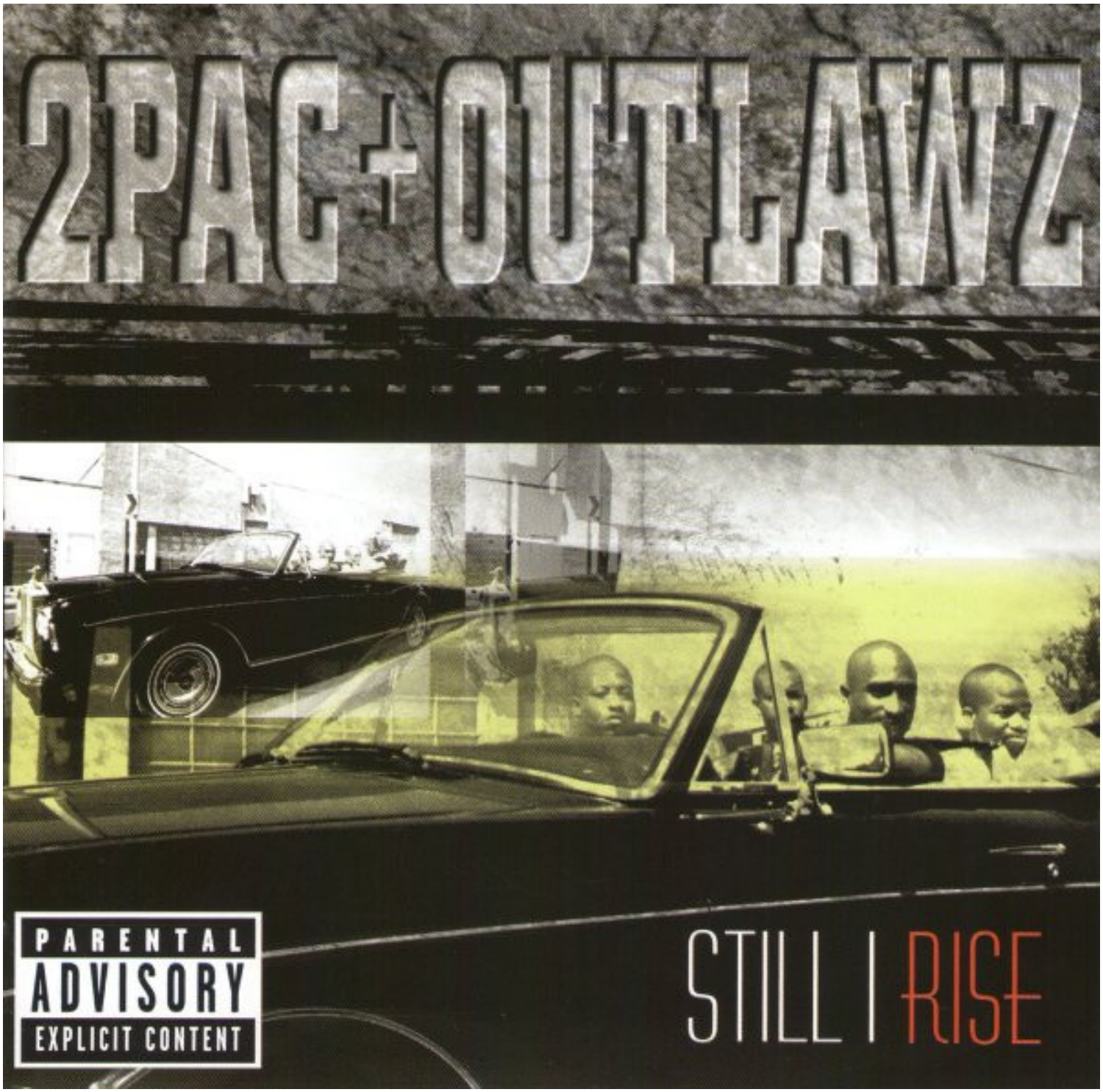
Will be another moment ballin' as a G
I rip the crowd then I start again
Internally I live in sin untill the moment
That they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The Heartz of Men

My lyrical verge with so much pain that
To some niggas it hurts My guns bust
And if you ain't one of us it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll and fly mode
I'm an homicidal outlaw and five-o get your lights on
Fight long, tonights gonna be a fucking fight so we might roll
My own homies saying I'm heart less
But I'm a G to this 'til the day I'm gone thats regardless
Drive-by and niggas bow down
I thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well niggas out now
Throw up your hands if your thugged out
First nigga act up first nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villian if yah let me
I'll Mutha fuck yah if yah too upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Start again, don't have no mutha fuckin' friends nigga
Look inside the heartz of men

In The Heartz of Men
In The Heartz of Men

To all me niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a Don
If niggas is having problems smoke fire and bomb them
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if its a game of crack
Thugishness is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing scar'd up but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uhh, can it be fate that makes a sick mutha fucka break
On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and fake
What will it take?
Give me that bass line I'm feeling bombed
Deathrow baby don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga beat and let me start again
Represent cause I've been sent
The heartz of men


2PAC + OUTLAWZ
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
STILL I RISE

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]
Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?
I'm writin' you because
Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood
Pretty much the same way
Right around the time when you got elected…
Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected… they ain't came true
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)
Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on… holla!
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops…)

[2Pac:]
Why should I lie when I can dramatize?
Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized
Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches
Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches
Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss
Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'
Fuck the friendships, I ride alone
Destination: Death Row – finally found a home
Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us
Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home
Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?
Figure if we high they can train us
But then America fucked up and blamed us
I guess it's cause we black that we targets
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit
In case you don't know I let my pump go
Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable
Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out
Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless
And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship
[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work
On a mission, listen *[?]* with precision
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better
But you keep tellin' us that it is
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro:]
Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up…

[2Pac:]
Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]
Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)… it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in these here streets
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace
But we can't find peace
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)
Shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)
Police beatin' me in the streets… fuck peace!
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]
Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us
I know, try to make the best of bad situations
Seems to be my life's story
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain
And can't nobody live this life for me
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]
Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'
I started as a seed, the semen
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop
From a single drop, this is what they got
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me
Stranded on welfare, another broken family
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine
No sunny days and we only play sometimes
When everybody's sleepin'
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessey'll keep me keyed, nigga
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"
I was born not to make it, but I did
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

[Yaki Kadafi]
I stay sharp as always
Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse
But now my dreams, it seems though
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

[Napoleon]
Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

[Young Noble]
Dreams of lost hope
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

[Yaki Kadafi]
In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice
I send my missiles through your mattress
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'
Leavin' your spleen to pick up
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker
And still I rise, and still I rise…

[Ta'He]
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew
Your mouth is rich
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to ice_dursu, JG for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Secretz Of War"

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[E.D.I. Amin:]
War time, war time, it's either yours or mine
Outlawz be on the grind and a mission to shine
And ride on 'em, leave 'em stuck and fucked from the gate
Set it straight, regulate, with a bomb I'm about to detonate
Boom! Hesitate? Aww, now you know what
Ya'll niggas were here to go if you know it was good for ya
Bunch of toy soldiers all dressed in fatigue
But I'm E.D.I. Amin on a mission to make 'em bleed
Nigga what? Nigga who? It was cool? And at you?
What the fuck is you gonna do? Barbecue and boo-hoo
Ride or die, get money, all at the same time
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time
Any nigga slippin', fall at the same time
We all links in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time
We all see the sunshine, but when you could do yours
We'll bring these motherfuckers war

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac:]
As I approach the scene
From smokin' green got my eyes closed
Niggas so cold on my foes, I make 'em die froze
Watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord, help me with it
Got me paintin' pictures of a meal ticket, help me get it
See me and pray for options, but the pressures nonstop
Niggas get the pistol poppin' and watch his body drop
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set, flash on
Blast on them bitch-made niggas with my mask on
Do it for profit, plus I'm lookin' for punks to bust on
If you ain't screamin' "Westside!" you can get the fuck on
I'm seein' demons, hittin' weed, got me hearin' screamin'
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope fiend
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it
Niggas pass the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor
Got some shit that they ain't ready for: I got the secrets of war

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Yaki Kadafi:]
We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, stick 'em
Down with no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his motherfuckin' head off
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me
These streets is black hockey and raw, we get sloppy
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar, locked in the slammer, while I'm laid cocked back like a hammer
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times 'bout up, y'all
That means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce stuck
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gon' do?

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Young Noble:]
Check the murder rate percentage, niggas is finished
Get blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is in us
Flowin' through my system, you a victim
Blunts, I twist 'em. Fuck the whole world, it's us against them
You got some heat? Pull it out, cock the hammer if you with it
Don't make no difference here with the 25-to-life sentence
We already doin' life on the streets
Like Al G., niggas be heated when they walkin' the beat
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggas hate me
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggas like Rodney
Turn a killer like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Man it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac (E.D.I.):]
(Bring it on), and all you lil' young ass soldiers
You play this shit back about 15 times (talk about it)
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin' (e'ry body tough)
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin'
You know what I mean? Secrets of muthafuckin' war…

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Baby Don't Cry (Keep Ya Head Up II)"

(feat. H.E.A.T.)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
I feel you (uh), baby don't
But you can't, you can't give up
H.E.A.T., 2Pac with Outlawz!

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (Outlawz)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (Keep ya head up)

[2Pac:]
Now here's a story 'bout a woman with dreams
So picture perfect at 13, an ebony queen
Beneath the surface it was more than just a crooked smile
Nobody knew about her secret so it took a while
I could see a tear fall slow down her black cheek
Sheddin' quiet tears in the back seat; so when she asked me
"What would you do if it was you?"

Couldn't answer such a horrible pain to live through
I tried to trade places in the tragedy
I couldn't picture three crazed niggas grabbin' me
For just a moment I was trapped in the pain
Lord, come and take me
Four niggas violated, they chased and they raped me
Even though it wasn't me, I could feel the grief
Thinkin' with your brains blown that would make the pain go
No! You got to find a way to survive
'Cause they win when your soul dies

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
Baby please don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got yo' head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry…

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Forget him, girl, he ain't gon' never change
I ain't no hater but that nigga lost in the game
After the bright lights and big thangs
He probably could love you, but he in love with the struggle
Everyday, his mind on gettin' mo'
And never your feelings, he's chasin' millions for sho'

Uh oh, now you 'bout to have his baby?
Another wild-ass nigga that's gon' drive you crazy
You got too much mo' livin' to do – I'm spittin' this to you
'Cause you deserve more than what he givin' to you
Beautiful, black, precious, and complicated
A new millennium dime piece, so fine she
Got 'em all stuck standin' still when she come through
Baby, take a little mo' time, love'll find you
And sho' as the sky's blue somebody other than me
Gon' give you everythin' you need, feel me? (Don't cry-ah…)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (you'll be alright)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no... oh)
Baby don't cry…

[Young Noble:]
I'm tryin' to do all that I can
From jump, now you losin', you was choosin' the wrong man
Dealt the wrong hand, you was young and beautiful
Lost and turned out, what you let that nigga do to you?
I knew her since elementary, she blew a kiss to me
Wrote me a note in crayon, wantin' to get with me
We was kids, now she got three kids
They see their father e'ryday, and they don't know who he is
Seen him last night, homie roll a E-class
Mad cheese in the stash, still a deadbeat dad
I bring her Pampers and food, just to stop through
But those ain't my seeds, nothin' really I could do
I feel pity for you, you ain't even his wife
Seventeen with three kids, locked down for life
Should've chose me, she 'bout to OD from the pressure
Hell nah, I won't let her (BABY..)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)

Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no.. oh)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry!
(you'll be right)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry

[E.D.I. Amin:]
For all the ladies (Soulshock, Karlin)
Baby don't cry! Got to keep your head up
(Keep your head up)
Makaveli lives on (head up) aight?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to ashley for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"As The World Turns"

[2Pac:]
As the world turns…
As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow
And get dough and roll and ride
Niggas die and mommas cry
Niggas got alibis and suicides and homicides
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change
And niggas fame, as the world turns…

[2Pac:]
Though I walk through the valley of Hell the shadow follows me. Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow, expect apologies
You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted
And still stranded. Merciless thieves stole the best of me
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me
And still, the best of us build and reach monetary gains
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change
If we search deeper
God bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper
Enemies get beside me, flows go deep as Poseidon
When we ride, plots keep all my enemies blinded
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years
Outshinin' your fake smiles, plastic tears
Like last year, niggas stuck in the past, and it's clear
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year
Makaveli for the mob, M.O.B
Killin' busters is my motherfuckin' job, him or me
Lyrically fatally driven, niggas reported missin'
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns…

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns, and steady turnin'
(Turns, turns, turns, turns and turns
My niggas grow and grow and grow
And gettin' dough and dough and dough
From this state to that state
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

[Young Noble:]
As the world turn, burnin' paths, starin' through my rearview
It's a war goin' on, and the President is here too
I hear 2Pac sayin', "Watch 'em, they'll kill you."
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin' like he feel you
Steady plottin', ready or not; Outlawz lost but not forgotten
From Gittere to Compton, a spitter of the hotness
Long time, since like six I ain't never been rich
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlaw!

[Napoleon:]
Another lonely nigga with a 12-gauge pump, with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks!
Road rules, I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt
I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf
I ride or die for Makaveli, the legendary war thug nigga
Kadafi better unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga
Out of the buildin', we street children with no souls
Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on
We serve 'em, like 'Pac told us to, catch 'em wreck with the TEC
Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to
Napoleon: the front line soldier, front times over
Rider for the mighty dollar, rather drunk than sober
Nigga talkin' thug walkin' all through yo' squad
Y'all niggas scared by a dog, I got my 44 for y'all
It's like a hot-heated day, homie
Warfare, don't play, homie, better be prepared
Then try to duck away from these strays, homie
Worlds turn, things burn, all in one shot. Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got, as the world turns…

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
(And my niggas roll and ride, hahaha)
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
(Niggas gettin' swoll out, and it don't stop and it don't quit
That real shit!) (real shit)
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
(How many you niggas try for this?)
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns (as the world turns)
(Murderin' methods.. haha, OUTLAW!)

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Only haters caught feelings when my homie caught millions
And acquired the desired status of boss livin'
We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish
Payin' our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us
Fellas – mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now
Two worlds collidin', armies ridin', soldiers gone wild
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth
I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces
Now, as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn
The cost of my sins too much, nothin' left to earn

[Kadafi:]
October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage
Married my MAC-11 hit the block playin'
Only five years up in this bitch, papa runnin' from the feds
Puttin' peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints
Me on my own, not yet grown, but only man of the home
To protect my zone in these streets I roam
Dough on d-low, downin' straight shots of Cristal Brothers
100 dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth
I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state
Got the drop on the spot, movin' pounds of weight
Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn
For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

[Overlapped — Darryl 'Big D' Harper:]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns…
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round

[2Pac & Napolean:]
Hahaha… as the world turns…
And turns and turns and turns… haha. This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle
Hopin' to bubble, keep on hustlin', as the world turns
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go, friends come and go… my soldiers stay eternal
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us
When you need us, as the world turns
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah
Niggas gettin chin checked
From the East to the West, best to wear a vest
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you!
As the world turns… Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us
Camillion, wanna make a million
Haha legit, as the world turns, haha… burn, baby, burn

(A lot of niggas get burned as the world turns
A lot of niggas gettin' burned as the world turns
Gettin' burned as the world turns)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?
You can be Christian
Straight tatted up
(Straight Jehovah witness)
No doubt
(Islamic)
No doubt man
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.
What?

[Kadafi:]
I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies
Brainstorm on the beginnin'
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written
What is religion?
God's words or a curse like crack?
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]
Who's got the heart to stand beside me?
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]
Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth
We make music for eternity, forever the truth
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us
Ride or die, for life they sentence us
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets
History repeats itself, nuttin new
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]
Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell
Trapped, black, scarred and barred
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
It's hard, it's hard
We need help out here
So we searchin' for Black Jesus
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through
Somebody that understand our pain
You know maybe not too perfect, you know
Somebody that hurt like we hurt
Somebody that smoke like we smoke
Drink like we drink
That understand where we comin' from
That's who we pray to
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Homeboyz"

[2Pac:]
Oh shit, caught that nigga alone. Ain't that a bitch?
Hey, uh, this one here is, uh for them niggas that be Johnny Dangerous when they be fuckin' 50 deep
But they be fuckin' cowards when they by theyselves
You know who I'm talkin' about
You know who I'm talkin' about, that's right
You ain't shit without your homeboys
You ain't shit without your homeboys
You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]
Now, everytime I see you cats is rollin' in packs
For the life of me I cannot see why you don't know how to act
Love to clown when you deep, but when you on that solo creep out on the streets you don't hear a peep
Nigga, it's a God damn shame, somebody explain
Why they sent a Bad Boy to play a grown man's game?
Tear that ass out the frame, completely get that ass kicked
Woke up on the street, but you'll be sleepin' in the casket
How long will it last? Nigga, don't ask, just be first to blast
Outlaw on the mash, tryin' to be the first to see some cash
My shit's classic, like my nigga Nate
Go get the tape, we keep the nation anticipatin' until we break
Money made me evil, court cases got me stressed
Niggas aimin' at my head, but I still wear my vest
I don't give a fuck, motherfuckers, I'm loc
They all duckin' when my gun smoke
You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]
You probably run at the sound of funk
I give a fuck, you niggas is punks
Without your homeboys you be the first to reach in your trunk
You scary niggas is punks
You ain't shit without your homeboys, nigga
(Punk ass.. that's right motherfucker)
You ain't shit without your homeboys
(Throw your hands up you little trick)
(a squared.. coward motherfucker)

[Young Noble:]
Like Yak said, how the fuck you gonna shoot me rocks?
When you got the Outlaw Pac shittin' your box
You was lookin' real weak walkin' down the street
Now a nigga 30 deep, oh, you wanna beef?
Talk cheap, shoot a nigga the fair one
Your homies like fuck it – what's this? You the only scared one
Damn, son, close call I bet
Now down around the way you gets no respect
They like that Outlaw nigga played you out
We could have took it to the fists, I would have laid you out

Niggas be actin' all different when they dogs come around
Watch 'em act like bitches when Outlawz draw down
They all clown, better yet they all stunned
You the type to have a gun and never blazed it once
Get y'all banana split, you ain't Emmanuel
Outlawz you'll never forget, Makaveli the Don get a call y'all
Turnin these streets into Vietnam
Where your homeboys?

[2Pac:]
You ain't shit without your homeboys
My thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers (without your homboys)
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death, we ain't shit without our homeboys
(You know what time it is)
I ain't shit without my homeboys
(Hey, tell 'em the story how you came up, nigga)

[2Pac:]
Now, I was born alone, took my first joint and I got high alone
Now I'm an Outlaw nigga, I never die alone
Me and my niggas is so close, it's complicated
One nigga smokin' and drinkin', and yet we all faded
My nigga Edi had a son, we all happy
Cause now that little ridah got to deal with eight daddies
My niggas cry, we all cry, and all ride
To rectify the problem, motherfuckers, they all die
Been tryin' to make a million by hustlin since my adolescence
From crack dealin' to rap villain, my new profession
Who wanna see me at eight deep, fuck 3D
You coward ass motherfuckers'll never see me
Bustin' with automatic straps, my raw raps like good crack
Niggas fiendin', I got 'em comin' back. Until I die, they label me as a ridah forever, my niggas be together

Ain't shit without your homeboys
Thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers
Without your homeboys
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys
(without our homeboys)
Love my niggas to death
I ain't shit without our homeboys
Love you niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]
Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery
Watchin' over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past in vain
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no
I got mine, fuck them other suckas
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadafi:]
Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]
Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]
Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]
No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blowed out
High watch me murder the bird before he testify
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens
Drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I’m the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary, aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]
High speed
For all my niggas livin' in the rush
Slow it down just a notch baby
It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]
Life at high speed, life at high speed
Fuck the punishment, Thai weed
(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]
I live life High Speed
Slightly disillusioned by weed
I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me
When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly
Harm me, my army
Niggas decease swiftly
Look at you now, why you wanna act out?
I pull the hammer back
Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out
They blast but I'm still standin'
Slightly scarred
Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"
So, though my life was hard with no remorse
I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss
Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless
Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless
And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels
We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules
Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent
Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?
Then they wonder why niggas die
Put your family in danger, just to get high
Now, what the hell can we get from jail?
More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell
Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse
Open your safe count and take all the mail out
Whatever happens happens
Whoever falls dies
We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride
In times like these, chronic or Thai weed
Puffin' through this high speed
And people say...

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic
No need to push me to split ya
I love beef, like pussy and pistols
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind
Rapid shots pourin'
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'
Kickin' his door in
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me
Frontin' like you're hard
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[E.D.I. Amin:]
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger
No stranger to hard times or the good ones
At times I'm amazed
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done
What we do to get paid
All day, for the almighty, dollar
Don't even bother to holla
We all destined to be swallowed
By the same thing we lust for
Threw away our morals and values and dust more
Niggas is dying tomorrow
We, bailing on borrowed times
Nigga the clocks tickin'
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days
Now my people say

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]
High speeds (we goin' all night)
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From Compton to Jersey
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Gettin' it real hard
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From St. Louis to Alabama
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego
Seattle to Florida
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
Maine to Mass, haha
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
High speeds
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Learn about it
Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"The Good Die Young"

[2Pac:]
These some hard times we livin' in
Churches burnin', planes fallin' from the sky
Murder, the good die young
Hahaha, the good definitely die young
This is a lil' somethin'
To help you get through the day
If it could

[2Pac:]
It was more than a tragedy, emotions be grabbin' me
Plane fell from the sky, we tryna figure what happened
Burnin' churches, fearin' God, who can be so cruel
We all ignorant to AIDS 'til it happens to you
Just be a man, make plans, listen to your voice
A woman's tryin' to make decisions, we should leave them a choice
Cause who we to say who lives and die, breathes and stops
All this judgement on other lives needs to stop
What are we livin' for, givin' more back than takin'
On my knees still waitin' for my own salvation
Now I feel abandoned cause Pat Buchanan say I'm greedy
You can take my taxes, send me to war but can't feed me
It's so easy to regret thangs after they done
Babies catchin' murder cases scared to laugh in the Sun
The tragedies that we all need, love in doses
In times like these we feel closest the good die young

Does anybody have an answer why
(it times like these we feel closest)
It seems the good die young (the good die young)
Can anybody tell me why
(rest in peace, god bless the dead, and we carry on huh)
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)
Does anybody have an answer why (I ain't Quincy Jones)
It seems the good die young
(the good die young)
Does anybody tell me why
(Now we hear from the future, the next generation, tell me)
Does anybody tell me why

[Napolean:]
Now in my world will it get worse
When I been trapped since birth
But I had to sleep in a hearse, cause it was my bed first
My grands probably burnin' turnin' in they grave
Some folks ain't even get to see a high age
But they did, so I ain't afraid
And this money got me feelin' like a star
And this murder got me feelin' like my death ain't far

And the land of stolen cars, don't get no better
Don't get no weaker or no harder
I was raised in a rush without my moms and my, father
So tell me somethin'
If I grab my gat and get the dumpin'
Would God get to lookin' at me funny uhaha
Rest in peace to my mother Aquillah Beale
Rest in peace to my father Salek Beale
Rest in peace to my grandparents
And thug in peace to my brother Seike
You know I love you

[Young Noble:]
Which is worst, first Storm and then Al
Pac and then Yak
Regrey Brown
Coulda' sworn I seen ya face in a cloud
Family grievin' on your last breath
Close to the heart whether you know it or not
I swear the love won't stop
Jewel, that's my boo, Mom, Duke and Nu
From jump you kept it true
Helped to feed the crew
The good die young
Livin' fast jumpin' the gun
Mama blamin' the community for killin' her son
My cousin Darren wasn't scared of goin'
But never knowin' he was dyin' slower
I guess I see ya when I see ya soulja

Does anybody have an answer why (answer why)
It seems the good die young
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why!)
Can anybody tell me why

[Kastro:]
I know my life ain't promised
That's why the wise move in silence
Analyze these scandalous times
It's hard dogg but we managed
Schools turn to war zones
Even homes unsafe
Leavin' children to play caged and raged they hate
How come!, someone explain "why the good die young"
Why the bad die slow and outlive everyone
It's time somethin' is done
For our young kids
They growin' hopeless
That ain't the way to live
Tell me why

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Days go past and as they pass, time move, quicker
No time for wastin', put your hustle down my young dealers
Cause the end is nearer
But at least that's what they tellin' me

Hell, all I know brothers ain't ridin' 4-3 felony's
It's time to plan, plot, and strategize
Capitalize, mobilize
We in the war y'all
It's for all y'all
My family to the ones that stand me
Little bit mo' love is what's recommended
Yeah, and it's plain to see (plain to see)
The seeds from you and me
Gon' be the ones to lead us towards unity
That's if we treat them right
Man, teach them right
Raise your kids better than you was
And see what it does
But if you don't
Man, we sure to be dumb
And we'll all see exactly why the goods die young
(We ain't lyin' man)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)
It seems the good die young (tell me why)
Can anybody tell me why
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)
Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)
It seems the good die young (die young)
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why)
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)

[2Pac:]
I send this out for all my homeboys that passed away
And all yo' homeboys that passed away
I send this out to all the former fallen soldiers
That's in the cemeteries buried
Never got to see they dreams
For everything I touch you touch
For every step I take you take
For every breath I breathe you breathe
Every dollar I make you make
I told you we'd make it to the sunshine one day
You just got there a little quicker
But like my homeboys Thugs say
I'll catch ya at the crossroads
The good die young

This song is dedicated to all them
Young kids that died innocent
That died young
At Columbine High
Rest in Peace (Oklahoma)
Outlawz
(Lil' yummy Sandifer
Tasha Harlins, all them
All the fallen kids
The dead babies

The closed caskets)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Young Val

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminati"

[2Pac:]
Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand…

[2Pac:]
Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon
Heard it in whispered tones
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy
So sick the world made me
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati…

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]
After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'
Participated in felonious behavior
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
Killuminati
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[E.D.I. Amin:]
I spend most of my time bankin', niggas
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

[Kadafi:]
They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate
Tryin' to keep that money straight
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!

(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?
You know what type of shit we be
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!
It don't get no realer than this
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?
My niggas, we all bad
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?
What's my muh'fuckin name?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Repeat! Death Row at it's finest
Nigga, you know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)… Outlawz…

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Teardrops And Closed Caskets"

(feat. Val Young)

(hahhh, hahaha) Hehehe, word
It's like all we got left – teardrops and closed caskets
(Throw it up, fool! Hey, nigga, haha)
Tell me how you feel, homie

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
(Yeah, it took a week to go down)
You recollects and see how crazy it sounds
The whole town's on a mission, adolescents (Penitentiary bound)
(Now introducin' Young Trigga)
Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger
Just another wild-ass nigga
(But he was fiendin' for Precious) WHAT?
(But Precious was a ghetto girl)
Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus
(But Lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers)
Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggas catchin' vapors
Got his man from around the corner (we call him Lil' Mo)
(Been in so many reform schools they had to let him go)
(Here's where the plot thickens)
They got a plot to make a profit with they Glocks spittin'
(They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin')
(Somebody's gonna die tonight)
Still no one's knowin' so they kept goin'
Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars
(Will they survive? Two semi-automatic 9's)
(them niggas died)
(Plus nobody in the hood cries)
(It's like they celebrate to death and wish they could die)
So peep the lesson, but wait a minute, back to Precious
She's snortin' dope in the back seat of Trigg's Lexus
Teardrops and closed caskets

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)..
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
(Don't let these ghetto streets get you), Precious
(was the victim, from a dime to a nickel)
Hopping God's blessings stick with ya
Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger
Familiar face, but a man now, it's Lil' Trigga
Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest
Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets
(All he wanted was to be a thug)

(Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love)
(Here's where it gets ya)
Now Precious is pregnant, Lil' Trigga is happy
He wants to marry her now (not knowin' he ain't the daddy)
But Precious was lonely, while Lil' Trigga was makin' dough
(She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo)
The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'
Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'
(Hand in hand, couldn't understand)
How his baby's mama could disappear with another man (and his best friend)
Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me
Then watch the way that this story ends and maybe you'll see
There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'
Just the smoke from the cap peelin', a man with no feelings
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(Bury you dead and look ahead)
(a man with no feelings)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Outlawz:]
Now with the problems of poverty and the tricks to these tales
How many people'll die? How many'll live to tell?
Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo
They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know
Behind the curtains their privacy lust is already laid down
The results is the same with different names and it turns out

[2Pac:]
Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town
Lil' Trigg got his nose wide open on this one trick
Now he's played out

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
Think it's Lil' Mo (was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger)
(Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga)
All the while let's look at Precious, too dumb to see what's goin' down (too doped up to ask questions)
Used to be comrades (but now we blast on sight)
What could be so bad? (God, will we last tonight?)
From misdemeanors to felonies, small-time to sellin' ki's
I can't believe the shit they tellin' me
They opened fire, three bodies dropped, so call the cops
(Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg – teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

[2Pac:]
Aye, QDIII in this motherfucker
We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades (that's right)
All the homies that didn't make it to see this day
(rest in peace)
Yaknahmean? I know it's hard out there, heheh
With teardrops and closed caskets
It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days
Murders, brothers dyin', funerals
Shit, it's like I done ran out of suits, homie
I done ran out of tears
Know we gon' have to do something y'all
We gon' have to do something
'Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seeing the same thing (rest in peace)
I send this out to Mutulu and Geronimo
And to all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers
(to the homie Boonie, rest in peace, nigga)
All the homies that fell, all the homies
May God bless your families
May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart
In a thug nigga's heart forever (that's right)
Rest in peace, nigga
May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]
Live back at 'cha Westside baby
Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now
You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that
Rhyming and stealing, selling five million
(Outlaw... ninety-nine)
Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me
(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)
That's how it is
Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission
(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)
Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay
(Outlaw - Outlaw)
Blast me? It could never happen
At least not while I'm walking and rapping
Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me
(Throw ya hands up, hands up)
They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click
(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy
Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me
I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes
My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through
But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll
Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets
Even on the other side brothers die, but ride
Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide
Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties
I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically
How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece
I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat
I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind
Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making
Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through
To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]
I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handle stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends
Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me
Blast for me, the task after me
For a few years shedding tattooed tears
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family
We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time
Outlawz locked down for some past crimes
Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller
Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]
Nigga it's like this
I been thuggin just for the cause of it
Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit
And it's all for the pressure
That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser
Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya
Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson
Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing
Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by
Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye
Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die
So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life
For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[Kadafi:]
Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime
My enemies want me squeezed
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees
Please beware we thugs revolution size
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]
Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne
As I lay here gatted down and tatted
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears
Come on...

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Fula Yafeu A, Ayers Roy

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"U Can Be Touched"

[Napoleon talking:]
Life… What the fuck is life for niggas like us?
Been wakin' up to another muthafuckin' day
I'm the type of soldier
A nigga that seen everything in my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my parents get killed to my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my brother kill himself in my eyes
I seen 'Pac, Yak die in the struggle in my eyes
So I know anybody can be touched, you know what I mean?

[Napoleon:]
Oh God, forgive me, somebody please say a prayer for me
Needed my parents, but they was never there for me
Believe in everything they feed me, I'm seein' demons
I wake up screamin', who believe me or was I dreamin'?
Five fingers on the .45 chrome
Dead aim at my brain, infrared with no lights on
I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this
I'm livin' blind, writin' rhymes 'til they capture this
And if we die, let the world understand why
Soldier my eyes, hate to see a young thug cry
They seein' us inside a casket, that's how they see us
Oh God, forgive us ghetto bastards, we human beings
They leavin' us inside this hell-hole
Just waitin' to fail, so then they tell us that's what jail fo'
Adolescent young teens turned violent
It's floatin', in a world turned silent, cuz you could be touched

[2Pac:]
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[E.D.I.:]
I live life high speed, movin' a million miles per hour
Towards my destiny, makin' decisions carelessly
Yeah, it's me, yo' nigga man child
Bomb first, stand proud, ain't lookin' for hand-outs
25 years up in this bitch
And I'll be damned if I ain't leavin' rich and leave my kids a grip
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit, you can be touched
I catch you slippin' while I'm on a money mission
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock
Try to get more so my shit don't flock
I lick off shots for everything they owe me

And when it's my time to go I pray the Lord hold me

[Kastro:]
I was born in the city that never sleeps
Schooled by the realest of the real niggas that ever breathed
And I was big when I was young
And now I see that I was dumb
My nigga, Lonnie just got hit with 10
10 years for trustin' a friend, they left him stuck in the Pen'
I love him, we all here just to die here
Plus, nobody cares what got here
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored
Touched, by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Y'all praise the thug ways, so forever it's on, baby

[2Pac:]
My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[Young Noble:]
Why grieve this life, planted by the fiends and pipes?
Green lights so I'm seein'-seein' everything twice
Pretty much of nothin' nice, we suckin' it up
Even when we get a job, we fuckin' it up
Like it can't happen to us, I could never be a bum
Yeah, right, you wound up one
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep livin' it up
Look and learn, next it could be your turn… word

[Kadafi:]
Yes, this a felonies' hobby that got me here, thinkin' robbery
Day to day all year long, Teflon protects my body
It's such unimportant in this criminal cartel
I'm caught and supportin' me
So in these streets of hockey I play the goalie
Secrets of war licks, and score shit
Share between clients and homies
Remember what Pacino told me
Before he past, watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely
And I'm point like a thong, and it's survival of the strong
Livin' outside the laws of this crooked world I was born
Touched…

[2Pac:]
My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): J. Jackson, M. Beale, Y. Fula, K. Cox, M. Greenidge, R. Cooper, B. Washington

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Y'all Don't Know Us"

[Young Noble:]
Yo, I can see, that you obviously, don't know me
Or my homies We O-U-T Lawz, fuck the phonies
A wise hustler once told me
"It's on you", though in his dreams when he first told me
Now it's true, I got love for you
Only to a certain extinct, niggas ain't worth shit
Cops and ride dick permits
I heard this and heard that about them O-U-T Lawz
Some of them soldiers got shot, some of them soldiers fell off
Fuck y'all now everybody tied to us
Hollerin' out a nigga name, but never said what up
That shit critical, despicable, unforgivable
[?] like I blew yo' own, fan won't remember you
Thuggin' but we still spiritual, clear lyrical
I'm like the fuckin' Deff Squad, my ears ain't hearin' y'all
Pump fearin' y'all, but damn I ain't even wantin' to scare y'all
Listen to what I tell y'all, fuck the world
Your baby moms, and your baby girl
You muthafuckas so fake, yo they made me wanna earl
Blake, hate snakes thug hatin' the degree
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
Thug niggas

[Young Noble:]
We, will never, fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[Napoleon:]
Now I've been trapped down, and fucked from day one
This indestructible style of mine, ain't no fun
Where I'm from, you sure to see about 10 niggas in a bedroom
Eatin' off the same spoon, sweepin' with the same broom
It's hazard, if you don't want yo life, well give me grab it
I was born inside a love zone, with a Glock-nine young marriage
It's critical
Then one of them sat down livin' so mystical
And influenced with a heart full of anger it's so ridiculous
So give me some with 21-gun soldier salute
With a 19-inch black handle snake knife in my boots
Straight from the strong, thug to your life
Right into yo' wrong, I'll put the good to yo' evil
I'm the shells to your chrome, you dig that?
I'm life, I'll bring the moon to your night
I'll put the dick to your wife
And I'm the Jesuz of your Christ
You dig that? Respect this

I'll bring the end to your claw
I'll bring the loc to your heart, and I'll put the snoop on yo dogs
You hear me?
We follow, this little bullet so hollow
I can promise that ecstasy ain't promised tomorrow
With this two man mades, me and my soul death astrayed
I watch my parents get blowed away
Now look what it made
I'm something to face
This ludacy then with me, then with chemistry
Got my eyes on you, the first time you cross me
I'll be fryin' you, cause y'all don't know me

[Young Noble:]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

[E.D.I.:]
When we was kids, the lovin' felt good
But of course have the respect, though it's even better
Now for this chedder, niggas is layin' deader
Then Malcom and Martin, put together
Oh Lord only knows, where we'll end up
Remember
'Pac said: Watch the fuckin' signs
But we wasn't listenin', too busy tripping off his shine
Now one time for my muthafuckin' Outlawz
Napoleon, Noble, and Kastro, may we all roll
And if you don't know, we got the rap game petro
Scared cause we 'bout to release, like heavy metal
Nationwide, underground, we runnin' the ghettos
Stealin' all of ya fan base, like we kleptos
Bitch I can't let go
I been strugglin' too long, thuggin' too long
And niggas is stealin' my shit, and bustin' it wrong
Hot shots holla back, when you get 'em
Outlawz'll sic 'em, bustin' back at the system
Military wisdom, preparin' myself for Armageddon
Breakin' my balls at this game, knowin' it's a dead end
And my only weapon is my believe that I'm superior
Yeah, we the muthafuckas you niggas is liery off
Controlling my steam, knowin' my team, to serve more
Fuck the reframe, stick to the game and earn more
Holdin' my head, rollin' the head with focus
Laughin' inside, cause deep inside, y'all don't know us

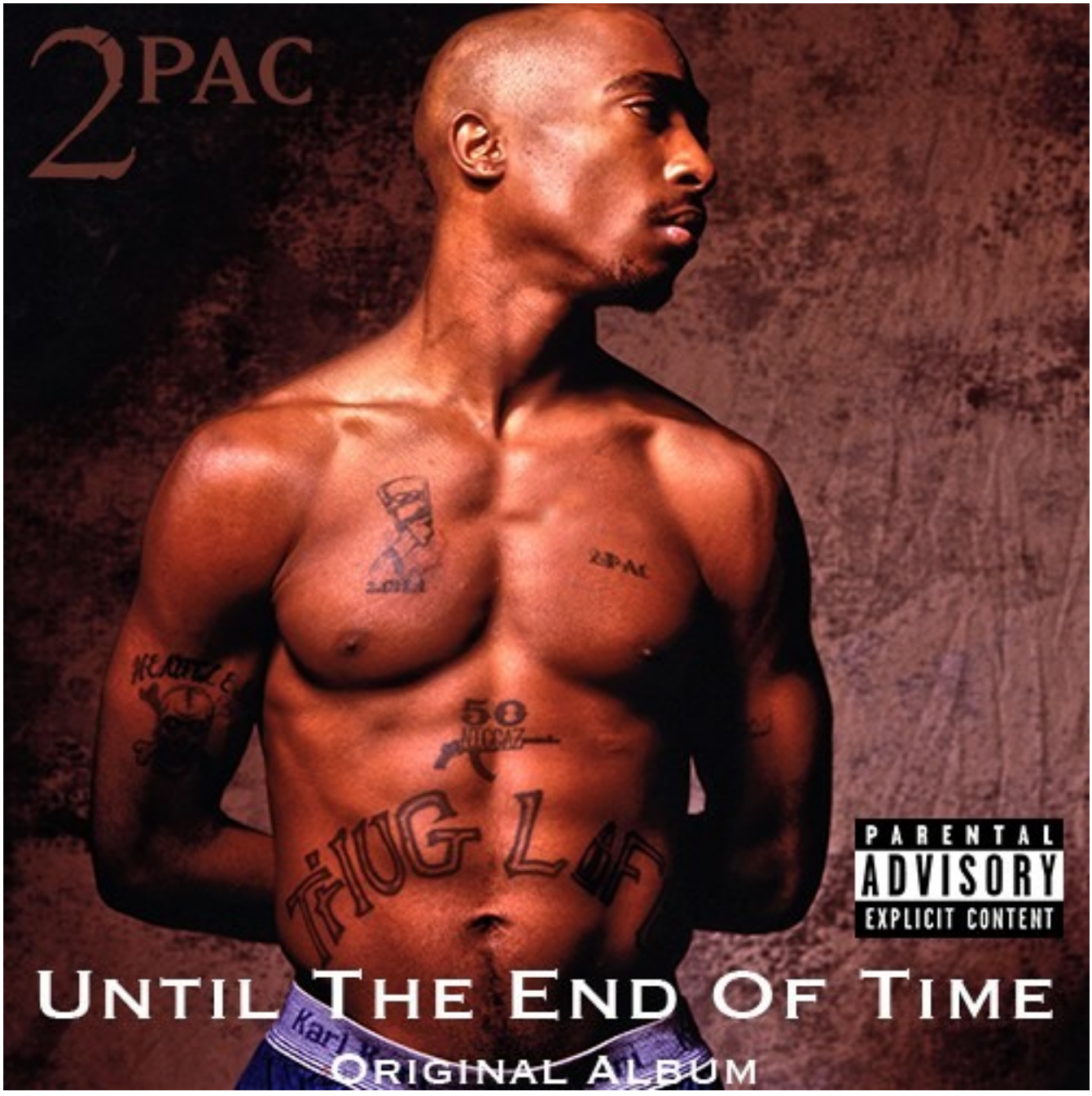
[Young Noble:]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us
We will never fall (Never)
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[E.D.I. talking:]
Ain't never know niggas like us boy
They don't make niggas like us no more
Thug in Peace... to all my niggas (Never)
See ya soon... uh

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah W Beale, Rufus Lee Cooper, Malcolm Greenidge, Kamil Beale, Muntaqim Farid


2PAC
THUG LIFE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
UNTIL THE END OF TIME
ORIGINAL ALBUM

2Pac Lyrics

"Ballad Of A Dead Soulja"

Yeah, ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
Come play the ballad of a dead soldier

The plan, to take command of the whole family
Though underhanded, to be the man it was planned
All my road dogs, official mob figures
Love to act up, the first to bomb when we rob niggas
I can be lost in my own mind
To be the boss, only thought's: grip on chrome 9's
Niggas get tossed up, war scars, battlefield memories
Swore I saw the devil in my empty glass of Hennessy
Talkin' to a nigga on a tight leash
Screamin' "Fuck the police!" as I ride through the night streets
Little child runnin' wild, towards danger
What's the cause? Don't be alarmed, death to all strangers
Maybe I'm a madman
A pistol grabbin' nigga, unleash the Sandman
Promise a merciless retaliation, nothin' is colder
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]
Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes…

Completely lost, revenge at all costs
Payback's a bitch, switched, now the trick's crossed
Tossed up and never to be heard of
A single witness screamin', "Bloody murder, murder!"
Blast, tell me, homie, what you see now?
A blind man and a dead body, I'm ready to leave town
And get my cash though, hook up with Kastro
Homie had to blast on the task force
Stupid coppers tried to play us out, never that
They took my money and my stash; time to get 'em back
Upon my secret arrival
Two glock four-fives, time for survival
Death to my rivals, tell me, what you want, Lord?
Nobody left after the death of a drug lord
The situation's critical
Nothing is colder, than hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]

Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

Be a coward, put yo' hands to the moon
When my Glocks rang out, the niggas came out, BOOM!
Who wanna see me in a challenge?
So merciless, I'm terrifyin' niggas in my ballads
Do you feel me? Capo or Capi-tan
One day I'll be the Don; until then, remain strong
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Bustin' at my adversaries like a mental patient
To all my niggas facin' 60 years
Sheddin' tattooed tears, another suicidal on the tier
Takin' private planes, tryin' to survive the game
For all my homies that'll never be alive again
All they promise us is death, nigga
Take a breath, come be the last one left, nigga
It's real now, feel it or fantasize it, ain't nuttin colder
Listen, you can hear it – the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]
Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

This go out to Kato, Mental, all the niggas that passed away
Mutulu, Geronimo, Seyku – all the down-ass riders
All the niggas that put it down, all the soldiers
All the niggas that go through that day-to-day struggle
(This is the ballad of a dead soldier!)
All the niggas that passed on
All the niggas with ambition and money in they heart
All the niggas that want some and that don't take none
Hahaha (It's the ballad of a dead soldier!)
The police are so scared of us
All the feds they aware of us
They wanna see us dead
They got pictures of a nigga head, (Ballad of a dead soldier!)
Tryin' to see me in chains, shit
Them niggas'll never breathe again
Before they put me in a cell, they'll see me in Hell
('Cause it's the ballad of a dead soldier!)
Got my pistols cocked
Run the whole motherfuckin' block; fuck the cops!
The police? We run these streets, nigga

(Ain't heard the ballad of a dead soldier!)
These niggas can't see me, half the world wanna be me
Multi-millionaire; shit, it ain't fair
But nigga, you know – it's the ballad of a dead soldier!

Writer(s): Kenneth Gamble, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory Frenard Hutchison, Johnny Lee Jackson, Leon A. Huff, Rodney Taylor

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]
Pawhoo hoo hoo hoo
Live from the graveyard
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)
I wanna be
Yo let me fuck that nigga down
What's that?
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass
My ghetto love song (hahaha)
Set it off, set it off
Let's be friends
Where my niggas at
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)
Let's be friends…
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]
Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby
Currency seems small, I need companionship
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
I met you and I stuttered in passion
Though slightly blinded by that ass
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch
everything inside you from my head to my nuts
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind
Back in time, I recall how she used to be
I guess money and fame made you used to me
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen
Got my hands on your thighs
Now let me in between as friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(Westside in this motherfucker)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(In this motherfucker right here)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down
Similar to switches
My movement, baby, let your back *[?]* it
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it
You got me high, let me come inside!
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)
Friends… (My ghetto love song!
It goes on and on and on and on)
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my niggas at?)
Friends… (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my people at? Let's be…)

[2Pac:]
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Be friends, tell me where my people at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Make money, take money, be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!

Writer(s): T. Shakur, Q. Jones Iii, S. Young

2Pac Lyrics

"Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies…
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies
Lil' homies…
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block
Educated on these cold streets
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?
Will all your homies ride?
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?
Young niggas on a mission to compete
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers
'Cause the big homie said so
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass
Is there a heaven for a G?
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?
On these streets ain't no peace
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Kastro
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz
Tellin' the world to be equipped
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash..

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies

Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It"

(feat. SKG)

[2Pac:]
Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]
Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak, come on
I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? - got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
In and out make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes; bellisimo
Que linda, dame beso, come to papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy, if you really want it

*[2Pac + ***:]*
*[***:]* Really want it
[Pac:] Get your ass up; you know it, if you really want it
You really want it, you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
*[***:]* Really want it (I really want it)
[Pac:] Really want it

[2Pac:]
Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to

[SKG:]

Daddy rock a player body 'til I tell you to stop
Hit the right spot if not leave money and kick rocks
I'm a thug ho, I need a thug nigga up beside me
A player that can ride me, a cat that can rob me
Make a jazzy ho like me bust a sweat
Hit it from the back, grab me by my neck, demand your respect
I'm not a on my back ho, I ride the dick and hit it 'til it cold
Bustin' fits of nuts, get 'em up
I'm a Sagittarius freak, my real hoes feel me
Legs open wide, nigga dick inside
Like Barry White "Tonight's the Night" for you to hit it doggie style
Lay me on my stomach while I'm countin' them hundreds
Fake bitches wanna front like they don't wanna keep it real
You know you want a thug nigga just to see how it feel
Hoes wanna rock Gabbana, Dolce and Versace
Let me rock your body mouth on my *[?]* call you Papi

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Yeah, like that? Yeah

[SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I feel you
Do it, do it, do it, do it

[SKG:]
Yeah, uh, c'mon, uh

[2Pac & SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body (see)
Your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock.

[2Pac:]
See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' the nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya, hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan to bust, just hold on
Baby let me zone in, whaddyou mean?
Can you scream let it go beotch, how does it feel?
Got a nigga like steel in ya, to keep goin'
Now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya, let's go another round
Baby is you down really, two shots of ecstasy
Lick a nigga down silly, your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her

Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song, now if you really want it
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, and if you really want it

[SKG:] If you really want it
[Pac:] Yeah, if you really want it

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos, yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius, Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all down the line, let's get busy

Thanks to shauna_james for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Val Young, Lenton Hutton, Donna Hunter, Helecia Choyce

2Pac Lyrics

"Good Life"

(feat. Big Syke, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]
I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug
Fiendin' for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin' insane
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang
Now tell if I'm wrong
But sayin' "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs
Drinkin' 'til I earl, spendin' money 'til it's gone
It's the good life - maybe niggas got it goin' on
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch
Bad Boy niggas eat a dick a day, bumpin' this
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter
So wicked that my tracks is wettin' niggas like it's water
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[2Pac:]
This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust the hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
See, we live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[Big Syke:]
No one knows what the, future holds, for you
Haha, listen closely
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind
My after time is narrow, peepin' down the barrel of a foe
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so
Who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone
Send me home all alone in these cold streets
In desperation constantly drinkin' and I can't sleep
Neck deep strugglin' tryin' to survive
Some wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize
Let me modify this whole region
I declare this sucker duckin' season, give me the reason
Why I should change, into a softie
.. after livin' so loftily
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world
Me, my niggas, and my girl - livin' the good life!

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
Uh ha, We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[E.D.I.:]
I spend my days and nights not knowin' if, strays in flight
Gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up
Last night we off the hook, doin' way too much
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin' big ceilin'
All for the money, some kill some squeal
All for the money, most ain't even real
But we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin'
Bitch nigga get to runnin' 'fore my click get to gunnin'
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain
We still tryin' to get a hold of the game
Livin' that good life

[2Pac:]
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb bitches that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Greenidge Malcolm R, Mosley Michael, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Thomas Ricardo D

2Pac Lyrics

"Letter 2 My Unborn"

To my unborn child…
To my unborn child
In case I don't make it
Just remember, Daddy loves you

Now ever since my birth
I've been cursed, since I'm born to wile
In case I never get to holla at my unborn child
Many things learned in prison, blessed and still livin'
Trying to earn every penny that I'm gettin', I'm reminiscin'
To the beginning of my mission
When I was conceived and came to be in this position
My momma was a Panther: loud single parent, but she proud
When she witnessed baby boy rip a crowd
Went to school, but I dropped out and left the house
'Cause my mama say I'm good for nothing, so I'm out
Since I only got one life to live, God forgive me for my sins
Let me make it and I'll never steal again or deal again
My only friend is my misery
Wanting revenge for the agony they did to me
See, my life ain't promised, but it's sure getting better
Hope you understand my love letter, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]
I'm writing you a letter
This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Seems so complicated to escape fate
And you can never understand till we trade places
Tell the world I feel guilty for being anxious
Ain't no way in hell that I could ever be a rapist
It's hard to face this cold world on a good day
When will they let the little kids in the hood play?
I got shot five times, but I'm still breathin'
Living proof there's a God if you need a reason
Can I believe in my own fate?
Will I raise my kids in the right or the wrong way?
Dear Mama, I'm a man now
I wanna make it on my own, not a handout
Make way for a whirlwind prophesized
I wanna go in peace when I got to die
On these cold streets, ain't no love, no mercy and no friends
In case you never see my face again, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]
I'm writing you a letter

This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Dear Lord, can you hear me? Tell me what to say
To my unborn seed in case I pass away
Will my child get to feel love?
Or are we all just cursed to be street thugs?
'Cause being black hurts, and even worse if you speak first
Living my life as an Outlaw – what could be worse?
'Cause maybe if I tried to change
Who'm I kidding? I'm a thug 'til I die; I'm a rider, mane
Touch bases, eat lunch in plush places
Regular criminal oasis awaits us
If there's a ghetto for true thugs, I'll see you there
And I'm sorry for not being there
Just know your daddy was a soldier: Me Against the World
Bless the boys and all my little girls
To the Lord: I'm eternal, resting in peace
Please take care of all my seeds, to my unborn child

Please take care of all my kids and my unborn child
To my unborn child…
This letter goes out to my seeds that I might not get to see 'cause of this lifestyle
Just know your daddy loved you
Got nothing but love for you
And all I wanted was for you to have a better life than I had
'Cause I was out there on a 24 hour 365 grind
When you get to be my age, you'll understand
Just know I got love for you
And I'll see you if there's a ghetto in Heaven
If there's a ghetto Heaven, I'll be there waiting for you
Heh heh, take care. Run wild, but be smart
Follow the rules of the game
I know sometimes there's confusion
Rules of the game is gonna get you through it
All day every day
Watch out for these snakes and fakes
Friends come a dime a dozen
Be an individual, work hard
Study, get your mind sharp, trust nobody

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Michael Joe, Jackson Johnny Lee, Higgens Channette M, Higgens Channoah L

2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?
Tell me, nigga, tell me
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]
Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glocks
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell
Just let me live on the streets
‘Cause ain't no peace for me in jail
Gettin' world-wide exposure
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck
Ridin' as my soldiers
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'
I murdered all them bustas
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Young Noble:]
Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here
Stale down here, too many jails down here
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

[Napoleon:]
Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food
Came a long way from my born day
Dead away where there's war play
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Kastro:]
I walk around with a knife in my back
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy
The side of the city that the Devil run from
In the belly of the beast
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel
Hold the wheel
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!
We hit 'em up

[E.D.I.:]
And we still breathin' and we still breathin'…

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]
Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'…)
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Happy Home"

[2Pac:]
Home man, hey (what's up). Let's turn this house into a happy home
This for all the homeboys that couldn't get they happy home
Let's turn this house into a happy home
Long as one of us got it, some of us got it
Let's turn this house into a happy home
You know how that is, stay down for mine
Outlaw, look

[2Pac:]
Now we've been kickin' it for quite some time
Remained beside me through my trials in this life of crime
We done fought so many times I forgot to count
I never hit you, not a coward, rather leave your house
Remember back in December when we was tight?
Sippin' Alize and Cristal, whylin' every night - in my bedroom!
Promised that I commit to you soon
Tongue-kissed me every time you seen me step inside a room
Straight out the hood
We promised to be good to each other, plus I love you
So I know you gon' make a good mother
Just try to understand if I change in time
It's only 'cause I never owned anything that's mine
So I'm trying you can stay with my momma but keep the drama to a low
Never call the police, I never call you bitch or ho'
We were all born hungry in this world alone
Finally moved out my mom's house, and got a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(let's turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.

[2Pac:]
Born through hard times, ghetto child of mine
I wonder if you have to suffer for your father's crimes
To be honest it's a hard road
Just keep your faith in God, knowin' you'll get scarred though
Look at him walkin' and talkin', a lil' child with my eyes and mouth
Father watch over lil' seeds, help me guide them out
Had to change my whole lifestyle, married my baby's momma
Made her my wife now, I'm tryin' hard y'all
Maybe in time I'll be a better man
Watchin' the older couples, handle it like veterans
Show me the meanin' of forever and together we rise
If it would help our child grow, then together we'd die

Why - question my love, it's so easy to see
Without my family all I'm left with is a shadow of me
After all the arguments, and the nights alone
Now it's time to live the good life, inside a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(Happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]
All these problems got me going
We got a family, of our own
I just wanna happy home
(turn this house into a happy home)
No man's made to stand alone
I promise I won't do you wrong
I just want a happy home
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)
Happy home
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home).
Happy home.
(Hey, haha, turn this house into a happy home)
(Long as one of us got it, some of us got it)
(Turn this house into a happy home)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wickliffe Dominick, Jackson Johnny Lee, Hubbard Darren Thomas, Big Simon, Rodgers Jimmy Jawara

2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

[Kastro (Napoleon):]
We goin' all out, we goin' all out
We goin' all out
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!
(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)
Do it, do it, do it!

[2Pac:]
Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah
Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra
I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober
On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up
The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts
And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies
They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city
With each breath, death before dishonor
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb
With a squad of trusted killers
Quick to move shit heavily armed
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me
I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me
While bitches wonderin' who shot me
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi
Murder my friends, build a new posse
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky
You got a lot of nerve to play me
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z
(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture
While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me
I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt
We used to havin' nothin'
Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'
Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't
I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation
Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states
I'm screamin', "Death Row!"
Throw my Westside, ain't no thang
We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific
And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot
Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?
Live it up or give it up, and like demons
Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Napoleon:]
I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they went pop
I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug
Just West Coast slut
To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Kastro:]
Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us
They ain't nothin' but squealers
In this rap game, swearin' they rough
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya
It's me, Kastro with the goattee
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me
I go all out, and if you real, you real
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[E.D.I.:]
Fool, you better go all out
Keep goin' all out
All my niggas goin' all out
Without a muthafuckin' doubt
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records
And we ain't gon' say shit
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind
Don't disrespect the Don
It's still war, motherfuckers
So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty
Business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get they cash!"
So now I got the law on me
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord
For givin' me another fruitful day
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed
For real, it's how I feel
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled
We still cool, but you played yourself
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder, my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise, but they tried me
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly
Best strategize on the way to profit
Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all
My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up
For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck
"Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse
Should've never fucked around, buster
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tyrone J. Wrice, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me (Remix)"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]
Ay come on JoJo ('Pac, hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]
By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
and if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
but do it lightly; cause that excites me to let it pop
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by
Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you

Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
to get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

[Singing:]
Gotta be a thug in ya (thug in me)
A little bit of thug in me, a little bit of thug in ya
A little bit of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me

I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Do you want it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, feel like some thug in ya

[Collision over singing:]
I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of? Didn't you come over here to get fucked?
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Everything They Owe"

(feat. Timothy)

[2Pac]
Imagine if we could go back
Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)
I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships
(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]
We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed
Cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess
But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right
Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right
Pardon, not disregardin' what you thinkin' but you must abandon ship
Cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin'
Supreme ideology, you claim to hold
Claimin' that we all drug dealers with empty souls
That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence
In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent
Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw
It remains in your brain then of course it grows
Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise
Picture a life where black babies can survive past five
But we must have hope, quotin' the reverend from the pulpit
Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit
Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode
But supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow
This ain't bout talkin' 'bout problems, I bring solutions
Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution
You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights
Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed
And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow
We comin' back, for everything you owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

[2Pac]
How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?
How do I plead?
Yes sir, how do you plead?
Shit, you know how I plead
C'mon!
Psssh

[2Pac]
Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me
Bustin' at my innocent family, say they lookin' for ki's

I was home alone, blind to the prelude
Bust in, talkin' bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?
Where in the hell is the search warrant?
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"
Dropped me to my knees, I proceed to bleed
Sufferin' a rain of blows to my hands and knees
Will I survive, is God watchin'?
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option
God damn!
Now they got me goin' to the county jail
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal
Move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen
So I'm bumpin' this in federal prison, givin' everything I owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'
I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time"

(feat. RL (Next))

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask
For currency, but you could run to me when you need
And I'll never leave, honestly
Someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thing to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to knew he'd do the same thing if he could
'Cause in the hood, true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up, call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me will I change
I tell her "Yeah," but it's clear
I'll always be the same; until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]
Please, Lord, forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money making got me outta touch
Shit, ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto childs
My attitude got me walking solo
Ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watching the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smoking 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin', I'm a player, I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse, it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time…

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings

I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong
To live my life as an outlaw all along?
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate, but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end, drinking Hennessy
Made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow, eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger, don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead, I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the training to make a g
Remember me as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Getting raw 'til the day I see my casket, buried as a G
While the whole world remembers me, until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

Thanks to Femcee Evil, weezy, bugmee, zain, kklizzle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Page Richard James, George Steven Park, Jackson Johnny Lee, Lang John Ross

2Pac Lyrics

"Big Syke Interlude"

(feat. Big Syke)

[Big Syke:]
Thug life, microphone check
Outlaw microphone check
Where you bitch niggas coming from?
You don't know, look like you a seed
From Makaveli The Don

I can hear your style, sounds like Makaveli The Don
2Pac, my nigga
So much trouble in the world nigga
These niggas can't feel your pain
Thug life, outlaw forever
Oh you bitch niggas

The hardest nigga
Ever to touch this microphone
Got you bitch niggas trailin' his tail
I don't know if you catch up, but yet and still
Keep trying nigga, keep trying nigga
Thug life, Outlaw forever nigga
Eternity, infinity
So remember Makaveli The Don
His thug life lives on

Writer(s): Big Simon Says, Tyruss Himes

2Pac Lyrics

"My Closest Roaddogz"

(feat. Timothy, Shiro)

Here me and my closest road dogs
To my dog named Mussolini (you know it dog)
Big Syke (Westside)
Thug Life, baby (outlaw)
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it
Hahaha!

Shit half the times we fought and caused trouble
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you
Fuck what they talkin' bout
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin' wild
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin' cases
Indeed, it was misery
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin' me
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon
It's gettin' deeper now, let me get yo' mind right
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political
Runnin' from the future, escapin' in the fog
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(me and my closest road dog)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli
Boy you's a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me
Even if I died now
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer
Ain't tryin' to hear it
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggas disappear
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke
Never forget to blow a hole in his head
For leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin'
See me in physical form, my niggas swarm
Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggas 'til they purple
Simon Says take they heads homies
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies
Fishin' for fake niggas, observe and shake niggas
The only way to see six figures, is break niggas
Me and Mussolini set to ride we high
Big Bogart got the alibi,homicide ask us why
Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, (my closest road dogz)
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"Niggaz Nature Remix"

(feat. Lil' Mo)

[Lil' Mo:]
2Pac and Lil' Mo, hmm, how gangsta is that?
Hehe... ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh

*[*Mo keeps harmonizing in the background*]*

[2Pac:]
One two to a nigga nature, haha.
No need to cry now, go wipe your tears, be a woman
Why you actin' surprised? You saw the bullshit
Comin' fake hair, fake nails, fake eyes too
So why you, bound to fuck wit fake guys too
Ain't nothin' hard about it why you lookin' sad? Shoulda though about it
Say you learned, I truly doubt it
I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love
Gettin' freaky with the thug niggas up in the club
Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Dom Pérignon
Knowin' I'm a cash getter still I, remain calm
Let you chill with me; plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me
That's what you get for tryin' to dick me
Missed me with that "Buy me this, buy me that" syndrome shit
Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich
Gettin' mad cause I cursed and I scream I hate'cha
Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me?

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]
I'm probably too nice at first, I let you kiss me where it hurts
Me and you gettin' busy, slingin' dick in the dirt
Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it
See us, tounge-kissin', you was truly with it
Little ecstasy, Hennessy, mix with me
Picture me pay for pussy when the dick's for free
Hey now, where my niggas at? Tell these hoes
Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses
Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet
Pointin' to the places that you want me to hit
Give me room all up in the womb, call the cops
Nigga, hittin' walls 'til them bastard drop
Label me Makaveli - thug nigga with bite

Livin' life like a rock star's Friday night
Make money, get pussy, always keep a pager
Cell phone in the ride to complete my nature now!

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]
Haha, started as a seed from the semen; straight outta papa's nuts
Lustin' for creamin' - bitches with big butts
Curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno flicks
Sneak weed in, help a nigga pass the time
Put my name tattooed so that ass is mine
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good
A local legend through the whole hood, follow me
I got a gun on me, goin' for none on the run baby
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?
Why I cry, when I be thuggin' 'til I die
Picture a nigga in heaven, high off weed I fly
Got me missin' dead homies wishin' phonies would die
Hit the weed and hope it get me high; dear God
Understand my ways, livin' major
Blessed with a thug's heart and a real live nigga nature

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (hey, just be a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)

[2Pac & Lil' Mo:]
It ain't my fault
Hehe, Q.D., where you be? Ah
Don't blame me blame my momma, a nigga nature

[Lil' Mo harmonizing:]

QDIII, and Lil' Mo
2Pac, puttin' it down fo' sho' ("'cause that's a nigga nature")
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
Cause that's a thug nature
Though sometimes I can deal with it
I realize, I'm feelin' it
Love and hate, relationship
Cause that's a thug's nature ("'cause that's a nigga nature")
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah.
Yeah yeah, and that's a thug's nature

Where you at? Holla

2Pac Lyrics

"When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my guns to keep
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Got us dyin'
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all
I'll probably be an old man before I understand
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad
Automatic shots rang out, on every block
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

[Singer (2Pac):]
Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your moms is gone
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood
Clownin', takin' pictures later
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches
Regulate my area, the terror I represent
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

I shed tattooed tears for years
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers
Y'all ain't never heard my cries
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthugin for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Peyton Jewell

2Pac Lyrics

"U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]
Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]
Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]
Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]
'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne
The love is gone well it is what it is
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya
And everything I do gon' have your names on it
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]
You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest
You studio niggas still remind your vest
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]
I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

[Young Noble & Kastro:]
What the fuck you didn't know?
Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow
You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt
My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers
You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound
Penitentiary bound, to remind you

[Kadafi:]
Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click
Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle
On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A, Hunter Donna T

2Pac Lyrics

"This Ain't Livin"

(feat. Vanessa)

This ain't livin', nigga!

[2Pac:]
I hear even the smaller G's be dippin' Chevy Impalas
While flossin' their gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow
We swallow tomorrow's seed, what we leave is hollow
We feed violence and greed, let 'em lead tomorrow
In time, they grip a nine, sippin' wine, they rap
Still I be starin', watch the parents sacrifice their child
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love
Feelin' so strong, make young boys into drug dealers
Now one for adolescents, now dos for those
Keep your friends by your side, even close your foes
Now three for Johnny Law tryin' to take my chips
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch
Throw your hands in the air, it's a robbery
(censored) 'Pac, would you ride with me?
Let's go see what our enemies talkin' 'bout
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin' out
This ain't livin', it's similar to prison, we're trapped
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is tapped
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you know
This is how it goes when we floss with flows
Before I toss your ho, it'll cost you mo'
I do shows, make a lot of dough, murder my foes
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa (2Pac):]
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
(This ain't livin')
Can't find a better way to break through
(This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do)
(This ain't livin')
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac:]
Peep it – gunfire is produced at alarmin' rates
Today's youth, quick to shoot, get in the car and break
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the killin'
Just search your feelings, participatin' should be appealin'
They're our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's
Heavenly father can you rescue

My young nation, rest the Lord will protect you, respect due
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those
That oppose when I froze them fools
And who are you, to watch me fall farther?
I disappeared, reappeared as the (censored)
Follow me now
Skippin' class, and livin' fast, will get your ass
Stuck in the Pen', doin' life plus ten
Young brother pump your brakes for me
Before you choke, won't you soak up some game from your big homie
This ain't livin', we givin' you jewels, use 'em as tools
Explode on they industry and fade them fools
You know the rules, gotta be a rider
You can run the red lights but read the street signs, hey
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin' hell
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young G
Gotta change your life, take the game from me
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa:]
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

Writer(s): T. Shakur, J. Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Why U Turn On Me"

[2Pac:]
(Ol' switcheroo-ass, bitch made motherfuckers, just be friends)
Outlaw nigga, Westside, throw it up
Hahaha.. had love for 'em, but why you turning on me?
Why me? Westside, how you do it boy?

[2Pac:]
I went from, nothin' to somethin' now they all wanna see me fall
And the player haters hate to see a thug nigga ballin'
And they say we hate the East coast, but that's funny
Got a lot of love for, any niggas gettin' money
I made a song about my enemies and niggas tripped
It was hip-hop until 2Pac fucked Biggie bitch
Y'all niggas hypocrites and bitch made
Now either love me or hate me but real thug niggas get paid
Have me catchin' cases all across the nation
I went from jail to bail to barely on probation
They got a player facin' three strikes
And we might, just blast God bless the child, that can get cash
But all these niggas turnin' and never learn
Got a long line of niggas player hatin' me but gettin' burned
Talk a lot of shit but you's a trick in drag
Like the MAC make you fall back and stick yo' ass for back stab

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee (yeah nigga)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]
It, started so innocent, but ended in the fifth precinct
Although two juvenile delinquents, we still decent
Playin' catch and kiss, used to diss the herbs
Fuck school we was skippin' drink a fifth on the curb
Me and you, no closer two, while drinkin' brew
What you need nigga? Anything at all come to me nigga
You can wear my clothes and my gold for the hoes
Gave you the keys to the jeep, offered my home as an open door
But then you picked a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die?
I never got a single visit yet I carry on
All my old friends too busy now my money gone
Said I got raped in jail, picture that? *[*laughter*]*
Revenge is a payback bitch, get your gat
Fuck Wendy Williams and I pray you choke

On the next dick down your throat
For turnin' on me

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]
I put Jenny Craig on your fat ass, you fat troll
Anybody ever seen Wendy Williams fat ass?
Why you always wearin' Spandex you fat bitch?
I know your pussy stinks, you fat ho
I'm puttin' Jenny Craig on you bitch
I'm about to put a twenty-thousand dollar, hit
Through Jenny Craig to come find yo' ass
And put you in a fat farm, you fat bitch!
Thug Life, Outlaw, Westside bitch
It's 2Pac so you know who said it
And for everybody who didn't like what I said about that other trick
And Mobb Deep, fuck you too nigga!
If a nigga didn't want to get talked about
He shouldn'ta stepped in the fuckin' ring
If Tyson don't want to get knocked out
He don't step in the fuckin' ring, that's how the shit go
When Tyson get in the ring, he knock motherfuckers out!
Well that's what 2Pac gon' do
When niggas come against me, I'ma knock they punk ass out!
One way or the motherfuckin' other
This old motherfuckin' nigga in the South told me nigga
It's more than one way to skin a cat
It's more than one way to shoot a gat
It's more than one way to die nigga
When I'm through, everybody cry nigga
This is how we do it

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G..
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G
(Fuck you too nigga!)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Darren Hubbard, Dominique Wickliffe, Jimmy Rodgers

2Pac Lyrics

"LastOnesLeft"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Nigga, westside!
Westside in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]
Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'
Packed in a Suburban
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine
This Hennessy will keep me calm though
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo
Livin' like a Don in my own mind
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9
All the time drinkin' champagne
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play
So I gotta keep my eyes open
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'
My alibi, addictively
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
I'm the last one left
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]
I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]
If we would've known the zone inside my own dome
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit
When I was locked back
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]
I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down
And if the world was a girl
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker…
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Outlawz in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker…
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker
In this motherfucker right here…

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Malcolm Greenidge, Mutah W. Beale, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]
Put me in that; ay come on JoJo ('Pac hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]
By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
And if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
But do it lightly
Cause that excites me to lay the pipe
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me, lot of thug (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me. Do you want it (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by

Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you
Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me), lot of thug
That I wanna put in you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me, do you want it
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
To get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, 'cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in me)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

*[*Sound of girl fucking*]*
Oh yeah! Like me! Yeah, look at me baby, yeah, yeah
Like me! You do.

I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me

C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[2Pac:]
I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of?
Didn't you come over here to get fucked? (no)
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked (no)
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]
Hehehe, yeah
These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?
'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat
Probably never even saw it comin'
Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'
Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game
The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain
I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house
What was supposed to be a easy hit
Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit
It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man
No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man
Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime
Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times
Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer
One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned
Help you make it through the storm
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed
So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse
And though it hurt me, there was no distortion
'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions
Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do
And so did victims of a world they never came to
I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'
Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn
Love letters to the innocent and unborn
All the babies that died up on the table
Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able
Can't blame her, I would do the same
All I could give her was my debt and my last name
'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down
This hard life got me walkin' with my head down
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
Mmm! (Yeah)
These are the words to my firstborn
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!
Talk to your seed, nigga!

[Above the Law:]
Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear
See, there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress
Let my kids know I'm at this
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll
Ain't no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage
Though we always into ery'thang
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean
They say money make the world go 'round
So, only associate yourself
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down
And keep God first
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts
It's player haters every corner you hit
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip
I know you stressed-out and fed-up
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game
And we done lived a long hard life
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

[2Pac:]
What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?
Who was you? What was you doin'?
How did you put it down?
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker
I just played to win, just played to win
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?

Writer(s): T. Shakur, D. Blake, S. Cole

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It Remix"

(feat. Left Eye)

[2Pac:]
Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]
Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak
Come on, I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? Got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
Even now make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes
Bellisimo, que linda, dame un beso, come to Papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy
If you really want it

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
If you really want it
Get'cha ass up; you know it, if you really want it
If you really want it
If you really want it, if you really want it
I'm really want it.
Let her have it

[2Pac:]
Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[Left Eye:]

Do you, you remember the time
When you absolutely, said never let it inside
Feel it's my duty, from Gemini, to Gemini
Can you *[?]* imagine the trouble *[?]* then double, I'm much obliged
See I would love to go and take a ride
Have total leeway up and down your freeway, nothing to hide
If I was committed to suicide
I'd fuck around meet you now put it down, I'd testify
Ain't nobody here to understand the reason why
It's you and I, so everything is rectified
I know you tried, you even made a nigga cry
But love is blind, now can you stand the test of time?
Redefine, what it means to be an open mind
Feel the climax.
I bust a round for you, painted the perfect picture
I'm down for you, can't wait to get wit'cha

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Damn
IF you really want it
You like that? Yeah
If you really want it

[Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Don't hold back. I wanna do that
Yeah, yeah, I feel you

[2Pac:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[2Pac:]
See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' yo' nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya
Hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan, to bust
Just hold on baby let me zone in
What do you mean? Can you scream let it go biotch
How does it feel? Got a nigga like steel in ya
To keep goin' now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya
Let's go another round baby is you down really
Two shots of ecstasy Lick a nigga down silly

Your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her
Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song
If you really want it

[2Pac:]
Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos (if you really want it), yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius(if you really want it), Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks (if you really want it)
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all day long, let's get busy

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body.

Writer(s): Helicia Choyce, Val Young, Donna T. Hunter, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lenton Tereill Hutton

2Pac Lyrics

"Runnin' On E"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (Hussein Fatal):]
(Mr. If you a bad boy)
Yo, what's up
The police comin' on, oh shit! Get out of there.
Fatal, Outlawz I wanna up out this motherfucker
Gon' pass it
Ain't get me up but fuck that
This Outlaw nigga

[2Pac:]
If you a bad boy then you die
Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high
They fucked up when the rob me
Put another contract on Mobb Deep
If you a bad boy then you die
Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high
They fucked up when the rob me
Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal:]
I focus my locus thought on the enemies
Sip off the Hennessy, it's necessary to finish me
I'm antisocial immortal, when it comes to the phone book
Jersey them niggas down, they won't broke 'em 'til it's time to smoke 'em
Hussein the terrorist
Dig they think I'm crazy and *[?]*
And as we speak they tryin' to find me a therapist
Rapid fire I clap and hire 'til you die a liar
Strap in the city corners droppin' on to spin the tires
My man define ya 357 anaconda
This enough to bring your mama then turn around and hear the drama
Military camaraderie, outlaw 'til they body me
Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin' at Prodigy
Mobb 6 feet deep, you try to bust me 'til death
And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh
You know the verdict, who what when why he died murdered
Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[2Pac:]
Now ever since momma got fucked and papa ducked out
Look at us, murderous thugs showin' less love in the drug house
Similar to savages, it's a wonder we manage
Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage
They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it
Most wanted by the population murdered you for it
Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without release
Criminal orders across the waters bringin' the war to the streets
Why fear me, fear the shit I speak
Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin' street

Like the sound of police
Who run the streets really?
In every hood legends grow
From the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we strapped
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death
His last breath, a lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

Hey where that nigga

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets
Sort of like *[?]* and narcotics when they walk the beat
You speak the beef pussy draw down and drop it
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket
Gettin' mines with nine cocked extortin'
Blocks pop with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin' out the chocolate
You never seen time I travel across dream crime
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded with green slime
With my foes erased drink my Henney straight no chasin'
Catch my body like Haitian 5 minutes from the station

[Young Noble:]
Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence
No finger prints don't mean no evidence or proof the I was present
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed
Money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' on your knees shit
The Glock to your head nigga, don't make no somethin' action
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, dump fuckin' backwards
Little homies puttin' work for stripes
But is it worth your life and g-rides runnin' red lights
I wish somebody would have t old me then
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in
Or cage me in, crazy like Arabians
Hold this spot like them niggas on Fabian
Havin' the fiend page me (page me)
When they want the product, nigga I got to smoke
Got this weed and the coke what you need what you want
What you workin' with? I'm on some immortal shit
Outlawz we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with
Put on the block gangsta party and like 'Pac
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggas on top (party)

[2Pac:]
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E

[Nuttso:]
With my Glock, quick to let it pop, fuck the law
Carry steel cause I live on the nigga side of the law
Ridin' foes 'cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin'
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin'
Ridin' high, blazin', kryptonite got a nigga dazin'
Burpin' and smurkin' got on enemies before I grave 'em
Ride 'em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped
Had to stop light in a slowly night, this motherfuckin' trick
Slide over so I can dump and put it in em
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it
Hit the pedal now we high speedin'
With the metal tryin' to make these motherfuckers die speedin'
Up the way I seen him slow down
Shit! I think I done bucked these hoes down
Caught them runnin' on e it kind of funny to me
They know they was fuckin' with me but they dumb to see

[2Pac:]
Open up fire watch 'em expire when my shells split 'em
Plus all them trick niggas basically can go to hell with 'em
Fuck 'em they phony claimin' they homies but they foes
Speakin' on thug niggas daily, while we nailin' they hoes
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught
Out on bail, raised in hell, nigga fuck what you thought
Did you cry when my girl died?
Put out the hit, politic niggas worldwide, grabbin' my dick
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin' 'em burn
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E.
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E

[2Pac talking:]
One time, one time for the niggas that stayed down for us
Runnin' on E
Smif-n-Wessun the Cocoa Brovaz, Buckshot, BDI, runnin' on E
The Bootcamp Click
What happened, that was it?

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cooper Rufus Lee, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce, Cole Sean

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free"

[Prison Guard:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor
Right there, star three

[Girl:] Hi baby

[Prisoner:] What's up honey?

[Girl:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[Prisoner:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[Girl:] I made those deposits

[Prisoner:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[Girl:] Yeah I got it

[Prisoner:] Alright see that guard over there?

[Girl:] Mmm-hmm

[Prisoner:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[Girl:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[Prisoner:] What?

[Girl:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[Prisoner:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[Girl:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[Prisoner:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[Guard:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with
[Commotion breaks out]

[Guard:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[Girl:] I'm not done talking to him

[Guard:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[Prisoner:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[Guard:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[Prisoner:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit
I still remember my momma told me
Find the cop who killed your brother
Send him to Hell lookin' homely
Cause a real nigga love the law
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time
Concentrate on gettin' green time
And as the years go by, they forgot
About the small time soldier from the block, huh
To kill the crook they threw the book at me
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts
Did push-ups until I swole up
And then they offer me a furlough
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'
They asked me if I changed much
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut
They started askin' me questions about my brother
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm
Wait a minute, hold up
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him
He went home to find a tragedy
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me
And anybody else that wanna sweat me
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me
You better pray they never see me
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time Remix"

(feat. Richard Page)

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask for currency
But you could run to me when you need and I'll never leave
Honestly, someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thang to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to knew he'd do the same thang if he could
Cause in the hood true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me, "Will I change?"
I tell her yea, but it's clear I'll always be the same
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
So take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[2Pac:]
Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money makin' got me outta touch, shit
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto childs
My attitude got me walkin' solo, ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watchin' the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smokin' 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin' I'm a player I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)

So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

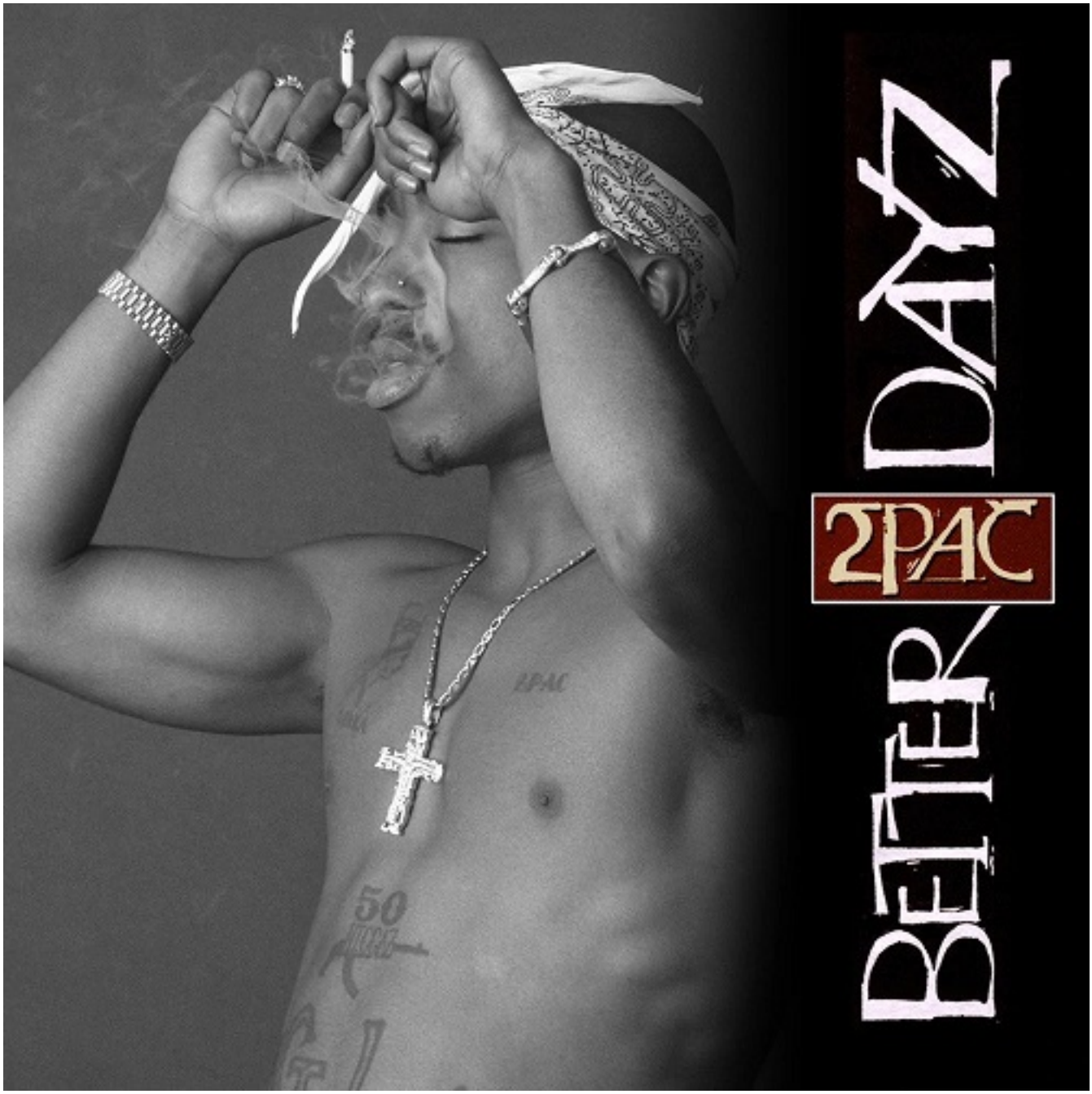
[2Pac:]
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong?
To live my life as an Outlaw all along
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end drinkin' Hennessy made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the trainin' to make a G
Remember me, as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Gettin' raw 'til the day I see my casket
Buried as a G while the whole world remembers me
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
'Til the end of...

[2Pac:]
I don't know what it is that got me actin' all crazy out here
Guess it's just my environment, how you people be treatin'
(Until the end of time)
Shit, I'll be back in a while?
Ain't no mystery, you get what you give, feel me?
When it comes I'll be like, I can't tell you what?
Maybe it's the thug in me

Writer(s): Lang, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Page, J. Jackson, George


BETTER DAYZ
2PAC

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro"

[Reporter:]
Good Evening.
*[*sirens in the background*]*
I'm reporting live from Sunset Boulevard where many excited fans have gathered with candles *[*crowd starts chanting "2Pac"*]* awaiting the much anticipated release, of 2Pac Shakur's latest album, Better Dayz.
This is yet another post-humous release by 2Pac which, raises the question
"Where are these songs coming from?"
It's interesting how the message in these songs is still relevant today.
Even in his death he's touching people with his lyrics.
I can feel the energy in the air as they count down to midnight when the album will officially be released.
Oh, hold on. I think they're starting to countdown now.

[Crowd:]
5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Writer(s): Jamarese De'angelo Arkeas Coleman

2Pac Lyrics

"Still Ballin"

(feat. Trick Daddy)

[2Pac:]
Straight motherfuckin' ballin', part 2
Still ballin', Westside!

[2Pac:]
Now, ever since a nigga was a seed
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary
Still ballin', ridin' on these niggas 'cause they lame
In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game
Can you feel me? Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga
Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers
Tell me if it's on, nigga, then we first to bomb
Bust on these bitch-made niggas, hit 'em up, Westside!
Ain't nobody loved me as a broke nigga
Finger on the trigger, Lord forgive me if I smoke niggas
I love my females strapped, then fuck her from the back
I get my currency in stacks, California is where I'm at ridin'
Passed by while these niggas wondered why
I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try
Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga, tears shed, for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead; a nigga still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]
Still ballin' until I die (until I die)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'

[Trick Daddy:]
Now, as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand
When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man
Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin'
But when these kids go to spray 'em, boy, won't be playin'
With clientele, any rhyme sales
Question is: Will you fuck-niggas ride for real, huh?
Bitch nigga, this is G-rated
Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi
I'm elevated to the top of this shit
Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch
And you can tell 'em "Thug Life" was the reason for this
And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit; still ballin'

[2Pac:]
Until the day I die
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Niggas wonder why
You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[2Pac:]
Now everybody wanna see us dead
Two murdered on the front page
Shot to death, bullets to the head
Niggas holla out my name and it's similar to rape
Motherfuckers know I'm comin', so they runnin' to they graves
Watch! Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound
'Cause Trick don't give a fuck
Where you coward niggas now?
Blast, keep pumpin', ain't worried about nothin'
Busters thought we was frontin'
So reload and keep dumpin'; still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]
(I'm still ballin') 'til the day I die ('til I die)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
'Til the day I die (still ballin')
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Niggas wonder why (tell 'em!)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin', until the day I die
(Thug life), still ballin'
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Straight motherfuckin' ballin'

Thanks to wazzzzaaaas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Maurice, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Pimental Francisco

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride On Our Enemies"

Fugees! Fugees and Mobb Deep
Tryin' to diss now too, huh?!
Hahaha! Well, I ain't prejudiced
I don't give a fuck
This is what it sounds like
When we ride on our enemies
Biatch! When we ride on our enemies

Hey, got some static for some niggas on the other side of town
Let my little cousin K roll, he's a rider now
What they want from us motherfuckin' thug niggas?
Used to love niggas, now I plug niggas, and slug niggas
Am I wrong? Niggas makin' songs, tryin' to get with us
Must be gone on stress weed, in the West we trust
To the chest I bust, then we ride 'til the sun come
Shinin' back to brighten up the sky; how many die?
Heard the Fugees was tryin' to do me
Look, bitch: I'll cut your face, this ain't no motherfuckin' movie
Then, we watch the other two die slow
Castrated entertainin' at my motherfuckin' sideshow
Bam! Set my plan in mo'
Time to exterminate my foes; I can't stand you hoes
Uh, now label this my fuckin' trick shot
My lyrics runnin' all you cowards out of hip-hop
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
I bet you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies
Bet all you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies

Come take a journey through my mind's eye
You crossed the game, don't explain
Nigga, time to die; say goodbye
Watch my eyes when I pull the trigger
So right before you die, you bow before a bigger nigga
Now dry your eyes, you was heartless on your hits
Niggas love to scream "Peace!" after they start some shit
Pay attention, here's a word to those that robbed me
I murder you, then I run a train on Mobb Deep
Don't fuck with me!
Nigga, you're barely livin', don't you got sickle cell?
See me have a seizure on stage, you ain't feelin' well
Hell, how many niggas wanna be involved?
See, I was only talkin' to Biggie, but I'll kill all of y'all, then ball
Then tell Da Brat to keep her mouth closed
Fuck around and get tossed up by the fuckin' Outlawz
Before I leave, make sure everybody HEARD

Know I meant every motherfuckin' word
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
Make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies, hehe
I make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies

2Pac Lyrics

"Changed Man"

(feat. Johntá Austin, T.I.)

[2Pac:]
Shit, I'm a changed man
Ay, turn the lights out
Big baller 2Pac up in this bitch
Y'know how we swing this shit, look

[2Pac:]
By age sixteen I sold to dopefiends
Not yet a drug dealer, but I watched 'em closely
Until they noticed me
I got the feds wonderin' who broke the law
Far too inhibited for gun smoke, I broke his jaw
Words harder than a fuckin' diamond
Mobile phone call to Simon
Niggas trippin' homey, when we ridin'?
Fuck them slowly like Jodeci
And stick a needle in my eye if I don't live and die for M.O.B
And fuck your homeboys nigga we can drop the guns
I hit your block and we can box for fun
Nigga one on one, last to fall is a ballin' cat
It's Death Row, why the fuck you think we call it that?
So if you knew me in my past life
Don't act like we homeboys, ain't no love in the fast life
I switch gears on them jealous bitches, who do you fear?
The game plan of a changed man, so what I'm sayin' is

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(Fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man

[T.I.:]
In drop top, the Glock cocked
Got rocks in my socks Cops
Spot Watt niggas but hardly stop niggas
Not if they got niggas, dough boys and hot niggas
Who mighta shot niggas but only by skrilla
I'm for respect nowadays they expect me
to be in a Ferrari or the old SL
Or anything you see flashing past and can't catch
Dat's me, gauge on the Escalate back seat - don't creep
Oh what you think, T.I.P. and them sweet? (Don't sleep)
Get you hit from your head to your feet (And you don't know me)
I'm fin' ta introduce you to the old me

You walk in, exploded and leave reload
You don't like a rugged nigga, fuck you, blow me
But you will respect me or get it in your neckpiece G
No three niggas here are gonna let me be
or get you inside there's codes to the streets nigga

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]
A nigga so cold when I flow, bow down to Death Row
Three wheel motion, comin' through coastin'
Who's that nigga in the G-ride
Screamin' out M.O.B.! Nigga we ride
I hit the charts like a stick-up kid
Number 1 in the nation
I fucked the world, the Judge gave me probation
Faced with incarceration
Move tapes like it's big weight, slangin' to the whole nation
GIMME MINE, or I'm blastin' on every song
Murder my enemies, I'm mashin' until I'm gone
One love to my thug niggas
And fuck a bitch, cause a true sister love niggas
Throw yo' hands in the air, close your eyes and hope
Never come against the mass of smoke, on Death Row
My adversaries BLEED
But fuck 'em all 'til the talk cease
Fuckin' with a changed man

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

[Overlapping:]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
You fuckin' with a changed man
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
You fuckin' with a changed man

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]
E'rybody think they understand me
Shit, you niggas don't know me
Y'all know that nigga on the rap song
Y'all know that nigga in the movies
You don't know this nigga in 3-D
Real live right up against you in front of yo' face
Shit.
Westside, Outlaw Immortalz, hehehe
Nigga, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, I ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, fuckin' with a changed man
Changed man

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (singers):]
You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Fuck all you muthafuckers!
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

[2Pac:]
Now, I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'
Blast and watch 'em back up
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool, this the West Coast
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

[Kadafi:]
Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

[E.D.I.:]
Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

[2Pac:]
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For my profit pick my Glock up
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh
Niggas is too through, true to the game
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm…

[Young Noble:]
'Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game
Get your mob rocked and what-not
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot
The streets know what's hot, trust me

[Napoleon:]
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

[Kastro:]
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never B Peace"

(feat. Kastro, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]
Now of course I want peace on the streets, but realistically
Paintin' perfect pictures ain't never worked, my misery
Was so deep, couldn't sleep through all my pressures
In my quest for cash I learned fast, usin' violent measures
Memories of adolescent years, there was unity
But after puberty, we brought war to our community
So many bodies droppin', it's gotta stop, I wanna help
But still I'm steppin', keep my weapon, must protect myself
The promise of a better tomorrow ain't never reached me
Plus my teachers was too petrified in class to teach me
Sippin' Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid, callin' Earl
Since my stomach was empty it seduced me to fuck the world
Watch my lil' homies lose they childhoods to guns
Nobody cries no more, 'cause we all die for fun
So why you ask me if I want peace if you can't grant it?
Niggas fightin' across the whole planet
So it could never be peace

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace, or are we all, just headed for doom?
Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
'Cause there could never be peace

[Kastro:]
Somebody owes me. Will they control me? Not
I ain't a hater player, but I want all you got
Y'all babies had babies, now we fightin' each other
My dawgs got frabies, they bitin' each other
And it ain't hard to find a friend like mine
Bigfully is a bullet and he don't mind dyin'
And I gotta be blind, missed sign after sign
Time after time after time after time
And I don't like nobody, they don't like me more
And I'm good with that finally, but they heard it before
Dawg, we livin' in a prison, losin' our religion
On Thanksgivin' we thankful, just for livin' in Hell
Damn, homie, I don't mean to be harsh
But there's a devil in the ghetto tryin' to tear it apart
And if we make it up out, we still stuck in the dark
Will there ever be peace? Just a piece of my heart. Never!

[Outlawz:]
The only peace we got is a piece of our heart, piece of our mind, or that damn piece that we hold in our waistline
You feel me, dawg? C'mon, uh

[2Pac:]

So will there ever be peace
Or are we all just headed for doom?
Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace (never)
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
'Cause there'll never be peace

[E.D.I.:]
Thangs is changin', nigga, you better read the signs
I'm only concerned about me and mine in these times
The world is a ghetto and peace is not a part of it
We all believe God's new plan to make it out of this
Niggas spendin' too much time hatin' on each other
Niggas buyin' guns, loadin' 'em up, aimin' at each other
And the victim is you and me, it's sick, but it's true indeed
The good die, mostly over bullshit, repeatedly
Deep in me there's a part that wants nothing but love
But the rest of me know, war is what's waitin' for us
So I stays ready, keep my pay heavy and boss up
Stack my funds and my guns, never rely on luck
Askin' God to point out the impostor
Never let no weapon formed against me prosper
'Cause there'll never be peace, so don't rely on it, soldiers dyin' for it, and in the ghetto, they cryin' for it. But fuck peace!

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Fool, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace?

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace? Shit, fuck peace!
On the strength 'til my niggas get a piece, we can't have peace
How the fuck we gon' live happy when we ain't got nothing?
You motherfuckers are smilin', but I'm mean muggin'
Why? 'Cause I gotta be thuggin'
It seems drugs done turned this whole mothafuckin' hood out
All us niggas actin' up, wild-ass motherfuckin' adolescents
These niggas ain't even got no childhoods no more
How the fuck can you have a childhood
And you at the funeral every motherfuckin' weekend?
Pssh, and you motherfuckers talkin' about peace?
Nigga, it ain't no motherfuckin' peace
You ain't seen the news motherfucker? You ain't heard? Lil' babies gettin' smoked, motherfuckers killin' they whole family
Lil' kids gettin' thrown off buildings

Motherfuckers gettin' abused
Peace? Nigga, is you out your fuckin' mind?
Fuck peace! We can't never have peace 'til you motherfuckers clean up this mess you made
'Til you fuckin' clean up the dirt you dropped
'Til we get a piece, fuck peace! Westside

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)
I feel ya (hey)
I know how it is
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)
Don't nobody understand
I feel ya

[2Pac:]
She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world
Though she could never understand why
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone
I wish you luck and if you need me, call
Just come to me and let me feed you all
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]
At sixteen
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)
Got violated by someone she dated
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind
She reclines nine months then finally it's time
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime
Had no time for the growin' stage
He learned his values on the streets at an early age
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?
So we began, closest family, such insanity
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?
She ain't the cause of all the drama
Cause Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high
(How could she raise us)

[2Pac:]
Now, will she remain in the same spot?
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt
Fulfilled prophecy
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand
Mama told me not to be a punk
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
Livin' if she is or not
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had
Damaged petals
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity
We would all love its will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)
Thank God, nigga (thank god)
Ask me how (Ahahaha)
You see, mama's just a little girl
Mama (hey)...
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time I sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound
Clown, now tired of being held down
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back
Ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
All out warfare, eye for a eye
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'
Straight dissin' you
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili
Indeed they should fear my first seed
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Only Makaveli the Don
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted
Everything corrupted once man touch it
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame
One love to my true niggas
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this
If the lifestyle that you livin'
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props
Then that lifestyle need to stop
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga, you'll start to see riches
Fine bitches and hittin' switches
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame

Thanks to brian_pham2002 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Whatcha Gonna Do?"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble)

Hell yeah *[*2Pac yawning*]*
Hahaha

[2Pac:]
And uh, I started out dumb, sprung off a hood-rats
Listenin' to the radio, wishin' that I could rap
But nothing changed, I was stuck in the game
'Cause everybody in the industry was fuckin' me, mayne
Listen, I got a scheme, break away, do my own thang
Drop some conversation, sit back and let the phone ring
Niggas ain't wanna see me rise
97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size
And if I catch another case, Lord knows how they hate me
Got a player in the court room, please don't let 'em frame me
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards livin' as a thug
Count my blessings and throw my stressings in this land with no love
Maybe they seen me rollin', look at all this green I'm holdin'
I get this why they envious and get they eyes swollen
Hopin' the heavenly father love a hustler
Meet the hardest nigga on the Earth to ever bust a nut
My homies tell me, "Have a heart" — fuck they feelings
I've been tryin' to make a million since we started, we cold hearted
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force
Empty out my clip, time to mash, they asked for it
Me, Makaveli, I'm a motherfucker
We break bread, now we thug brothers, haha
Niggas talk a lot of non-shit I choose to ignore it
A war? They ain't ready for it haha

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

[Kastro (Young Noble):]
My nine is Thug lord, my mind on my grind
Outlawz is my heart, they shine when I shine
(My rhyme is my grind, my team be on role)
(Proceed with the onslaught, indeed they all talk)
(They all marks and it's an Outlaw holocaust)
When I got the sawed-off. (Niggas gettin' hauled off)
Yeah, nigga beware, stand clear
This nigga's scared, man, I don't really care
I've been lost love, my heart need a hug

My bite need blood, I fight with a grudge
The life of a thug nigga might need gloves
But you'll never know with a price on your mug
Them fight strips snug right around your hands
Makin' sure you can never grab the mic again
Dog, you fuckin' with a grown man
Can't I can't afford to lose
Where we from niggas torture dudes
So whatcha wan' do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you

[2Pac:]
Haha, watch me clown, give me lovin' when I'm high
I'm a outlaw baby, I'll be thuggin' 'til I die
In my drop-top, double-R, life as a rap star
Hustle like a crack fiend 'til they catch me
Go ask somebody to your show
Watching niggas out of sight, in my night scope
Cookin' white dope, got my nigga 25-to-life stressed out
Tryin' to have all the better things in life
While Makaveli — a born leader, 10 millimeter
Change a nigga's future like a schizophrenic palm reader
Heed, from out the Bible I read
See the meek shall inherit the Earth and the strong will lead
Hittin' weed like it's alright
I'm in the studio makin' music all night
My enemies cry whenever I rise, they hated 'til the death
Tryin' to beat me out my last breath
What cha gonna do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, now nigga now
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, throw you hands up
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, would you wanna fuck?
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, bust 'em, when my niggas come for you
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Ladies and gentlemen! And gentlemen
This, is a Jazze Phizzile produc-shizzle
Jazze Pha, Jazze Pha
My nizzle!
My nizzle. Ha!
Outlawz! Outlawz. 2Pac, Makaveli!
(Still breathin') Yeah, woo - wooo-WHEEE!

A picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie
You just scared to get this penitentiary dick
The trot caught your eye when I walked by
I said, "Hi."
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Open your legs
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceiling
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee

Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors, fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said "take it" so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

2Pac Lyrics

"Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik:]
Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy
Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album
And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beadie to
You know?

Yeah like that
Some of that mellow shit
Some of that shit that make bitches drink
Make niggas think
And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah
So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac:]
I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight
Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right
Like misdemeanors is a small thang
With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang
Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like
Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like
Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno
Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know
Hundred percent like a c-note
Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino
And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo
Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo
Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga
Touch me here, I'll get bigger
While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver
I'm game type
Love fuckin' bitches in the same night
My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right
The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger
Look through the paper it's another black crack murder
The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die
You can fuck on the first night, or try
In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

[Hussein Fatal:]
Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

[Kadafi:]
From booty-calls to bail sheets
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day
Might
Be me who bites the bullet
In these streets where a man journey
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

[2Pac:]
Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home
The life of a California star, and when you see me
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it
In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(It's in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(Holla at me in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

Writer(s): Joseph Bernard Wheeler, Washington, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Yafeu A. Fula, Larry Mizell, Bruce

2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]
Haha
For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)
Livin' the life of a ghetto star
(you know) You know how we do it hahaha
Makaveli

[2Pac:]
Just holla my name and witness game official
Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches
While I remain inside a paradox called my block
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried
I send they bodies to they parents up North
With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter
Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?
Bring it on, forever strapped
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far
Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]
I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight
Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life
Laced with game, practice on takin' pain
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain
Street smart, proficient, intelligent
And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it
Movin' niggas with telekinesis
Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features
Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone
And hope niggas got punished
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in
Back*[?]* - we tossed his ass out
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G
Now the next generation's lookin' at me through *[?]*

[2Pac:]
Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me
Please give me shelter, calm my fears
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears
I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Nutt-So:]
Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

[2Pac:]
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star

[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]
This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)
(smokin' weed)
I see you
Live your life as a ghetto star
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood
Claimin' gettin' riches
(spank bitches ain't new)
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star
(this is still 70 south)
Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you
It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cole Sean, Banks Gregory

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion"

(feat. Anthony Hamilton)

[2Pac:]
Shit, tired of gettin' shot at
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggas go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free
And you gotta be a G, at thug mansion

[2Pac:]
A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide
And would've tried, but when I held that 9
All I could see was my mama's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowin' it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a finally spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace
And even though we G's
We still visualize places that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place
The players go and pass it
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]
Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?
Trouble sparks, they tell me, "Home is where the heart is."
Dear departed, I shed tattooed tears
And couldn't sleep good for multiple years
Witness peers catch gunshots; nobody cares
Seen the politicians ban us
They'd rather see us locked in chains

Please explain why they can't stand us
Is there a way for me to change?
Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?
I need a place to rest my head
With the little bit of homeboys that remains
'Cause all the rest dead
Is there a spot for us to roll? If you find it
I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go
How can I be peaceful? I'm comin' from the bottom
Watch my daddy scream, "Peace!"
While the other man shot him
I need a house that's full of love, when I need to escape
The deadly places slingin' drugs, in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]
Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Drinkin' peppermint Schnapps
With Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little Latasha sho' grown; tell the lady in the liquor store
That she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cuttin' lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm askin'
Remember this face, save me a place in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton (2Pac):]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky (thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise, in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

2Pac Lyrics

"My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block
My block, that's right! Hehe
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic
And certain death for us ghetto bastards
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game
And I swear it's like a trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block
It never fails to be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
'Til this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!
'Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community
But now we're all cold strangers
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes
All up and down the block, exterminating black life
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, staying strapped
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight
A young nigga learned to break, right?
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggas understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybody know my name
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer_khan for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)"

(feat. J. Phoenix, Nas)

Shit, tired of getting shot at
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested
Niggaz need a spot where WE can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G
... at thug mansion

[2Pac:]
A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times
I once contemplated suicide, and woulda tried
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my momma's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Praying hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a family spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[Nas:]
A place where death doesn't reside, just thugs who collide
Not to start beef but spark trees, no cops rolling by
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets
No reason, for nobody's momma to cry
See I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my daughter
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to save me
Only difference from me and Ossie Davis, gray hair maybe
Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much suffering

I'm just twenty-some-odd years, I done lost my mother
And I cried tears of joy, I know she smiles on her boy
I dream of you more, my love goes to Afeni Shakur
Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no more
Cause one day we'll all be together, sipping heavenly champagne
where angels soar, with golden wings in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix:]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[2Pac:]
Dear momma don't cry, your baby boy's doing good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Dripping peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday
Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little LaTasha sho' grown
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cutting lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking
Remember this face, save me a place, in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Thanks to jwsmith, ookrizzyoo, chelsa_salsa10 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never Call U Bitch Again"

(feat. Tyrese)

[2Pac:]
Whassup, boo? Swear I'll never call you bitch again
You ain't fuck with me
I swear I'll never call you bitch again
(All I just wanna say is um, if I fuckin' apologized)
I swear I'll never call you bitch again
(I ain't mean to call you a bitch)
I'll never call you bitch again

[2Pac:]
Damn – gave my homie 90 days for domestic violence
I try to picture myself in this position but remain silent
I get to thinkin' 'bout this shit we been through
We close like kin, but you remain my friend too
This life of sin, done got the both of us in trouble
But you always stay down for a nigga, so that's why I love you
Reminiscin' needin' tissues, fightin' over childish issues
Swear I can't live with you
But without you, every day I miss you
When we roll you hold my pistol, my gangsta bitch-itch, you
Always in the mood for love, that's why I'm sleepin' with you
Though not the man of your dreams
My plan and scheme's to be rich like a king
And live my life trouble free, I see
Yesterday I called you names and played games on your mind
I promise that I'll change in time
It's a complicated world so, girl, just be a friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again (and that's my word)

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
to throw it all away, throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, hey)

[2Pac:]
I wake up early in the mornin', at the crack of dawn
Nigga still tired so I'm yawnin', and now I'm gone
Tryin' to get my money on strong
So an early riser out before them other guys
That's the way to profit every time
Can't get too close my enemies, they see ghosts, they envy me
Plus we been beefin' with the East Coast, with casualties
Got stopped in traffic, had a warrant, so they gaffled me
But while I'm gone, watch my business and my back for me
My enemies think they got me crossed, they ain't knowin'
Ain't no love for player haters where you cowards goin'
You paid bail, got me out of jail, home again

I promise not to leave you on your own again
Cristal corks are popped, romantic thoughts are dropped
It's so frantic but don't panic, 'cause we crossed the top
I found a partner and a rider, a woman and friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

['Pac:]
I know, I know, all that is dead though
I'm changed, I'm tellin' you
I know what time it is, gotta give a nigga time
To grow up, ya know what I'm sayin'?
That was way back then

[Tyrese:]
You're my nigga, my best friend
Never gonna call you a bitch again
Yea yea yea, oh

[2Pac:]
Witness the evil men do, all this shit I been through
Never meant to hurt you, can we make this work, boo?
I know you been feelin' pain, things are not the same
Waitin' to exhale while I'm sittin' in the county jail
Keep your head up, 'cause things are gettin' better
My cellmate shed tears off your last love letter
Told him you would find a friend, so keep your eyes peeled
Sorry if I cuss, but it's the sufferin' that I feel
Who can I trust? And if I bust, will she snitch?
Even though you ain't the type to trip, sorry if I called you bitch
You showed me the definition of feminine
The difference between a pack of bitches and black women
Huh, I see the boss for the third time, hope to see you soon
Pictures of us kissin' in the livin' room, in the nude
Thanks for being there much more than a friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again; believe me!

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far, to throw it all away
We came way too far, pretty baby
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away baby

[Tyrese:]
Through all my ups and downs
You always stayed around stayed around

2Pac Lyrics

"Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days
Better days, hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do
Faced with the demons
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways
I'd love to see the block in peace
With no more dealers and crooked cops
The only way to stop the beast
And only we can change
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears
Just seen another brother buried
Plus I knew him for years
Passed by his family, but what could I say?
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith
And pray for better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang
With the brothers I grew up with
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed
So many blessings while we stressin'
Lookin' for them better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail
And me, I'm doin' cool
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school
Every once in a while, I reminisce
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe
E Block, F Block, lower H
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate
All the peoples I met along the way
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Isley Marvin, Isley O Kelly, Isley Ronald, Jasper Christopher H, Isley Ernest, Isley Rudolph Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"U Can Call"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]
Dear baby you the picture of perfection
Straight from your million dollar smile
To my attraction to your complexion
No hesitation needed; you got me
Inhalin' the aroma of your perfume, and feelin' heated
I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction
Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin'
My lyrics are poetry, so baby get a ticket to go with me
Thugged out so you notice me
It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us
Layin' butt-naked on the beach kicking back relaxin'
And only you can calm, the savage beast
Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?
I wanna make you mine
I'm kissin' on you tryin' to make it different every time (that's right)
I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin' at the walls
Withcha number in my hand, wonderin' should I even call her tonight

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]
Been gettin' nuttin' but bad news, ever since the day you left me
I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me
Remember my phone calls, my late visits
Us havin' breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it
Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two
Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view
Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time
Makin' love 'til the early light
Sweetheart don't fight the feelin'
Come get a shot of this plain dealin' and concentrate on the ceiling
It's my intention to brush up
Beware of the fireworks, 'cause every time we touch..
...it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me
As if you're down with me, get around and see
The brother with tattoos and no fears
Runnin' my fingers through your hair
If you call me

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]
Pardon me, but let's be specific
Baby 'cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it
And let's take trips and ride airplanes
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?
'Cause we can be real tight (right)
I got a big suite at the Hyatt, if it feel right
My only wish is to be witcha
You got me steady strivin' to getcha
Fantasizin' of friendly pictures
The pressure's gettin' major
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya
Got me goin' wild with anticipation
Face to face with us locked up in strange places
What will it take? 'cause the heartache be heatbreak
Is my prediction when you falsify and start fake?
In my position I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

[Jazze Pha:]
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

2Pac Lyrics

"Military Minds"

(feat. Smif-n-Wessun, Buckshot)

[2Pac:]
Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uh - YES YES YES
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at?!
Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em
They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em

[2Pac:]
Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme
Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps
Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]
They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest
Skills in guerrilla warfare and blessed with refinement
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun
Putting likkle yout's in a military state of mind
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline
Test de sound and ye dead same ti-ime

[Steele:]
Man to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin

Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me
Never forget the method, stick and move strictly
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in
With no regrets I hold position
'Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen men

[Buckshot:]
Picture being put in a position to move
And you can't move 'cause your move is blocked by the knight
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war
'Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI
Why try if ya body lie
By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll
(This is how we ride)

[Boot Camp Clik:]
Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move
Or get moved on, let's see who strong

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]
In the gaze of the strange, where nothing stays the same
Where new faces come through with similar game
Now who you thought was them, really ain't
They catchin' deja vus of the game people play
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'
But never let this world of stress get the best of me
Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-Chi

[Steele:]
What does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes
And dose who fake
Elimination I'm facin' destruction
Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in
Rushin' to the goal line
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine
Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis here

[Buckshot:]
One way out, this black hole
For this black soul, shit is outta control
I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'
And my face is sentencin' for repentance
Before my body was fully formed into a human
I was already consumin' weed
'Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70s
Maybe that's why in the 90s I drop G's when I drop degrees
When I ease across the block with 'Pac
Got all y'all niggas shocked
You didn't think Boot Camp Clik would link, with a Outlaw mind?

If you do you press rewind
And you can peep guerrilla tactics in every line

[2Pac:]
Yeah, and this is how we do it!
Where my real thugs, where they at?
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?
Tell me where my real thugs gots to see, where ya at?
Where's my soldiers - where ya at?
Where my, real soldiers - where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas
No longer drug dealers 'cause we now, thug niggas
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers
'Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my, SOLDIERS, my true thug ROLLERS
Yes, it just doesn't quit, YES!
This is that real hip-hop shit YES!
Fuck what you heard
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, where my soldiers at?
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know
Where my soldiers at, GO VOTE!

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Kenyatta Blake, Tekomin Williams, Darrell Yates, Marvin Darrell Harper, Darryl Harper

2Pac Lyrics

"Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
And my niggas say
We want the fame!
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]
Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask
I'm the first one to want him blasted
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Block run and shoot slugs
We throw them back like hardballs
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes
And thugs I bleed to envy
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny
Drunk nights, and hot days
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways
A wife on the run, full of common blunts
Unconditionally married to my gun
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Young Noble:]
Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain
All the blame belongs to the part of the brain
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain
And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again
Outlaws don't die, so united we stand
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

[Napoleon:]
As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed
Hope they bless me the righteous way
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg
Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg
I was passed down the street fame
Like Glocks clocked and keep aim
Was raised up with a clock box
And I ran with the local street gang
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart
And that's some game that I got from generation of game
In the road of life, dog
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Been nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Bad Azz:]
I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change
I feel strange, I got so used to the hood
That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good
I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew
Where one hand washes the other
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange (Remix)"

(feat. Mya)

[Mya:]
No, no...

Picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie, you just scared to get this
Penitentiary dick, the trot caught your eye
When I walked by, I said, "Hi"
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Mya:]
Only one thing that you, can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can do whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Open your legs
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceilin'
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee
Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors
Fair exchange

[Mya:]
Only one thing that you, can do, for me

Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said take it so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Mya:]
(It's only one!!!) Only one thing that you, can do (thing that you can do for me), for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name (make me scream baby)
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Only one thing that you (whatever you want), can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right (can you do me), we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

[Mya:]
Fair exchange
No one, gives me lovin' (lovin')
Quite like you do (No one gives me lovin' like you do)
No one, gives me lovin'
Quite like you do (that I knows, you know, you love, I love)
(The things that I'ma do, to you)

Writer(s): Phalon Anton Alexander, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)
Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Westside, westside
Part two of the war

[2Pac:]
Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here
My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass
So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze
Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way
Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us
Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death
Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed
Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree
Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]
Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1
Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun
Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear
And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear
In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near
And you know just as well I do
You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to

We might wobble, but we don't fall down
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power
We started the thug trend, the game is ours
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together
Won't question when we die together
Cause the hour soon to come
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun
Bring it

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[EDI-Mean:]
We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay
From curb surfin', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin
The bitches in business, so learn a little something
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride
I only roll with the real
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"There U Go"

(feat. Outlawz, Big Syke, Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]
I don't know why I be fuckin' witchu

Was it the liquor, that makes me act blind, times that I'm with her
Anonymous pictures of other niggas tryin' to kiss her
Will I love her or shall I diss her?
I'm sick of this scandalous shit I deal wit', tryin' to paint a perfect picture
My memories of jealousy no longer carefree
Cause so much bullshit your girlfriends keep tellin' me
I'm on tour, but now my bedroom's an open door
So it got me thinkin', what am I tryin' for?
When I was young I was so very dumb, eager to please
A lil', trick on a mission tryin' to get in my P
Me and my niggas is thug niggas, former known drug dealers
We don't love bitches and believe, they don't love niggas
I gotta blame my attraction
But you became a distraction, a threat to my paper stackin'
I thought you changed but now I know
Can't turn a ho into a housewife, baby, and there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Kastro:]
These silly bitches got this game twisted
So I don't claim 'em, just bang 'em
Papa raised a player, so player, I play 'em
I got hoes that got more, hoes than me
So how I look, gettin' hooked, like I ain't got G?
Truly cutie booty big, but that ain't enough
And the head make me beg, still that just ain't enough
When I don't trust her, the bitch be lyin' too much
When she be dyin' to fuck me you be buyin' her stuff, ho

[Yaki Kadafi:]
See girlfriend I know, your whole M.O.'s preoccupied with mostly
Gettin' clown after clown, town coast to coast - see
I been tryin' to stay away from sluts like you
Got me turned off completely by that sheisty shit that you do
Knew from jump yo' aim
Straight through them spandex, don't front just name
Spots on yo' body for me to touch while you clutch this game

I keep flowin' like H20 it ain't nothin' for me to say
Why you keep actin' like a ho? But there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Young Noble:]
Uh, when I first met her I told her I was busy all the time
Now she, callin' me flippin' like she miss me all the time
How she, don't even trip she got a man at home
You need to stop chasin' dick bitch and raise your son
I'm like - damn, we can creep sometime
And you know I'm on the road for like weeks at a time
Girl you're thirsty; and stop callin' while I'm workin' you hurtin' me
All this bullshit is irkin' me girl, but there you go

[Big Syke:]
I blame it on yo' momma, she need to holla at you
But should I blame it on yo' daddy for all the things that you do
Cause there you go, just like a ho, caught in the streets
Like givin' yo' number out to every nigga you meet
I'm tired of the games you playin', so stop playin' (ho)
You hear what I'm saying, you only good for parlayin'
I'm layin' down the rules, this a game that you lose
So the streets can have you baby cause I stay on the move

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (there you go!!)
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (actin' like a real ho')
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[2Pac:]
There you go baby girl, that's the story
There you motherfuckin' go
I coulda swore you told me you was gon' change
And you don't wanna go to clubs no more and
You wasn't fin' to dress all crazy no more and
You was gon' stay home and try to chill
What happened baby?
Oh, so yo' friend wanted to go out
That wasn't you that went out
You was just goin' out cause yo' friend was
Okay, so you was pissy drunk up in that nigga car
Cause yo' friend wanted to get drunk huh?

It's all good, cause there you go baby
Oh I ain't trippin' on them niggas callin' the house
It's all good, cause there you go
Me I'ma still be a player, all day baby
So uh, there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE!..

Thanks to thuglife for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Shakur, Lee Johnny

2Pac Lyrics

"This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
In this motherfucking life I lead, shit
A hell of motherfucking road blocks
And crooked cops
We still ride though
What side? Westside

[2Pac:]
I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Movin' my tapes in major ways, ‘cause every dollar counts
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks
They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary
Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary
I've been knowin' you for years
We was high school peers, in junior high
I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die
While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases
Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places
Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is
Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]
I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years
When vision is blurry, the money is clear
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious
It happen that fast, split second you gone
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadafi the Prince
I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that
Whatever you took, we takin' it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Napoleon:]
It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks
Bin Laden on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy
I don't know who to blame, him or *Bush* for killin' babies
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel
Only got one shot to produce on every level
This is bags I must, go the max I must
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm
When they think they was in the right
I prove they movin' wrong
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Kastro:]
Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it
So you can call it what the fuck you want
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

[E.D.I.:]
We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fuckin' with you most
Just crooks and niggas about they flow
Tryin' to live Godzilla
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn
Bound to the fam going down swingin'
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches
So many killings it's senseless
So in this life I lead, I stay protected
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[2Pac:]
This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga
You know what time it is
Westside, Death Row
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer
Thug Life, Death Row
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Arnaud Delmar, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Who Do U Believe In"

(feat. Kadafi (Outlawz))

[Intro: 2Pac]
Let us pray
Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here
Before I go to sleep
Tell me, who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in?

[Verse One: 2Pac]
I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin
Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why
Watchin our own downfall, witness the end
It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin
I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he laughed
Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast
It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more
My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm cryin for
Is it the miniature caskets, little babies
Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy
Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was
Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us
Perhaps the underlyin fact they hide explain genocide
It's when we ride on our own kind
What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror
We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[Verse Two: 2Pac]
Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror
I hate the man in the mirror
Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer
Times of Armageddeon, murder in mass amounts
In this society where only gettin the cash counts
I started out as a beginner
Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner
I make my money and vacate, evade prison
Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven
And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside
You know, it's like I'm livin just to die
I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy
Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me
So I'm askin -- before I lay me down to sleep
Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery
I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames
In my search for fame will I change? I'm askin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Kadafi]
Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in caskets
With they chest plates stretched like elastic
And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp, still mashin
Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block
Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck
with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize
If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked
Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she heard
One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool pigeon I talked to him
He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure
Cause he just came home off of bail

[2Pac] Now tell me

[Chorus]

[Outro: spoken word]
Who do you believe in?
Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah? Or Allah?
Is it Jesus? Is it God? Or is just yourself?
Definately not to be imposed, being a demon
Because this is the joy of believing!
Men, to believe in yourselves
But for sure, the higher power
Resides only to ride in the heart of the true
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi
In the poetry, or in it's realm
That's what pulls all words together
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man
And only man can satisfy the man
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man
The for realness of the man
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you know the man
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

[2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

[singing while 2Pac speaks]
Who do you believe in? Put my faith in God, and
Blessed and still breathin

[singer + (2Pac)]
Even though it's hard (Who do you believe in?)
That's who I believe in (Put my faith in God)
Before I'm leavin (Even though it's hard)
I'm askin the grievin
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)
Who do you believe in? (Who do you believe in?)
Who do you (Blessed and still breathin)

Oh blessed, oh blessed
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[singer]
Oh who do you
Do you believe in
Hohhhhh-ohhhhh

[2Pac over singer]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[singer + (2Pac)]
I'm askin (Who do you believe in?)
I'm askin you (Put my faith in God)
(That's who I believe in)
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I'm blessed and still breathin
That's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin
Who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in? *[echoes to fade]*

Thanks to mack3101 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"They Don't Give A Fuck About Us"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Y'all ain't never just tripped and pictured
And just looked at the whole situation
'Cause once you look at it
You know, (really do)

[2Pac:]
They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody give a fuck about us
And when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Some say niggas is hard headed 'cause we love to trick
Equipped with game so we bang with this thuggish shit
I see you tryin' to hide, hopin' that nobody don't notice
You must always remember
You're still a member of the hopeless
See, you're black like me, so you snap like me
When these devils try to plot, trap our young black seeds
Look it, cops are just as crooked as the niggas they chasin'
Lookin' for role models, our father figures is basers
Some say they expect Illuminati take my body to sleep
Niggas at the party with they shotties just as rowdy as me
Before I fear computer chips, I gotta deal with brothers flippin'
I don't see no devils bleedin', only black blood drippin'
We can change; what your mouth say?
I'm watchin' niggas work their lives out without pay
Whatever it takes to switch places with the busters on top
I'm bustin' shots, make the world stop
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[E.D.I. Mean:]

It's the morning after and now all the laughter is gone
Time to reflect on what you did, 'cause they sayin' you wrong
I'm sure you had your reasons, dawg; I don't doubt you
See, the simple fact of the matter is they don't give a fuck about you
Or them five mouths you forced to feed
Not includin' yourself, all you want is wealth, they perceive it as greed
So as you loaded up that MAC and continue to buck 'em
I was on paper, thinkin' they don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
I'm seein' it clearer, hatin' the picture in the mirror
They claim we inferior, so why the fuck these devils fear ya?
I'm watchin' my nation die, genocide the cause
Expect a blood bath, the aftermath is y'alls
I told you, last album, we need help cause we dyin'
Give us a chance, help us advance, 'cause we tryin'
Ignore my whole plea, watchin' us in disgust
And then they beg when my guns bust
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[Kastro:]
Now, all my homies got love for me
Down to catch a slug for me
Guaranteed to bleed deeply, now that's love
Shit, nobody else could give a fuck
If I'm tore down, from the floor down, six-feet deep in the cut
What the fuck done went wrong?
How long will I be mourned?
When I'm gone, same song, ain't gave a fuck all along
And who am I to blame 'em?
Just do or die through the rainin'
Since they don't give a fuck, I don't; feel what I'm sayin'?

[Kadafi:]
Now, thug niggas die but multiply in doubles
Wrapped in plastic or closed casket for our troubles
Pressed in times, we busted, like bubbles
With the police, this nation's peace sent here to run you
Now look at what this crooked world has come to
I grew up on the other side of perfect, a life of hurtin'
Man, I still hustle, so I'm dyin' certain
So I spent your time in poor and workin', I see no reason
So I stay ballin' season to season
Why you stuck thinkin' that they give a fuck?

[Napolean:]
You tell me my world is in peace, but nigga, you're lyin'
'Cause half of my niggas long gone
Buried in the dirt just for tryin'
Sometimes I think my block is dyin' and that is awful
To wake up to another day, shit ain't changed that's all fool
I wake up sweatin', dreamin', coughin'
Seein' me upside down backwards head twisted
While I'm layin' in the coffin
The shit comes around so often; so tell me somethin'
Before I take it out on the world, and get to dumpin'
Nigga, I been so through pain, go through the struggle
Doin' the same thing you did at my age, and that's hustlin'
On the edge of straight bustin'
Well, since you don't give a fuck, I be frontin'
And I'ma drink my Hennessy like it ain't nothin'

[2Pac:]
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
Rise... rise

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Outro"

Expect me like you expect Jesus to come back
Expect me nigga, I’m comin'